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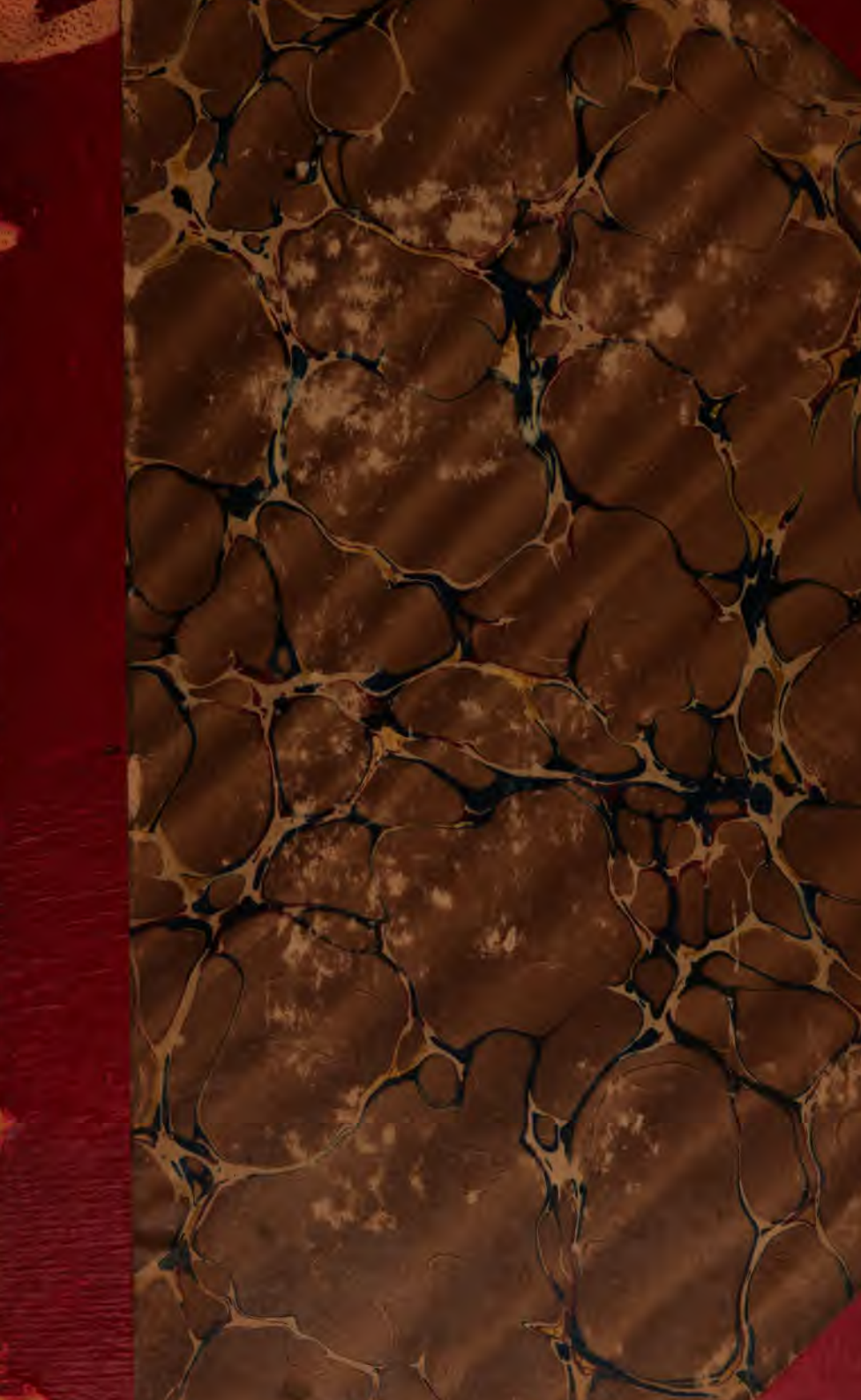

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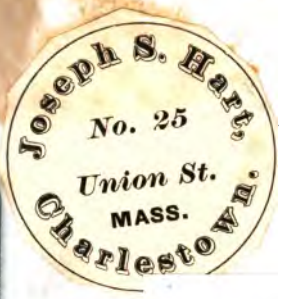

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FROM

Miss Olive Floyd

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"There is no School like the Family School"

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

...'S FRIEND.

...ROWN, EDITOR.

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ey 'll prove a spring
...ures ever rise;
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Dr. Nathaniel Cotton.

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VOL. III.

BOSTON:
... AT NO. 1 CORNHILL.
WILLIAM WHITE, PRINTER, SPRING LANE.
1843.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT

AND

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

WILLIAM C. BROWN, EDITOR.

"Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right they 'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We 'll form their minds with studious care,
To all that's manly, good and fair,
And train them for the skies."
Dr. Nathaniel Cotton.

"When her little party of friends were somewhat fatigued, and my sister was at a loss to present them with fresh amusement, she sat down in the midst of them, and spontaneously began talking about the goodness of Jesus Christ. She touched on the most prominent events in his life with such simplicity and animation of countenance, as interested all her visiters and me likewise."—*Martha, by Rev. Andrew Reed.*

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WILLIAM WHITE, PRINTER, SPRING LANE.
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THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. JANUARY, 1848. NO. 1.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THERE IS NO SCHOOL LIKE THE FAMILY SCHOOL.*

BY DR. WILLIAM A. ALCOTT.

THERE is no school like the *Family School.* This declaration is in strict accordance with truth, whether the comparison be made with reference to comfort and health, the instruments or character of its instruction, or the moral influence which it exerts.

Frequent complaint has been made, within a few years, with regard to our school-rooms, especially those of the primary or common school. The seats are said to be often too high, the backs of the pupils without support, or the desks or tables inconvenient or intolerable. But in the *family school,* we find not only the comfortable chair, adapted to the size and height of the occupant, but, in some instances, the luxurious sofa and ottoman.

Some of our schools are crowded almost to suffocation with pupils, while they are but poorly supplied with teachers. Sixty, eighty, or a hundred of the former to one of the latter, and only a single room, of moderate size, are quite common. With the *family school,* of course, it is otherwise. The number of pupils is never large; and there are, from the nature of the case, usually two teachers.

Not a few of our school-rooms are as destitute of furniture, properly so called, as a barn. A fireplace, or more frequently, in these days, a closed stove, with a few dull benches and desks, and a tolerable supply of books, slates, and writing-books, are nearly all. But it is otherwise in the *family school-room.* It has seldom the naked floor or wall. The monotony of the latter is at least broken

* See frontispiece.

by the clock, the mirror, the thermometer, the book-case, and the sideboard, if not by portraits, paintings, maps, charts, globes, and blackboards.

I have read of one school for infants and children — that of Mr. Wilderspin of London — which was made so attractive, that the pupils would run away from home to it without their breakfast! This, however, I strongly suspect to be a solitary instance of the kind. A single large apartment, with dirty floor, naked walls, continuous desks, and hard benches, destitute of backs, so much elevated as to suspend the pupil midway between earth and the heavens, is little likely to prove inviting to the young. A repulsive effect is much more common.

But "there is no school like the *family school*" with respect to the character of its lessons and other instruments of instruction. Books and school — such as books and school commonly are — often become irksome even when they are intelligible. They are regarded as mere task-work. Whereas the books and lessons of the family school are seldom, if ever, either stale or unwelcome.

The time will probably come in the history of this world — it might even now come, if we were willing to receive it — when there will be not only the disposition, but the ability, to render all our houses places of instruction and education. The parents, grandparents, and eldest brothers and sisters, will be teachers of the younger members of the family, and will have time and means for discharging their duty. But before this blessed hour can arrive, man must learn that he *is not only his "brother's keeper,"* but *his brother's educator;* and that in order to educate, rightly, body, soul, and spirit, he must not only deny himself ungodliness and worldly lust, but must also possess so much of the spirit of Christ, as to be willing to deny himself the use of very many of those things which custom has rendered all but necessary.

One hour well spent in the *family school*, or at most two, might do more towards teaching the young what they ought to know, than is now done by our whole array of processes and instruments of instruction, from those of the university, or college, to those of the smallest and humblest collection of mere infants. One of our best moral and religious writers — "whose praise is in all the churches" — sends none of his children, male or female, older or younger, to any school whatever beyond his own roof; nor does he avail himself of private assistance. What is done for his children in the way of direct instruction, is done not only at home, exclusively and wholly, but in the short space of two hours a day. Yet I am much mis-

taken if the children of any individual in our country are better educated — not in a moral point of view merely, but also intellectually; although few fathers are more closely occupied.

There is no school like the *well-regulated family school* with respect to discipline; for though there may be much in the best families which is far from being commendable, still it is certain that, in general, parental government and discipline are incomparably superior to the government and discipline of the school-room. There is neither the tyranny of the common school teacher, nor the distance or reserve of the professor or tutor of the university. Love is the golden chain, which not only binds pupil to pupil, but also pupil to teacher, in the *family school;* while force is quite too often the order of the day elsewhere. Even in our higher seminaries, where actual physical force is seldom resorted to, because such a resort would be likely to defeat its own ends, there is something in frequent operation quite different from the holy principle of love, especially *maternal* love; for, though there may be no open or direct attempts at coercion, it is understood that there is a strong arm behind; and this arm is occasionally uplifted, even though it should "delay to strike."

Finally, "there is no school like the *family school*" with respect to its methods of making moral and religious impressions, — in other words, its moral influence. Character, deep and abiding, is little formed in the schools; — bad or good, the family is the school which shapes the world. It teaches in morals and religion as though it taught not, but therefore the more effectually. It teaches indirectly, but therefore the more surely and certainly. As, in the material world, it is not the violent storm or tornado, but the softly-descending shower, or gentler dew, which most effectually refreshes and nourishes vegetation, and causes the earth to bring forth for the supply of man and beast, so, in the world of moral and religious education, it is not the set lesson or lecture, or the occasional act of devotion, which ministers to the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," so much as the daily and hourly Christian conduct of parents. I would not, indeed, undervalue other means, more direct; still it is as true now as it was in the days of Moses or Solomon, that virtue and religion are principally nurtured by "here a little and there a little," at downsitting and uprising, at "going out and coming in," at meals, at work, and at play; and that he who would have his offspring walk in the ways of truth and piety, must take good care to "train them" up in the way in which they "should go," not only by wise precept, but by a consistent and heavenly example

Dedham, Mass., Dec., 1842.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

DO NOTHING IN A PASSION.

BY REV. J. S. C. ABBOTT.

"That which is done in a passion is never well done."—NAPOLEON.

When Napoleon was upon the Island of St. Helena, he received, at one time, a very gross insult, as he considered it, from Sir Hudson Lowe, the governor of the island. One of the generals of Napoleon's family was in a great rage, and, after walking the floor, for a few moments, very passionately, giving vent to his feelings, he wished to return an immediate and an indignant answer. "No," said Napoleon; "be calm, and wait till to-morrow; let us sleep upon it. You are in a passion now, and *that which is done in a passion is never well done.*"

This is a sentiment which should be ineffaceably engraved upon the heart of every parent—"*That which is done in a passion is never well done.*" There are few persons who have attained such an entire mastery over their own spirits, as to be able, amid the ten thousand little annoyances of domestic life, to retain a serene and an unimpassioned mind. Parental reproof is too often a sudden ebullition of irritated feeling; and not unfrequently it is found that the child did not deserve the severity which momentary and unthinking irritability inspired. It should, therefore, be one of the first principles of a faithful parent, never to reprove or to correct in a passion.

It is reported of Sir Isaac Newton, that he had attained such equanimity and mildness of temper, that nothing could ruffle the serenity of his mind. A remarkable instance of this his power over his own spirit, is worthy of everlasting remembrance. Sir Isaac had a favorite little dog, which he called Diamond. One evening, being called out of his study into an adjoining room, he left Diamond behind him. When Sir Isaac returned, after the absence of but a few minutes, he found the papers of a very important work he was just completing, after years of most arduous toil, consumed to ashes. Diamond had leaped upon the table, overset a lighted candle, and thus produced the mischief which was utterly irreparable. Sir Isaac was already far advanced in life, and could not think of commencing anew so arduous an undertaking. He looked mournfully, for a moment, at the ruins, and then, calmly brushing away the cinders, mildly exclaimed, "O Diamond! Diamond! you little know the mischief you have done."

Now, little children, in every family, not unfrequently do mischief, as unconscious of the harm they are doing as was Diamond.

And we regret to say that, not unfrequently, they receive, not only a more severe rebuke, but a hasty blow; and it must be indeed a mortification to a Christian father or mother, to feel that they have treated their child not only unjustly, but with less tenderness than Sir Isaac treated his dog. There are, probably, few parents who cannot recall to mind instances in which they have greatly erred in this respect. And it is a fault which every parent should make vigorous and persevering efforts to correct. Solomon says, "He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

Wilberforce remarkably exemplified this self-control. By the grace of God aiding his persevering efforts, he had attained such a perfect command over himself, that he seemed to live in an ethereal region, beyond all the clouds and vapors of earth. He met the little annoyances of his children and his grandchildren, and breasted the terrible storms of political opposition, with ever the same peaceful, serene, undisturbed mind. He thus made his home almost an earthly paradise, and peace and joy followed him, wherever he went.

Dr. Boerhave, who was also greatly admired for his imperturbable patience under every provocation, was once asked by a friend, whether he knew what it was to be angry, and by what means he had so entirely suppressed that impetuous and ungovernable passion. He answered, with the utmost frankness and sincerity, that he was naturally quick of resentment, but that he had, by daily prayer and meditation, at length attained to this mastery over himself.

Let no parent, therefore, say that a hasty and irritable temper may not be subdued. If the parent cannot restrain the outbreaks of passion, how can it be expected the child can succeed? Let every parent, then, adopt Napoleon's maxim — "*That which is done in a passion is never well done;*" and let reproof or correction be always administered with a calm and a self-governing spirit.

Nantucket, Mass., Dec., 1842.

THE GREAT MAN. — The greatest man is he who chooses the right with invincible resolution; who resists the sorest temptation from within and without; who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully; who is calmest in storms, and most fearless under menaces and frowns; whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering. — *Dr. W. E. Channing.*

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

"GIVE ME WINGS."

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

The little son of pious parents was always attentive to religious instruction. He was especially delighted with any conversation on the heavenly state. His loveliness of temper, and serious turn of mind, were remarked by all who knew him. At the age of four years, he was taken to that world for which he seemed to have a peculiar fitness. It has been remembered that to his nightly prayers he voluntarily added a petition for *wings;* that he never omitted, before retiring to rest, to say, "Give me wings, that I may fly upward," unless very weary and sleepy, when he would imbody his supplication in the fewer words,

"GIVE ME WINGS."

Wings? What a prayer, my child! *Wings?* They are thine!
Yet wert thou not content, a little while,
Amid the blossoms of this earth to walk,
Fast by the parents thou didst love so well,
And with thy playmate sisters, hand in hand,
A little while?

No! Thy dark, loving eye,
'Mid all the sparkling up and overflow
Of childhood's happiness, was heavenward bent,
Shaping out wings upon the fleecy cloud.

Now they are thine, indeed. But didst thou think
How they were purchased? With what lingering pangs,
And wasting of the flesh, and severance sharp
Of young affections, with their blossomed links
Which thou didst hold so dear?

Rememberest thou,
O winged creature, in thy seraph joy,
Rememberest thou the pledge that thou didst leave
Here, with thy mother, as she watched thy bed,
With ceaseless care, to come to her again,
And bring the baby with thee, whom she wept
Before thy birth, and that you two would cheer
Her lonely hour, or fan her while she slept?

Most happy one, to be attended thus
By those whom she had nurtured, and to feel
The breath of their soft pinions on her cheek,
And list their murmured welcome to the skies!

Hartford, Conn., Dec., 1842.

THE WOODMAN'S DAUGHTER.

Being overtaken by a storm one summer's evening, I saw a feeble light glimmering through the casement of a cottage, toward which I bent my steps. I knocked at the door, and was welcomed in, but immediately perceived that the inhabitants were oppressed with grief. "I fear," addressing myself to the father, "that you are in trouble."

"O, yes, sir, our hearts are all bursting; for Death is coming to bear off our little Jemima. She is up stairs, sir, where she has now been these eight days, and her mother has not left her, night or day. She is one of the sweetest girls a father ever loved."

"But Death," I remarked, "does not come by chance."

"O, no, sir. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.' But it is hard work to part.

"Walk up, sir," said the father, "and see her before she dies; but she is so changed!"

I entered her room, and soon perceived that Death had cast his shadow on her countenance, which still retained its beautiful form. Addressing myself to the child, I said, "Do you think you shall die?"

"Yes, sir."

"And if you die, where do you expect to go?"

"To heaven."

"What makes you think you shall go to heaven?"

"Jesus Christ has said, 'Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

"What do you understand by coming unto Christ?"

"Believing in him, and loving him."

"Did you always believe in him, and love him?"

"No, sir; not till he inclined me; for, if we love him, it is because he first loved us."

"Then you can leave father, and mother, and all, to go to heaven?"

"Yes, sir; I have no wish to live on earth, when I have the prospect of living a nobler and happier life in glory."

The surgeon, who had been anxiously expected for several hours, now arrived. "Do you think," said the heart-struck mother, "the child is dying?" This question, though familiar to the humane man, was not heard without an evident expression of grief.

"While there is life," he replied, "there is hope; but I would advise you not to be too sanguine in your expectations."

We now walked down stairs; the surgeon left, but I could not leave. "Will you, sir," said the father, "go to prayer with us? If it were not for prayer, and the hope which the gospel inspires, my heart would break." With this request I complied; and, while praying to the God of all grace, that the little child might be favored with the light of his countenance in her passage through the valley of the shadow of death, I heard the mother's shriek, which convinced me that she was gone. All wept aloud; the children started up, wringing their hands, and calling, "Jemima, Jemima, don't leave us!" and the mother, with a softened melancholy of countenance, appeared among us, saying, with a faltering tongue, "*She exclaimed, as I was raising her up on the pillow, 'I am going to glory!' and fell back in my arms, and died.*"

London Teacher's Offering.

PARENTAL PARTIALITY.—There is one fatal danger in family government, which every parent should avoid, and that is partiality. It is too often the case that fathers and mothers have their favorite child. From this, two evils result. In the first place, the pet usually becomes a spoiled child, and the "flower of the family" seldom yields any other than bitter fruit. In the second place, the neglected part of the household feel hatred towards the parent that makes the odious distinction. Disunion is thus sown in what ought to be the Eden of life; a sense of wrong is planted, by the parent's hand, in the hearts of a part of his family; an example of injustice is written on the soul of the offspring, by him who should instil into it, by every word and deed, the holy principles of equity. This is a subject of great importance, and I commend it to the particular notice of all parents.

TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.—Nature is industrious in adorning her dominions, and the man to whom this duty is addressed, should feel and obey the lesson. Let him, too, be industrious in adorning his domain; in making his home—the dwelling of his wife and children—not only convenient and comfortable, but pleasant. Let him, as far as circumstances will permit, be industrious in surrounding it with pleasing objects; in decorating it, within and without, with things that tend to make it agreeable and attractive. Let industry make home the abode of neatness and good order—a place which brings satisfaction to every inmate, and which, in absence, draws back the heart by the fond associations of comfort and content. Let this be done, and this sacred spot will become more surely the scene of cheerfulness, kindness, and peace. Ye parents who would have your children happy, be industrious to bring them in the midst of a pleasant, a cheerful and happy home. Waste not your time in accumulating wealth for them, but fill their minds and souls, in the way proposed, with the seeds of virtue and true prosperity; and teach them to love God and keep his commandments.

"The grape must be crushed before the wine will flow," and we must have felt adversity before we can rightly estimate friendship.

☞ We publish the following form of a Constitution for *Maternal Associations*, for the benefit of such persons as design to associate themselves together for the laudable and praiseworthy object of assisting each other in the important work of training up their children in the way they should go.

The Constitution may be altered by omissions or additions, in order to adapt it to the circumstances of any persons, or any place. — Ed.

CONSTITUTION FOR MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

PREAMBLE.

Deeply impressed with the great importance of training up our children in the fear of God, we, the subscribers, agree to associate ourselves together for prayer and mutual counsel in reference to our maternal duties and responsibilities; and we adopt the following Constitution:—

Art. 1. This Association shall be called The Maternal Association of the Church.

Art. 2. The object of this Association is mutual counsel and interchange of thought in relation to the physical, intellectual, moral, and religious education of our children, and to assist each other to the utmost of our ability in this great work.

Art. 3. The officers of the Association shall be a first and second Directress, a Secretary, and a Librarian, who shall be chosen annually.

Art. 4. The duty of the first Directress shall be to preside at all meetings. In the absence of the first, the second Directress shall preside.

Art. 5. The Secretary shall keep a record of the proceedings of each meeting, and a correct list of the names of the members and of their children.

Art. 6. The Librarian's duty shall be to keep the books belonging to the Association, and to take to the meetings such as the Directress may designate. She shall also keep a correct list of the books.

Remarks by the Editor.

The published Constitutions have generally twelve or fifteen articles, but one half of them properly come under the head of *by-laws*, or *regulations*; and some are simply suggestions and recommendations. They are, however, good, and we will recapitulate some of them.

The meetings of the Association may be held at two o'clock in the afternoon of the last Wednesday of each month. These meetings should be opened with prayer: a short portion of Scripture may be read, and a hymn sung. Then may follow reading from books or periodicals, interspersed with conversation, all of which should have a direct tendency to convey instruction in relation to family discipline, and to promote maternal faithfulness. At four of these meetings, namely, those for January, April, July, and October, the parents may take with them such of their children as are under fourteen years of age. The exercises at these meetings should be such as are best adapted to interest and instruct the children.

A public meeting may be held once a year, and a discourse delivered on some topic adapted to the occasion.

Various duties of a moral and religious character will be constantly suggested to the members of an Association, by the books and periodicals which are read. Every mother, however, should take a good periodical, devoted to maternal subjects, so that she may *study* it at home. We say *study*, for it is not sufficient that we hastily read an article, and then lay it by, never to be looked at again. A few good books, also, would be extremely serviceable.

When an Association has been formed, the meetings should be regular; and the officers, in particular, should see to it that the Association does not languish and dwindle away. They may find it necessary, sometimes, to visit each member on the day of the meeting, or the day before, to induce them to attend.

ELOQUENT PLEA FOR THE POOR. — We utterly repudiate, as unworthy, not of freemen only, but of men, the narrow notion that there is to be no education for the poor, as such.

Has God provided for the poor a coarser earth, a thinner air, a paler sky? Does not the glorious sun pour down his golden rays as cheerily upon the poor man's hovel as upon the rich man's palace? Have not the cottager's children as keen a perception of all the freshness, verdure, fragrance, melody, and beauty of luxuriant nature, as the pale sons of kings? Or is it in the mind that God has stamped the imprint of a baser birth, and that the poor man's child knows, with an inborn certainty, that his lot is to crawl, not to climb?

It is not so. God has not done it. Man cannot do it. Mind is immortal. It bears no mark of high or low, of rich or poor. It heeds no bound of time, or place, or circumstance. It asks but freedom. It requires but light. It is heaven-born, and it aspires to heaven. Weakness does not enfeeble it. Poverty cannot repress it. Difficulties do but stimulate its vigor. And the poor tallow-chandler's son, that sits up all night to read a book which an apprentice lends him, lest the master's eye should miss it in the morning, shall stand and treat with kings, shall bind the lightning with a hempen cord, and bring it harmless from the skies. The common school is common, not as inferior, nor as the school for poor men's children, but as the light and air are common. It ought to be the best school, because it is the first school; and in all good works, the beginning is one half. Who does not know the value to the community of a plentiful supply of the pure element of water? And infinitely more than this is the common school, for it is the fountain at which the mind drinks, and is refreshed and strengthened for its career of usefulness and glory. — *Bishop Doane.*

Euclid, the disciple of Socrates, having offended a brother of his, the brother cried out, in a rage, "Let me die if I am not avenged on you one time or other!" to whom Euclid replied, with a sweetness next to Christian, "And let me die if I do not soften you by my kindnesses, and make you love me as well as ever."

FREQUENCY OF NURSING.

BY ANDREW COMBE, M. D.

The mother's milk being the natural and best food for the infant, the next point is, to determine at what intervals the infant may be admitted to the breast. Here it is indispensable to warn the mother against excess; for if the stomach of the child be too frequently replenished, or too much distended, digestion necessarily becomes enfeebled, and gripes and flatulence arise and torment the child. The usual practice with many mothers, and especially the inexperienced, is, to offer the breast whenever the child cries, or shows the least appearance of uneasiness or pain, no matter from what cause, as if hunger were the only sensation which the young being could experience. The real character of this unwise conduct may be judged of by analogy. When a boy brings on a fit of colic by over-eating, and cries lustily from the consequent pain, we should consider it a strange mode of relief to put a spoon into his mouth, and insist on his eating more; and yet the common way of quieting an over-fed infant, by again offering it the breast, is not a whit more rational, or less destructive. The infant cannot possibly discriminate between good and bad, and, in the impatience of its suffering, it will often snatch at any thing, however much it may thereby add to its troubles.

It is a great mistake to treat crying as an infallible sign of an empty stomach. New as the infant is to the surrounding world, it shrinks instinctively from every strong sensation, whether of heat or of cold, of pressure or of hardness, of hunger or of repletion. Its only way of expressing *all* disagreeable feelings, is by crying. If it is hungry, it cries; if it is over-fed, it cries; if it suffers from the prick of a pin, it cries; if it lies too long in the same position, so as to cause undue pressure on any one part, it cries; if it is exposed to cold, or any part of its dress is too tight, or if it is held in an awkward position, or is exposed to too bright a light or too loud a sound, it can indicate its discomfort only by crying; and yet the only remedy used against so many different evils, is, not to find out and remove the true cause of offence, but to offer it the breast! No doubt, silence is sometimes obtained by the apoplectic oppression of a stomach thus distended; but no wise person will contend that such quiet is really beneficial, or is such as any mother ought to content herself with procuring.

It is, indeed, no less a mistake to be over-anxious always to put

an immediate stop to crying. To a considerable extent, crying is an intentional provision of nature, and is called into play by every new sensation of any force. It is only when often repeated, long continued, and evidently caused by suffering, that it is detrimental. As a passing and occasional occurrence, it serves to exercise and develop the lungs, to promote equality of circulation, and to excite due intestinal action; and it stands in place of that bodily activity which is afterward essential to the maintenance of health. In general, the two kinds of crying are easily distinguished, and very few mothers will long confound and treat them as the same.

During the first weeks of existence, the infant does nothing but digest, grow, and sleep; and it, therefore, requires to be fed more frequently than at a later period. On an average, about three hours may be allowed to elapse between its repasts; and as it becomes older, the interval may be gradually extended. If the breast be not habitually offered as the readiest means of silencing the child, there will rarely be any active desire for it at a shorter interval than two and a half or three hours. But if it be demanded *in an unequivocal manner*, the mother will be quite safe in yielding to the child's entreaties, only taking care that it does not gorge its stomach. In this respect, the conduct of the lower animals may be followed with great propriety. They rather repel, than encourage, the first entreaties of their young, and yield to them only when appetite is clearly and actively indicated. The result is, that among them indigestion and bowel complaints are as rare as they are common among mankind. During the night, as well as during the day, the infant requires the breast, but not so frequently. At first, it may be put to it perhaps three times in the course of the night; but afterward twice, namely, late at night and early in the morning, will be sufficient. It is a common complaint among nurses, that the child cannot sleep unless frequently fed; and there is no doubt that, when the stomach is well filled, sleep will generally ensue. But in the latter case, it will be the unhealthy sleep of oppression, which is far from being refreshing. If, in attempting to remedy this evil, we succeed in persuading the nurse to refuse giving the breast so often, we are often assured that the infant was, in consequence, very restless, cried a great deal, and perhaps did not sleep at all, and that the old plan must be resumed. The change is expected to work like a charm, and the system to adapt itself to it in a single night; whereas, at no period of life, and least of all in infancy, can any considerable change in the mode of living be *at once* productive

of its proper effect, and free from every inconvenience.* After a reasonable trial, however, the nights will become more tranquil, and the sleep more healthful and refreshing.

There are great differences of constitution in children as well as in adults, and some require and digest double the quantity of milk which suffices for others. The quality of the milk also varies with the health of the mother, and, according as it is more or less nutritious, the demand for quantity may vary. Hence it is truly important for the mother to be able to read aright the significant language of the infant, and, while she avoids gorging it with food, never to refuse it the breast *when its call is clearly expressed*, and its health is benefited by gratifying it. But if she mistake the mere expression of uneasiness for appetite, and give suck when freedom from pain is required, the consequences will be—on the part of the infant, an increase of uneasiness and indigestion, and on that of the mother, probably, irritation of the breast, or inflammation, as an effect of which either the secretion of the milk will cease, or, from want of due elaboration, its nature will be changed, and rendered so watery as to afford insufficient support. When the infant rouses himself, and seems rejoiced at the sight of his mother, it is almost a sure sign that he is hungry. But if he continues unmoved, careless, vomits frequently, seems plagued by colicky pains, or a tendency to bowel complaints, and especially if the skin is hot and the evacuations green and unhealthy, it is clear that he is getting the breast too often, and that immediate attention should be paid to the requisite alteration of his diet.

EXAMPLE. — Mothers, whatever you may wish your children to become, strive to exhibit it in your own lives and conversation. Do not send them into an unexplored country without a guide. Put yourselves at their head. Lead the way, like Moses, through the wilderness, to Pisgah. The most certain mode for you to fix habits, is the silent ministry of example. Thus impressed on the young mind, amid the genial atmosphere of a happy fireside, they become incorporated with established trains of thought, and with the elements of being. They have their hand upon the soul till, through the grave of death, it goes forth to the judgment.

* Many mothers and nurses are perhaps not aware that infants, as well as adults, have the sensation of thirst, as well as of hunger. Milk generally gratifies both of these sensations; but when excited by the heat of the bed and close air of the room during night, or by that of too hot a fire or stove during the day, the child is simply thirsty, and requires water for drink. A sick infant, if left to itself, would seldom take the breast, if it could procure water, or a little toast and water, to quench its feverish thirst. — *John Bell, M. D.*

Marianne and Maria.

WRITTEN FOR THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, By Lowell Mason.

FOR THREE EQUAL VOICES.

POETRY BY JANE TAYLOR.

Two good lit - tle girls, Marianne and Maria, As hap - pi - ly lived as good
girls could de - sire; And tho' they were neither grave, sullen nor mute, They seldom
or never were heard to dispute. They seldom or never were heard to dispute.

2. If one wants a thing that the other could get,
They never are scratching or scrambling for it;
But each one is willing to give up her right;
They'd rather have nothing than quarrel and fight.

3. If one of them happens to have something nice,
Directly she offers her sister a slice;
And not like to some greedy children I've known,
Who go in a corner and eat it alone.

4. If father, or mother, wished any thing done,
These good little girls were both ready to run;
They did not dispute to which one it belonged,
Or grumble and fret, and declare they were wronged.

5. Whatever occurred, in their work or their play,
They always would yield, and give up their own way
Then let us all try their example to mind,
And always, like them, be obliging and kind.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE GRANDMOTHER.

A FACT.

THE truth of the oft-repeated remark, "Times are strangely altered," was forced upon my mind, a few weeks since, as I sat contrasting an aged grandmother, upon whose tall and once erect form the tread of more than eighty years was distinctly visible, with her youthful granddaughter, whom twenty-two summers had touched lightly.

The one reposed her aged limbs in a friendly arm-chair; her countenance animated and joyous, for it was part of her character to be happy and make others so. Her hands were busily engaged in knitting, this being all that age and sickness had left her power to perform; and even this she was sometimes unable to do.

The granddaughter sat beside her. Fashion had evidently done its best, or rather worst, in arraying her in a dress which looked strangely when compared with the simple garb of her grandmother. The mineral kingdom had been heavily taxed in cumbering head, neck, and hands; but from the waxen appearance of the latter, one might naturally infer they were of little use, except as a place of deposit for the precious gems which adorned them.

As I gazed upon the two, my mind ran back upon the already written history of the one — a history evidently drawing to a close — written, not indeed with pen and paper, but upon her children and friends.

I could tell of her youth, of her being the daughter of a man of wealth, but of one who knew and taught his children that there was nobility in labor; of her marriage, too, when, surrounded by father, mother, and a long line of brothers, she gave her heart and hand to one well worthy of her.

Her path was bright, but she did her part to make it so. She sought wool and flax, and wrought diligently with her hands. Whether her husband was known in the gates from the fineness of his apparel, history does not record. Certain it is, however, that his heart safely trusted in her. Revolving years went by, till, with

a mother's hope and joy, she looked upon six tall youth, as they gathered round her and called her — "mother."

I need not pause to tell how her own hands carded, spun, and wove the material for their clothing — for she lived at a period in our country's history, when every stream had not been made to labor like a bondman; how, too, her sons, after the labors and sports of the day were over, would lay their torn garments at her feet as trophies of their activity, and how often the midnight lamp found her laboring to repair them.

Time passed on. Her sons came to honor; but in the stricken form of one she read the bitter lesson, that she might not lean upon an arm of flesh. 'Twas well she heeded it; for another and another have passed away, and she stands almost alone, — herself ready to be gathered.

But as she looks back upon her life, she feels that it has been one of usefulness.

> "She has not deemed it woman's part to waste
> Life in inglorious sloth, to sport a while
> Amid the flowers, or on the summer waves,
> Then fleet like the Ephemeron away,
> Building no temple in her children's hearts,
> Save to the vanity and pride of life,
> Which she had worshipped."

Such is the grandmother. Let us turn to the youthful granddaughter. In looking at her, we but see thousands upon whom "fashion is puffing out its feverish breath, and vanity tracing its thousand likenesses." True, her history is all as yet unwritten. Yet listen with me to her conversation, and tell me if it needs prophetic inspiration to say what that history will be.

Hear her as she speaks of the society in which she mingles, as being *very gay*, *very fashionable*, and *very cultivated*. See her eye brighten as her very soul is speaking. Hear her tell of her very happy life in connection with calls and parties; again of parlors, cooks, and servants; and yet again of hats bought at the most fashionable shops in the city. Can we not guess what her history will be? Ah, guess and fear!

True, she is not called upon to imitate precisely her venerable ancestor. She need not seek wool and flax, nor need she hold the distaff. But her hands do need to war and her fingers to fight. She needs a stronger arm and a keener eye than her grandmother ever used. Does she not know that fashion, by which she is surrounded, is a moral and physical Maelstrom? Will she,

then, without a single effort to escape, madly rush into its vortex?

As a wife, — for she has already assumed that relation, — is she preparing, in these gay scenes, to carry her own mind and heart, and with them her husband's, onward and upward? As a mother, will she be able to sow good seed in the hearts of her children, ere the world sows tares? Will she teach them to look upon life as a scene of elevated duty, rather than an opportunity for the indulgence of vanity and ambition?

Finally, is woman's place among the pomps and pleasures of a fleeting world, and will she forever toss on the frothy surge of fashion? Is not hers a nobler field? She lives amid the elements of mind —

> ——————"The mind,
> Which hath no limits from the walls of sense,
> No chill from hoary time; with pale decay
> No fellowship."

And shall she disregard this high commission, and spend her thoughts to make unreal wants? What though the world, with all its power and plumage, were her own; what were its gain when the brief hour-glass of this life shall fail? E. T. B.

Cheshire, Conn., Dec., 1842.

FEMALE TEACHERS. — The following eloquent and just tribute to the peculiar merits and qualifications of women, is from the pen of William H. Seward, the present governor of New York: —

He, it seems to me, is a dull observer, who is not convinced that they are equally qualified with the other sex for the study of the magnificent creation around us, and equally entitled to the happiness to be derived from its pursuit; and still more blind is he who has not learned that it was the intention of the Creator to commit to them a higher and greater responsibility in the education of youth of both sexes. They are the natural guardians of the young. Their abstraction from the engrossing cares of life affords them leisure to acquire and communicate knowledge. From them the young more willingly receive it, because the severity of discipline is relieved with greater tenderness and affection, while their more quick apprehension, enduring patience, expansive benevolence, higher purity, delicate taste, and elevated moral feelings, qualify them for excellence in all departments of learning, except, perhaps, the exact sciences. If this be true, how many a repulsive, bigoted, and indolent professor will, in the general improvement of education, be compelled to resign his claim to modest, assiduous, and affectionate woman! And how many conceited pretenders, who may wield the rod in our common schools, without the knowledge of human nature requisite for its discreet exercise, too indolent to improve, and too proud to discharge their responsible duties, will be driven to seek subsistence elsewhere!

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE MAID'S DILEMMA.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

O, ask me not to roam,
The grave of joy to see;
The world has not a home
That's half so dear to me,
As my paternal dome,
Beside this old elm-tree.

Tell of the flowers that spring
In green Iowa's glades,
How the wild brooklets sing
Amid the papaw shades;—
Can these a solace bring
When the heart's greenness fades?

Though valleys of the West
The hues of beauty wear,
And where blithe toil doth rest,
Glad stores of plenty bear,
I could not there be blest,—
My heart would not be there.

My mountain home be mine,
Where still our sires abide;
The Pilgrim's hallowed shrine,
Where memory looks with pride;
Where Freedom bears her sign,
With Justice by her side.

Here do my loved ones dwell,
All who to me are dear;
All that of youth can tell,
All that can manhood cheer;
All that can gloom dispel,
All that deserves my tear.

See that old pine-clad hill,
And this my garden plot,
And hear that tinkling rill,—
Can these e'er be forgot?
O, let me dwell here still,
In this enchanted spot!

I've given thee all my heart,
And dost thou ask for more?
With home for aye to part,
Or give my Edwin o'er—
O love! thou hast a dart
I never felt before!

Wayland, Mass., Dec., 1842.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THOUGHTS ON DRESS.

BY REV. GEORGE COLES.

As, in the natural world, the sun shines with equal light and warmth upon the cottages and gardens of the poor as upon the palaces and lawns of the rich, so, in the spiritual, the word of God offers instruction alike to all — to the prince on his throne, and to the peasant in his mud-walled cottage. Its directions are freely given to all; to servants and to masters, to husbands and wives; to those in the lowest offices of domestic life, as well as to those in the highest circles of refined society. Nor are its instructions confined to the concerns of religion; they appertain also to the affairs of this present life. And, that nothing may be wanting in the character of the Christian female, she is even taught how to conduct herself with regard to personal decorations. Take, for example, the third chapter of the First General Epistle of Peter.

In this chapter, the apostle exhorts Christian wives to be subject to their own lawful husbands, whether they are believers or not. The object the apostle has in view is the conversion of the husband. And lest the Christian wife should fall into the mistaken notion that she may innocently follow the fashions of her heathen neighbors, or that the wearing of personal ornaments will be the most likely way to win the heart of her unconverted husband to the obedience of faith, the apostle gives a gentle hint that more may be done by suitable conversations than by plaiting the hair, the wearing of gold, or the putting on of apparel. Hence it appears,—

Firstly — That fashionable and expensive ornaments are needless to Christian women.

The apostle mentions, particularly, "plaiting the hair," which, I suppose, was the fashion of his day, and which, in all likelihood, was the same thing, in its object and end, as the curling of hair now. He mentions also the "wearing of gold," though he does not say whether in the ears or on the fingers. In Solomon's time, it is more than probable women used to wear nose-jewels (see Prov. xi. 22, and Isa. iii. 21) of gold. The apostle knew that fashions would change, and, therefore, he very wisely omits the mention of any particular kind of gold ornament, and leaves it to the discretion of the fair to settle that point, giving them the principle by which to be governed, rather than the item or the circumstance. St. Peter mentions, likewise, as something worthy of note, "the putting on of apparel;" but here, again, he uses a remarkable latitude of expression, making due allowance, in his comprehensive view of the

subject, for the fluctuations of fashion. The fashionables of his day, no doubt, had their particular patterns, though it is questionable whether they were as monstrous as some of late date. Mr. Wesley speaks of "enormous bonnets" in his day; and, doubtless, if he were now on earth, he would discover some other parts of a lady's dress equally enormous. The dominion of fashion must be very great when no other reason can possibly be assigned for the adoption of a particular pattern in any article of dress, than that "it is the fashion," and the putting on such fantastic and extravagant ornaments is, to say the least of it, a waste of time and money, and a direct disregard to the spirit of the exhortation of the apostle. From this passage of holy writ, it is observable, —

Secondly — That the ornaments of the soul are of higher value, and vastly more important, than those of the body. What is the outward adorning of the earthly tabernacle, which must soon perish, to the inward adorning of the immortal mind, which shall survive "the wreck of matter and the crush of worlds"? What is even personal beauty itself, compared with the beauty of holiness? "The king's daughter is all glorious within." This is the beauty which God desires to see; therefore, "Hearken, O daughter, and consider, and incline thine ear; forget also thine own people, and thy father's house: so shall the king greatly desire thy beauty; for he is thy Lord; and worship thou him." Psalm xlv. 10, 11.

Probably, no rules can be laid down by which every Christian woman can be governed in every circumstance of life, except those which are of a general character. The age of the world, and the nation in which we live, — the age of the person, and her station in life, — will, of course, suggest such modifications of fashion in regard to dress, as will enable her to avoid every thing which is ridiculous and unseemly.

The arguments which are generally used by Christian women in favor of costly and fashionable dress are, —

1. It makes me look better.
2. I can afford it.
3. My husband requires it.

To the first it may be answered — Though in the eyes of the world, and perhaps in their own eyes, it makes them look better, it does not follow that they look better in the eyes of God. It is not the "outward adorning," but "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, that, in the sight of God, is of great price."

To the second it may be replied — It is a mistake to suppose we can afford to spend that money in useless decorations and needless ornaments which is needed to feed the hungry, clothe the

naked, instruct the ignorant, and carry the gospel to those who are ready to perish.

To the third it may be said — Though the husband requires it, yet, as God does not require it, it is better to obey God than man; and should the husband persist, even he may be "won by the conversation of the wife," while she loves God, and trusts in him.

New York City, Dec., 1842.

THE FUTURE LIFE.

BY WM. C. BRYANT.

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disimbodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleeps
And perishes among the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again,
In thy serenest eyes, the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there?
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given?
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer;
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love which joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer to the last,
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger life,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell,
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath hath left its scar — that fire of hell,
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same, fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this, —
The wisdom which is love, — till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

"SHE IS UNKIND TO HER MOTHER."

"My son," said an aged father to his promising boy, as he discovered his increasing interest in the daughter of his neighbor, "weigh well this matter. I am an old man, and have not been an idle observer of the human family during my long life. One misstep taken now may ruin your prospect of happiness for this life, or so mar it as to render life almost undesirable. Many young men have made shipwreck of their peace by unadvisedly and injudiciously contracting an alliance of matrimony with women of bad dispositions."

"Why, father," interrupted Charles, "you are putting me quite aback, by speculating in so serious a manner upon what I thought so agreeable a subject, as to excite my apprehensions and awake my fears. I have not designedly kept any thing secret from you; my visits to neighbor B.'s have all been known, and never yet disapproved of, to my knowledge."

"No, my son," continued the father, "you have not acted covertly or unfilially in this matter. This gives me increasing confidence in you. I have noticed, and with pain, too, your oft-repeated visits to Mr. B.'s, and have as often desired to caution you, but have been waiting a suitable opportunity. The best evidence, I think, a father can give to his son, of his love, and his confidence in him, is the plainness and candor with which he makes known to him his mind upon all subjects. To be honest, then, you must allow me to say that you are mistaken in Miss B.'s worthiness of your affections. She is not the young lady your imagination has painted. I am sure you would not, upon this or any other subject, act in direct opposition to sentiments you have habitually expressed."

"Why, father," exclaimed Charles, "you seem more and more serious."

"Have I not, my son, again and again heard you say that you would not marry any young lady who was 'unkind to her mother,' or who was disrespectful to her?"

"Yes, father," hastily answered Charles, "those are my sentiments, and always will be; but I was not aware that there could be any application of them in the present case. Miss B. has always appeared exceedingly mild and pleasant when in my company, and always treated her mother, for aught I knew, with propriety."

"Ah, my son, your affection has thrown a mantle over her conduct. She has wounded her own mother's feelings in the presence of us all. Old people look at these things dispassionately. Your mother and myself have often spoken, when alone, of Miss B.'s unkind treatment of her mother. We have seen her give her mother glances with her eyes, and make such tart answers, when she was not suited, as to cause our hearts to bleed. Miss B. has too much sense, and values too much our esteem, to come right out before us,

and tell her mother to 'hold her tongue,' or that 'she does not know what she is talking about;' and such like. But her good natural sense had not power enough over her bad natural disposition to suppress those glances, those intonations of voice, and those short answers, which her too sensitive mother understood."

"But, father, Mary has much to contend with. Her mother, you know, is not the most intelligent woman in the world; and this sometimes is very mortifying to her daughter. Mary, having been sent abroad, and becoming educated in a very superior manner, finds it sometimes a very difficult task to put up with her mother's lack of modern improvements."

"That argument, Charles," rejoined the father, "if of any weight, goes directly against Miss B., because she should be the more tender and forbearing, kind and respectful to her mother, so as to hide, if possible, her imperfections. It is a hard case, my son, that a daughter, because she has had superior advantages, and become more accomplished than her mother, should set herself above her. In those very advantages and accomplishments should be laid the basis of heartfelt gratitude, respect, and affection. What! treat her own mother with unkindness and neglect in company, especially before those in whose eyes she should endeavor to exalt her? Who was it, Charles, that watched over Mary from her earliest infancy, bore with the fretfulness and troublesomeness of her early childhood? Who guarded her health, watched over her by day and by night, and often and again, with maternal tenderness and anxiety, listened whether she breathed in health? Who wept when Mary's skin was hot, her breath feverish, and her pulse quick and hard? Who bathed her temples, prepared for her every little delicacy, and hung over her as an angel ministering to her wants? Whose eyes were those which beamed with delight as Mary gradually arose from her sick bed, and became restored to health? And last, though not the least, who was it that bowed with Mary at the throne of grace, when her little lips could scarcely articulate, and taught her to lisp the name of Jesus? Was it not her own mother? The same mother she now can treat with neglect and unkindness. Beware, my son! I have only a few words more to say. Miss B. is unquestionably a young lady of fine talents and superior education. She has a fine, commanding person. She is of a highly respectable, genteel family. All these things are desirable. But she lacks one thing — *she lacks an amiable disposition;* she is '*unkind to her mother;*' and my experience has always taught me that an *unkind daughter habitually makes an unkind wife.*"

Half our forebodings of our neighbors are but our wishes, which we are ashamed to utter in any other form.

BROKEN TIES.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The broken ties of happier days,
How often do they seem
To come before our mental gaze,
Like a remembered dream!
Around us each dissevered chain
In sparkling ruin lies;
And earthly hand can ne'er again
Unite those broken ties.

The parent of our youthful home,
The kindred that we loved,
Far from our arms, perchance, may roam,
To desert seas removed.
Or we have watched their parting breath,
And closed their weary eyes,
And sighed to think how sadly death
Can sever human ties.

The friends, the loved ones of our youth,
They, too, are gone, or changed,
Or, worse than all, their love and truth
Are darkened or estranged.
They meet us in the glittering throng,
With cold, averted eyes,
And wonder that we weep their wrong,
And mourn our broken ties.

O, who, in such a world as this,
Could bear their lot of pain,
Did not one radiant hope of bliss
Unclouded yet remain?
That hope the sovereign Lord has given,
Who reigns above the skies —
Hope that unites our souls to Heaven,
By faith's enduring ties.

Each care, each ill of mortal birth,
Is sent, in pitying love,
To lift the lingering heart from earth,
And speed its flight above.
And every pang that wrings the breast,
And every joy that dies,
Tell us to seek a purer rest,
And trust to holier ties.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. FEBRUARY, 1843. NO. 2.

☞ The object in publishing the following communication, is to show parents the great importance of maintaining in their families, without interruption or cessation, and in the presence of strangers as well as their own household, *Family Prayer*. We are acquainted with the writer. He says, in a private note, "I have travelled the downward road which leads to death, twenty-two years. I sought and obtained what I imagined was real pleasure, but I can now say that the last year of my life has afforded me that sweet peace of mind, to which this world is a stranger.—ED.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE FAMILY ALTAR.

Never shall I forget the first time I bowed my knee at the "*Family Altar*." Being somewhat out of health last year, I left the city of New York, to spend a few months in the country, by the advice of my physician. I visited a relative who resides a short distance from the city. I left home, a careless sinner. I had been, and was then, taking broad strides in the road which leads to death. I spent my precious time in devising plans for the comfort of my poor body, without thinking I had an immortal spirit to save, and fit for the sky. I was constantly treasuring up wrath against the day of wrath.

On the morning after my arrival, I arose as usual, without thanking God for preserving my worthless life during the night. I was soon assembled with the rest round the "*Family Altar*," and with them, for the first time, bowed my knee in prayer; but while they were offering up their morning sacrifice, I was thoughtless and unconcerned—merely an idle looker-on. In this manner I passed five months. When about returning to this wicked, but highly-favored city, my

kind relative offered up prayer in my behalf. O, how affectionately did he pray, that my defenceless head might be covered with the shadow of the great Jehovah's wing. He prayed that I might be snatched as a brand from the burning, and that I might know no rest, till I found it in Jesus; that I might be induced to lay my weapons of rebellion at my Savior's feet, and be resolved to

"Fight against my God no more."

His prayer was heard and answered. I returned to this city, an awakened, though not a converted sinner. I saw my lost and ruined condition, while wandering far from God, but soon mixed again with the gay world. I left no means untried to drive from my mind the mountain weight which oppressed me so sorely. The "*Family Altar*" was ever present to my view. The prayers which had been offered in my behalf were ever ringing in my ears. My worldly associates—they who had been the happy and joyous companions of my boyhood hours—they who, like myself, had their affections set on the things of this world—they with whom I had passed many a festive night at the bacchanalian board, hailed my return with great pleasure, and threw their arms open to receive me. My feelings were indescribable! I dared not tell them what was passing in my breast. They soon, however, decoyed me into their ranks; but "a thousand stings within my breast were depriving my soul of ease." I saw my lost and undone condition, while wandering from God, but was ashamed to acknowledge what I felt. I was ashamed to own Him whom angels delight to praise. I knew not what to do. The Holy Spirit strove with me, day and night. I continually beheld the Savior of mankind nailed to the accursed tree. I constantly heard His voice ringing in my ears, "This is the way, walk ye in it." My feelings at last became too powerful longer to stifle. I saw that, if ashamed to confess Jesus Christ and Him crucified before men, He would be ashamed to acknowledge me before his Father which is in Heaven. I resolved to seek my soul's salvation; and on Thursday evening, January 6, 1842, I first bent my knee at the altar of God, in the character of an humble penitent, crying—

"Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

I found, on taking up what I considered a cross of mountain weight, that my Savior bore the heaviest part. I also soon found peace and joy in believing. I found Him whom my soul desired to love. The Sun of Righteousness arose in my heart, and turned my darkness into day!

"My chains fell off, my soul was free."

I went forth, determined to follow my Savior through evil as well as good report. Although more than a year has passed, I am still happy in a Savior's love. I have a hope in my heart, full of immortality and eternal life, and this hope I would not relinquish for ten thousand worlds.

I have sought pleasure in every form. I was nursed in the lap of plenty, having at my disposal almost all which this world can give. My associates were those who, like myself, imagined they were gathering honey "from every opening flower." But I have learned, and O that they might learn, that

"Each pleasure has its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

I now know where true happiness is to be found, and I rejoice that, though unworthy, I feel that my name is registered in the Lamb's book of life, and that, if the "earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, I have a house not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens." If my happy soul should be required of me this night, I could exclaim, "Thy will—not mine—Oh Lord, be done." I know that I am an heir to an imperishable crown, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me in that day when He will come to make up his jewels; and not to me only, but to all those who walk uprightly.

New York City, January, 1843.

DOMESTIC LIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world, without the consent and exertions of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labor with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort either to his merchandise or farm—fly over land, sail upon the seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows he is not spending his strength in vain, but his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home. How delightful it is to have a friend to cheer, and a companion to soothe the solitary hours of grief and pain! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life, and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for his months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

MR. EDITOR.—On the 12th of November last, I followed to the grave, the remains of a very interesting little son, of the age of three years and five months. Alive, and to all appearance well, on the morning of the 10th, he was seized at noon with that terrible disease, *scarlatina*, and in twenty-two hours he ceased to breathe. The following lines were written the week following the decease. B. H BARNES.

Chelsea, Mass., Jan., 11, 1843.

THOUGHTS OF BEREAVED PARENTS.

Our lovely boy! Our lovely boy!
We miss thee at the dawn of day;
Thy parents' fondest, earthly joy—
Thou hast been borne from earth away.

We miss thee at the hour of prayer,
When we around our altar bow;
We look for thee—thou art not there—
Thou 'rt worshipping with seraphs now.

Thy soul at evening's quiet hour,
When kneeling by thy father's knee;
Thou didst commend to that great Power,
Who ever keepeth such as thee.

Thy merry laugh no more we hear,
Thy notes of mirth and childish glee;
O, they were richer to our ear,
Than music on a summer's sea.

Thy form so comely in our sight,
No more our weeping eyes shall view;
Until in yonder world of light,
Our Savior shall make all things new.

But shall we murmur at the cup
Our Father giveth us to drain?
Or, trusting lift our spirits up
In hope to meet our love again?

Sweet one, we gave thee to thy God,
We would not call thee back to earth;
Thy *body* rests beneath the sod,
Thy *spirit* was of heavenly birth!

That spirit near the throne of Him,
Who bought thee with his precious blood;
Now joins to swell the blissful hymn
That echoes through the courts of God!

And when our work on earth is done,
And we shall pass from time away;
We'll trust through His beloved Son,
To meet our loved one in THAT DAY.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS.

BY REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB.

As the number containing my article on "Threatening and Punishments" is not before me, I may possibly repeat some things which I have said before; my present subject being nearly allied to that. In the exercise of authority in all cases, I think we may safely adopt the principles which we see developed in the Divine administration; and in that we find a due admixture of Rewards and Punishments. Hope and fear are alternately appealed to; and suffering is made invariably, sooner or later, to follow transgression; while happiness is the result of obedience. Of such consequence is this principle regarded, that it is made an organic law of nature; so that suffering follows as the natural result of disobedience to law, whether natural or physical; and happiness follows as the natural result of obedience. It should then be a first principle of family government, so to administer parental authority, as invariably to produce upon the mind of the child a distinct and strong impression of the connexion between obedience and happiness, and disobedience and suffering. To produce this impression, we may safely follow the example of the Divine government, and resort to the system of rewards and punishments.

But, though it is all-important to have correct principles as a foundation and a guide, yet, the great difficulty lies in the administration. It is difficult for such imperfect beings as we are, to exercise the self-control, and the wisdom and skill, which are requisite in carrying out our principles, in such a little empire as the family. Both rewards and punishments may be so injudiciously and unskilfully managed, as to produce great mischief. There must be a judicious and skilful mingling of justice, mercy and grace, after the pattern of the Divine government. If rewards are given with a lavish and unsparing hand, they come to be considered as matters of *debt* instead of *grace*, and instead of cultivating a laudable "respect to the recompense of reward," they minister to the rank growth of irregular and hurtful passions. On the other hand, punishments may be resorted to with such frequency and severity, as to blunt the sensibilities, produce discouragement, and thus fail to restrain.

Those who undertake to exert an influence over others, often fail by overlooking the fact that they have only a certain degree of excitability to operate upon; and their appliances are so excessive as to exhaust this principle, and then their power ceases, because they have nothing more to act upon. This is never more true than in its application to family government. There is a delicate sensibility, natural to the human heart, and which is never more susceptible than in childhood. If this principle is properly cherished, and a right direction given to it, we may make it a powerful auxiliary to parental authority. But parents are liable, by injudicious treatment, in a great measure to blunt or destroy this sensibility. The consequence is, they find it necessary to use a much stronger force, either of encouragement or of fear, reward or punishment, to produce the same effect. The principle is analagous to that of exciting the sense of feeling by friction—the greater the friction the more difficult it will be again to excite the same degree of feeling. If this principle were duly attended to, it would save much needless expenditure of authority, while it would contribute greatly to the improvement of character in children. This may be so cultivated and cherished, that a smile or a frown from the parent would have more effect than a valuable positive reward, or a severe punishment; and in case of real necessity, punishment would have tenfold more effect. This will explain a fact often noticed, but seldom accounted for. We often see families in which it is very difficult even to discern the positive exercise of authority; and yet they are marked as the best governed families in the community. On the other hand, we see families where authority is always in exercise—where scolding and threatening and blows, are the hourly occurrences of every day; and yet these are the most ill-governed families any where to be found. The reason of this difference is obvious. When severe rebuke is constantly indulged, and punishment continually resorted to, the fine sensibilities of the child are blunted, he loses his self-respect, and the displeasure of the parent is not regarded, because so frequently manifested. The child is discouraged with all attempts to satisfy and please a parent who is perpetually scolding; and punishment has ceased to exert its legitimate influence over him, its power having been lost by frequent repetition. The true secret of rendering punishment efficacious is, in using it

sparingly. By frequent punishment, especially if it be corporeal, the child loses its sense of shame and self-respect, and becomes really degraded in his own estimation, so that nothing remains to be dreaded but the *pain*, to which he soon becomes accustomed. But, to administer family government efficiently, without frequent resort to punishment, requires great skill and self-possession. The most important point, in effecting this, is, to preserve and cultivate the delicate sensibility to which I have alluded, and to make the most of the approbation and displeasure of the parent. By the child in whom this sensibility is acute, and to whom punishment and severe language have been dealt out with a sparing hand, a frown from the parent will be more deeply felt than a blow by one whose sensibilities have been blunted by scolding and flagellation. Another means of avoiding frequent punishment is, to forestall and prevent, as far as practicable, the offences for which punishment is usually inflicted. This may be done in a thousand instances, by the judicious parent, who maintains strict discipline and untiring vigilance; while the one who dwells in the midst of confusion and uproar, will never find time to attend to any delinquency till it has gone to such an extreme as to demand strong measures to correct it. A little leak in a vessel may be very easily stopped, if taken in time; but, if suffered to go on and increase its capacity, it will sink the ship.

The following remarks of Mr. Anderson, in his work on the "Genius and design of the Domestic Constitution," will more fully explain and illustrate the point which I have been endeavoring to establish:—"If I so manage, that the severest punishment which *can* be felt in my family is the loss of my favor, and the richest reward which *can* be felt is the enjoyment and expression of it, I shall not greatly err. There are two instruments to be employed, in all cases, for maintaining authority: the one of *constant*, the other only of *occasional* application; and the occasional use of the one depends materially on the constancy of the other. If the first is studied as it should be, and then applied with consistent constancy, a tenderness and dexterity in applying the second will be the consequence, which, without observing this order, no rules whatever can supply. The first instrument is the *reins*, the second is, the *rod or reward*. I recollect hearing of two coaches, which used to drive into Newmarket from London,

by a certain hour, at a time of strong competition. The coach which generally came in first had, I think, four greys, and upon their arrival, the people used to remark, that there was scarcely a wet hair on one of them. In the other, though last, the horses were jaded and even heated to excess, and had the appearance of having made great efforts. The first man did it all by the *reins:* the second, unsteady in himself, or unskilful in the reins, had induced bad habits, and then employed the *whip*, but he could never cope with the other. So it will hold in all guidance, in all government. If obedience to the reins is found to be most pleasant in itself, and even the road to enjoyment, then obedience will grow into a habit, and become in fact the choice of the party."

West Needham, Mass., Jan. 1843.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE.—Where parental influence does not convert, it at least hampers; it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother who dropped things in my way. I could not rid myself of them; I was a professed infidel in company, rather than when alone; I was wretched when by myself. These principles, and maxims, and data, spoiled my jollity. I find in myself another evidence of the greatness of parental influence. I detect myself, to this day, in laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of them.

Parental influence must be great, because God has said it shall be so. The parent is not to stand, reasoning and calculating. God has said, that his character *shall* have influence; and so this *appointment* of Providence becomes often the punishment of a wicked man. Such a man is a complete *selfist*. I am weary of hearing such men talk about their "family"—and their "family"—they "must provide for their family." Their family has no place in their real regard; they push for themselves. But God says, "No! you think your children shall be so and so; but they shall be rods for your own backs. They shall be your curse. They shall rise up against you." The most common of all human complaints is—parents groaning under the vices of their children! *This* is all the effect of parental influence.—*Cecil.*

HUSBANDS AND WIVES, you have no right to expect perfection in each other. To err, is the lot of humanity. Illness will sometimes make you petulant, and disappointment ruffle the smoothest temper. Guard, I beseech you, with unremitting vigilance, your passions; controlled, they are the genial heat which warms us along the way of life; ungoverned, they are consuming fires. Let your strife be one of respectful attentions and conciliating conduct. *Cultivate with care, the kind and gentle affections of the heart.* Plant not, but eradicate the thorn which grows in your partner's path. Above all, let no feelings of revenge find harbor in your breast—let the sun never go down upon your anger. A kind word—an obliging action—if it be in a trifling concern, have a power superior to the harp of David, in calming the billows of the soul.

THOUGHTS OF A FATHER.

To the Editor of The Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend:

DEAR SIR: Your work is, in my estimation, an invaluable publication, and is not only the *Mother's* assistant, but the *Father's* also. It has been so to me, and is highly prized by my wife.

The duty of training children is an important duty, and I meet with none more so. O, the importance of giving direction to an immortal mind! Who can comprehend it? It is a sublime work—a *grand*, a *glorious*, an *awful* work. I tremble as I write, when I think of my responsibility. Will my children, or any one of them, be lost through some fault, some mismanagement of mine, or some wrong impression made by me? I often feel, in the presence of my little family of four, as though I were in the presence of no less than little angels, watching my every step, and every movement, and whom I may, by some wrong bias, or fatal impression, throw from the track of virtue, safety, and religion, to become a total wreck. There is no duty for which I feel so inadequate.

How important and responsible, also, the place and position of a *Mother*. How much in that name—"Mother." There is no word like it—none so full of music, none so dear to the heart of man. But the *mother's* responsibility I will not attempt to describe.

Keep on in your good work, and still send me your publication. Yours, truly,

Newport, R. I., Jan. 3. 1843. J. KNIGHT.

A HEART IN THE RIGHT PLACE.—I am wedded, Coleridge, to the fortunes of my sister and my poor old father. O! my friend, I think, sometimes, could I recall the days that are past, which among them should I choose? Not those "merrier days," not the "pleasant days of hope," not "those wanderings with a fair haired maid," which I have so often and so feelingly regretted, but the days, Coleridge, of a *mother's* fondness for her *school-boy*. What would I give to call her back to earth for one day, that I might on my knees ask her pardon for all those little asperities of temper, which, from time to time, have given her gentle spirit pain; and the day, my friend, I trust will come, when there will be "time enough for kind offices of love," if "Heaven's eternal year" be ours. Hereafter her meek spirit shall not reproach me. O, my friend, cultivate the filial feelings! And let no man think himself released from the kind "charities" of relationship. These shall give him peace at the last. These are the best foundation for every species of benevolence.—*Charles Lamb.*

A TOUCHING SKETCH OF PARENTAL SORROW.

A few months ago I buried my eldest son, a fine manly boy of eight years of age, who had never had a day's illness until that which took him hence to be here no more. His death occurred under circumstances peculiarly painful to me. A younger brother, the next in age to him, a delicate, sickly child from a baby, had been down for nearly a fortnight with an epidemic fever. In consequence of the nature of the disease, I used every precaution which prudence suggested to guard the other members of my family against it. But of this one, my eldest, I had but little fear; he was so rugged and so generally healthy. Still, however, I kept a vigilant eye upon him, and especially forbade his going into the pools and docks near his school, which he was prone to visit.

One evening I came home wearied with a long day's hard labor, and vexed at some little disappointments, and found that he also had just come into the house, and that he was wet, and covered with dock mud. I taxed him with disobedience, and scolded him severely—more so than I had ever done before; and then harshly ordered him to his bed. He opened his lips, for an exculpatory reply as I supposed, but I sternly checked him; when with a mute, sorrowful countenance and a swelling breast, he turned away and went slowly to his chamber. My heart smote me even at the moment, though I felt conscious of doing but a father's duty. But how much keener I felt the pang when I was informed in the course of the evening by a neighbor, that my boy had gone to the dock at the earnest solicitation of a younger and favorite playmate, and by the special permission of his school master, in order to recover a cap belonging to the former, which had blown over the wharf. Thus I learned that what I had treated with unwonted severity as a fault, was but the impulse of a generous nature which, forgetful of self, had hazarded perhaps life for another. It was but the quick prompting of that manly spirit which I had always endeavored to engraft upon his susceptible mind, and which, young as it was, had already manifested itself on more than one occasion.

How bitterly now did I regret my harshness, and resolve to make amends to his grieved spirit in the morning! Alas! that morning never came to him in health. Before retiring for the night, however, I crept to his low cot, and bent over him. A tear had stolen down upon his cheek, and rested

there. I kissed it off; but he slept so sweetly and so calmly, that I did not venture to disturb him. The next day he awoke with a raging fever on his brain, and in forty-eight hours was no more! He did not know me when I was first called to his bed-side, nor at any moment afterward, though in silent agony I bent over him until death and darkness closed the scene. I would have given worlds to have whispered one kind word in his ear, and have been answered; but it was not permitted. Once, indeed, a smile, I thought of recognition, lighted up his eye, and I leaned eargely forward. But it passed quickly away, and was succeeded by the cold unmeaning glare, and the wild tossing of the fevered limbs, which lasted till death came to his relief.

Every thing I now see which belonged to him reminds me of the lost one. Yesterday I found some rude pencil sketches which it was his delight to make for the amusement of his younger brother; to-day in rummaging an old closet I came across his boots still covered with dock-mud as when he last wore them; and every morning and evening I pass the ground where his voice rang the merriest among his playmates. All these things speak to me vividly of his active life; but I cannot, though I often try, recall any other expression of his face than that mute, mournful one with which he turned from me on the night I so harshly repulsed him. Then my heart bleeds afresh. O! how careful should we who are parents be, that in our daily conduct toward those little beings sent us by a kind Providence, we are not laying up for ourselves the sources of many a future bitter tear! How cautious, that neither by inconsiderate word or look, we unjustly grieve their generous feeling! And how guardedly ought we to weigh every action against its motive, lest in a moment of excitement we be led to meet out to the venial errors of the heart, the punishment due only to wilful crime! Alas! perhaps few parents suspect how often the sudden blow and the fierce rebuke are answered in their children by the tears, not of passion, not of physical or mental pain, but of a loving, but grieved or outraged nature.—*Knickerbocker.*

SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—It has been estimated that in this country, within the last fifteen years, no less than seventy-five thousand children from the Sunday School have united with the Church of Christ; and that nineteen-twentieths of the British missionaries in foreign lands have been the subjects of Sabbath School instruction.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON HEALTH.—The influence of music upon the mind is so refining, and tends so much to beget feelings of kindness and benevolence, thus beneficially affecting the health, that no system of education can be considered complete, which does not provide this important means of moral training. Music is taught in most schools on the continent; and it is to this circumstance, among others, that, as I conceive, the superiority of the Germans and Italians over ourselves in this science, is mainly attributable. Beside, are we not equally with them, Saxons, and members of the great German family; and are not, therefore, our natural capabilities originally the same? The notion that our countrymen have comparatively "no ear for music," is an unfounded prejudice. Our actual inferiority arises solely from the want of cultivation.—*Noah.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

MARY L. DUNCAN: Being Recollections of a Daughter, by her Mother. From the second Edinburgh edition. New York: Robert Carter. 1842.

This is a beautifully printed volume, of 268 pages, and gives the life of a sweet-tempered and interesting child, a dutiful and pious *daughter*, an affectionate and gentle *wife*, and a tender and judicious *mother*.

Mrs. Lundie was born in Kelso, Scotland, in 1814, was married in 1836, and died in 1840, at the early age of 25 years. In the number of our work for April, 1842, we gave a description of a scene which occurred on her marriage day, and "a lovelier scene, or one more worthy the artist's pencil," never was described.

To our readers we would say, such has been the effect of the perusal of this work upon our mind, that we should consider it cheaply earned, were we obliged to work at midnight to purchase it.

THE GOLDEN VASE; a Gift for the Young. By Hannah F. Gould. Boston: Benjamin B. Mussey. 1843.

A *Golden Vase*, "filled with fresh flowers, fragrant, bright, and fair;" or, in other words, a volume of 224 pages, containing a choice collection of stories, in prose and verse, from the elegant pen of Miss H. F. Gould. It is prepared, the author says, for the express perusal of juvenile readers; who, we are sure, will be delighted with its beautiful dress, and its entertaining and instructive conversation.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—Tappan & Dennet, of this city, have published Nos. 5 and 6 of this interesting work. They embrace the events transpiring from June, 1776, to December, 1777. No. 5 is embellished with a view of Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, and No. 6 with a map of Boston and its environs in 1775 and 1776.

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

REMINISCENCES.—BY A SISTER.

Thoughts suggested on receiving a present of flowers gathered from the grave of a brother.

"A *flower* is not a flower alone;
A thousand sanctities invest it:
And as they form a radiant zone,
Around its simple beauty thrown,
Their magic tints become its own,
As if their spirit had possessed it."

Flowers! how many have I gathered or received from kind friends, which have withered and gone as if I loved them not! But *these* flowers, though their bright colors have faded and their fragrance departed, I shall ever cherish as sacred things. They were planted by my mother, and they shed their perfume around the grave of my brother.

As I gaze upon them I forget the present and am wafted back to that sunny land where my childhood's years were passed.

Ah, well do I remember my early home, for all was bright around it, for beside the beauties which nature showers so plentifully on that happy soil, the hand of taste had rendered it more lovely. Around the pillars of the portico were twined the multiflora, with its clusters of tiny though perfect roses. Over the windows clambered the honeysuckle, the jessamine, and the woodbine, uniting their fragrance with that of the pale and delicate passion-flower. And all around our dwelling sprung in profusion the flowers of that delightful clime.

There was one favorite spot where I often resorted.

In front of the house stood two noble oaks, remnants of the forest; beneath their shade I passed many a happy hour, and my little brother was often the companion of my amusements. I fancy I hear his merry laugh as we sported on the green turf and gathered the flowers and acorns around to adorn our "playhouse" under the trees. But there must be an end to

all things and there certainly was to our play hours, particularly those of the morning. In our village was a "Hill of Knowledge and Temple of Science," and no matter how much occupied in our pleasures, the sound of its bell quickly terminated them, and brought, in exchange, visions of long rows of benches, spelling-books and schoolmaster's frowns.

One bright summer morning we had been amusing ourselves as usual, when our sports were disturbed by the loud tones of the Academy bell. Henry wept and clung to me as if to detain me, but the call of that bell was too imperious to be unheeded. I gathered up our playthings and led him up to my mother's room; here I spread them out to amuse him, and in a few minutes he was laughing in glee. While his attention was thus directed I stole from the room and equipped myself for school. Sorrowfully I was wending my way toward the gate, when I heard his voice in pleading accents calling me back. He had missed me from his side, and in a moment had appeared at the window below. The tears were streaming down his cheeks as he stretched forth his little arms beseechingly toward me; I turned and endeavored to comfort him with the assurance that I should soon return, and we would again play together.

But ah! I little thought of the change, which before my return was to come over him; and little did I feel that that morn was the last in which we should sport together beneath those spreading oaks!

That afternoon, when I returned home, I was told that Henry was very sick, but could scarce believe it. I hastened to him, and as I sat down by his cradle, I spoke to him, but instead of the glad response which I was accustomed to meet, he moaned so sad and low that the tears started to my eyes. I sat by him long, and watched him as he tossed his arms wildly about his *head.*

The next morning, when I entered the room, he was on the bed—a thick film covered his beautiful eyes, and he moved them not, but lay there still and insensible. I climbed up on a chair beside him; many friends were watching round the bed, and stillness reigned throughout the room. I gazed on him for many hours, until overcome. I laid my head on the bed, and fell asleep. I was roused by persons walking about the room, and I was told Henry was *dead!* I felt of him; he was cold and stiff. I could not speak; I felt dis-

posed to weep, but could not. They told me his body was to be laid in the cold ground, and I would never see him more, unless I went to heaven when I died. I went away by myself, and when I thought he had gone forever from this world, I wept. That night, as I sorrowfully laid my head upon my pillow, I tried to pray, that I might meet my brother when I died. I fell asleep, and dreamed of dying and going to heaven; I thought there was a long flight of stairs to ascend, and when I reached the top my brother met me. As I looked, I discovered that he had beautiful wings, such as I had seen in pictures representing angels. I saw many people there who appeared to be singing, and their sweet music awoke me.

It was a beautiful Sabbath morning; the flowers and grass sparkled in the sunlight, and spread their fragrance around, while the air was filled with the melody of birds; but my heart was sad, and I could not bear to see so much joy. I stole into the parlor, where lay the remains of my brother; I leaned over the coffin, and as I kissed his cold brow, I wept again.

That day he was laid in the grave, from which these flowers were gathered, and as I saw the damp earth thrown over the coffin, I thought my heart would break. I remember the sense of loneliness and sadness I felt during that day. Every thing connected with the death of my brother was so impressed upon my memory, that I can never forget it, though I cannot call to mind my thoughts or feelings afterward. Indeed, it was but a little while after, that several cousins came to make me a visit, and we played together in our favorite spot, and with the gaiety and elasticity of childhood, I forgot my sorrow.

A few months passed away, and I bade farewell to my southern home. The morning we left my native village we rode through the churchyard and took a last look at Henry's grave. It was a little mound, covered with grass, and around grew flowers that my mother had planted.

Ten happy years have since rolled away, and no sorrow has again clouded my brow. Happiness, pure and unalloyed as mortals ever enjoy, has thus far been my lot.

Though never since called upon to stand by the bed of the dying, or to part with a friend, I know that such things must come; but the thought brings not gloom with it; I know that it *must* be so, but there will still be duties to fulfil, and many sources of comfort and pleasure left me. When friends

depart I will look with the brightness of hope through the few days which are our portion here, to that home of which this beautiful, lovely, and happy world can give but a faint idea. And, O, how blissful the thought that there—

"No fears of parting come,
But never ending ages still
Shall find us all at home.

Advocate of Moral Reform.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

GOD IS RIGHT.

BY WILLIAM B. TAPPAN.

And we took all his cities at that time, and utterly destroyed the men and the women, and the little ones in every city; we left none to remain.—DEUT. II. 34.

Thus saith the Lord, "the Heshbonite,
"Thou, for my holy Name—
"Sires, mothers, little ones, shalt smite,
"And wrap his towers in flame."

Then thus sang Moses, "Glory ye
"In his most holy Name!
"We smote sires, mothers, little ones,
"And wrapt their towers in flame.'

Thou murmurest, unsubmissive man;
And reason questions why
In heaven's exterminating plan,
The innocent should die.

Have these small pagans sin conceived
Within the hidden part?
Die they, because they've not believed,
With all the mind and heart?

'Tis well for the uncircumcised,
The heathen, in his thrall,
Who Israel's God alike despised,
And Israel, thus to fall.

But *these*—on quivering spears transfixed,
Imploringly to die—
Their blood, with their pale mother's mixed;
Is there a cause?—and why?

How can the Jewish manhood lift
O'er infancy, the sword,
Nor from the chaff the seedlings sift?
Is *this*, thy justice, Lord?

Vain fool! and impudent as vain!
Would'st thou of glow-worm light,
Transparent Rectitude arraign
At thy tribunal's night?

What though he flings around his feet
His darkness, like a pall?
'Tis seen by us, and *thou* may'st see't,
Light crowns the Judge of all.

Subdue thyself to his control;
To his decrees, thy wit,
Wisdom, and will, and sense, and soul,
In deepest dust, submit.

Submit?—*prefer* (for reason's blind)
The ways of God with man;—
Unriddled to the trusting mind
Is his mysterious plan.

The sword—that Israel bathed in blood,
And parents smote to hell—
Sharply, but kindly, sent with God
Their little ones to dwell!

Boston, Jan., 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH W. TRUE.

* * * From this time I thought of *book lessons* as easy. Soon my ear caught a sighing sound; turning to listen, I saw a pining form. Here, indeed, was a new, a hard, a heart-rending lesson. There was no music in that sigh, for it soon became a groan; no loveliness in that ghastly countenance, for soon the eye was glazed and nearly closed. Death was taking my infant sister; and yet she did not die. The day passed, and her dying eyes still rolled upon me. Gazing, and weeping, I exclaimed, why is this? Why this delay, why this agony, and why this death? As I stooped to look more closely, I saw a smile. That glare became celestial brightness. The groan ceased—the contest was ended. With this lesson I labored hard. What questions now arose! And *one* perplexed me more than all. Why that smile so sweet, which restored the loveliness of those features so long distorted by the dreadful contest? Engaged in these and many other questions, weeks and months led me along, until

I was awaked at the midnight hour to take another lesson; the last, of which I shall now speak. The voice which broke my slumber was hollow and hoarse. The night passed, and by the first light of day I went to behold the form from which the sound proceeded. Ah! 'twas one I knew! One upon which I had often reclined. I watched, day after day, its movements; until, loth to take the lesson, I had nearly persuaded myself to have mistaken the call. But soon the tomb-like sound again broke midnight silence. The lesson I *must* take. Those limbs once so active, became tremulous; consumption had claimed "the marrow for food, the blood for drink." The frequent tear, sigh, and wish, of the invalid, came to me with deep language. Weeks brought me onward; and at the midnight hour again I woke—called by a whisper. But O, what a whisper! It bade me go and look upon a death-bed. I went—I beheld! Scene of scenes, to me! Lesson of lessons! A call of heart and intellect too. I grasped the dying hand, (for I was wont to grasp *that very hand,)* and listened to half-uttered words. Disease seemed ready for a final triumph over both body and spirit. But it was not long so. I saw the spirit resuming more than its former healthful vigor; its limits seemed to be broken; words became distinct; the countenance shone with intelligence, while death, compelled to make the falling body his only prey, seemed with eagerness to be hastening his work. This lesson, hard as it was, and given in tones so stern, was made welcome by the melody of accompanying strains; for, by that dying tongue, the name of Jesus was pronounced, with shouts of salvation. That sacred room seemed to resound with hosannas from the heavenly choir, as the spirit departed. I saw the last moving of those guardian eyes! They are closed! My *father* is in *eternity.*

Friend, hast thou ever seen a death-bed? Hast thou ever seen a *parent die?*

Dennysville, Me., Jan., 1843.

CONFIDENCE.—There is something very winning and endearing in confidence. Who could take away the life of a bird that fled to his bosom from the pounce of the hawk? Or who could take advantage of having him in his hand to deprive the little trembler even of his liberty? Nothing is ever lost by trusting in the ingenuous and noble-minded: they always feel a responsibility to repay the confidence reposed in them. What, then, may we not expect from the God of all comfort?—*William Jay.*

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

METHOD, ESSENTIAL IN ALL THE DEPARTMENTS OF LIFE.

BY SOPHIA C. S. WEYMOUTH.

Who does not admire the system and order which every where pervade the works of the Almighty? On the annual return of the seasons we can depend—the rising and setting sun has never disappointed our expectations. We know, and can trace, the course of the heavenly luminaries, and never have we looked in vain to find them in their appropriate spheres. And, while in contemplation of this "great system of perfections," we are lost in wonder, in view of the mighty power which thus beautifully and harmoniously governs all, and are led to exclaim, "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" We admire the effect of a cause which we cannot comprehend. We admire it, not for its beauty and harmony alone, but as resulting in the best good of man. Seed time and harvest have never failed to call for the labors of the industrious cultivator of the soil. Each tree, shrub, and flower, has its appropriate time to bud and blossom; and the same system and order we admire in the heavens above us, can every where be traced throughout the earth we tread. From every thing around we can read instruction, if we but seek it "amid familiar things."

Let, then, the system and order which pervade the universe, extend into all the departments of life. Let every thing have its appropriate time and place, and double the amount of labor, both intellectual and physical, may be performed. I might refer, for proof of this, to innumerable examples; but it would be useless to bring forward the history of those with whom every one must be acquainted. Daily observation and experience cannot fail to teach us this truth. With the young, especially—those whose habits and characters are forming for the future—should this be observed; and may I not add, more especially by *young ladies*, whose habits may hereafter so much influence the happiness of the domestic circle? It matters not what their station in life may be, whether rich or poor, there exists, if not the same necessity, the same moral and divine obligation to dispose of their time in the best possible manner; and this can only be done by that systematic arrangement which assigns to each engagement its respective time, and to each article under their con-

trol its respective place. That young lady who neglects to form habits of order and punctuality while under the paternal roof, who there excuses herself from all responsibility and care, and thus goes forth into the world to encounter it all unprepared, will find, to her sorrow, that she has neglected to lay the foundation on which to erect the superstructure of domestic happiness. However limited our sphere of action may be, this principle may be cultivated, and called into exercise. In the arrangement of a school-girl's apartment, and the disposition of her time, it may as effectually be developed as in the more important transactions of life. She who suffers such confusion to pervade her table, that to find a book is a labor to tax her patience, or who, after the arrival of the school-hour, must tarry to disorder yet more sadly her already disordered wardrobe, ere she can find some necessary article of dress, must—unless an important reformation be effected—detract from, rather than add to, the enjoyment of the social home-circle.

The simple motto, a time and place for every thing, and every thing in its time and place, would prevent all unnecessary labor, and add two-fold to the individual happiness of all concerned. I have entered the cottage of the poor where this motto was observed, and admired the air of cheerfulness and quiet which reigned around; and from that I have turned to the dwelling where wealth has lavished, with a liberal hand, all the luxuries as well as necessaries of life, and felt, amid the disorder which was every where apparent, that the home of the former was far the most enviable. Where the mistress is deficient in this respect, servants can seldom be found disposed, even were it possible for them, to atone for the deficiency. The importance of forming early those habits which are so materially to influence our enjoyment through life, will readily be admitted by all. Let then the *young lady* who has heretofore neglected the cultivation of this important trait of character, commence now, and if she has the command of the whole, or a part of her time, let that which she can control be judiciously and systematically disposed of. If she has left school, or, in accordance with the common expression, "finished her education," she must feel the necessity of a more extensive acquaintance with the general branches to which her attention has been directed, than she could derive from the condensed and limited information con-

tained in her school-books; and, in order to pursue a course of reading to advantage, a portion of time must be appropriated to that purpose. Some may urge, that they can secure no portion of time exempt from interruption, which they can thus methodically observe. To such I would say, deduct one hour in the twenty-four from the usual number allotted to sleep, and the object will be effected. One can experience little or no inconvenience from retiring an hour later, or rising an hour earlier; and in that time something can be accomplished; and when we reflect that in one year the hours thus employed will amount to three hundred and sixty-five, we confidently assert that *much* may be. Thus let every period of the day bring with it its allotted employment, and that which would otherwise prove a task, will be almost imperceptibly performed. "Order is Heaven's first law," and but for the *disorder* occasioned by man, the same might be said of earth.

Strong, Me., January, 1843.

IMMORTALITY.

Must I be left forgotten in the dust,
When faith relenting lets the flower survive?
Must Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doomed to perish, hope to live?
Is it for this, fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! heaven's eternal spring shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again,
Bright through the eternal year of love's triumphant reign.

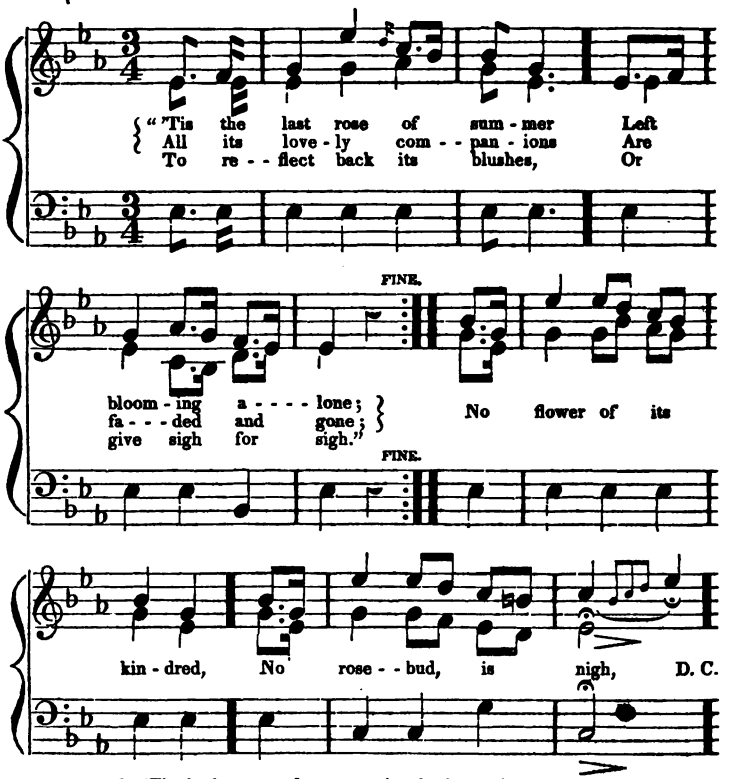
Beattie.

RUSSIAN LADIES.—The Russian ladies bear the reputation of being "soft savages." In England, you hear people constantly pouring out anathemas, on account of the American fondness for tobacco. What would they say if they saw, as I did yesterday, two Russian ladies—a Countess, whose husband has an European celebrity, and her daughter, a pretty girl of "sweet sixteen," dressed in the very pink of Persian fashion, (as elegant morning dresses as man ever admired or woman longed for,) *smoking cigars!* They had been thus occupied for some hours, if one might judge from the salival deposits at their feet, on the highly varnished floors.—*Dr. Mackenzie.*

"'Tis the last Rose of Summer."

IRISH MELODY.

POETRY BY MRS. FANNY D. GAGE.


"'Tis the last rose of sum - mer Left
All its love - ly com - - pan - ions Are
To re - - flect back its blushes, Or
FINE.
bloom - ing a - - - - lone;
fa - - - ded and gone;
give sigh for sigh."
No flower of its
FINE.
kin - dred, No rose - - bud, is nigh, D. C.

2. 'Tis the last rose of summer; then let it remain,
And still let its sweetness enliven the plain;
O, rob it not yet of its beauty or bloom, —
Full soon will it wither, and sink to the tomb.

3. No! I'll wreath round it kindly the leaves of the stem,
That the wind may not visit too roughly the gem;
I will watch its bright leaves till they wither and droop,
And when they are fallen, will gather them up.

4. And O, should its fate be an emblem of mine;
Should the chains of affection which around me now twine,
The bright links of kindred, be lost one by one,
Till the last of the loved ones be faded and gone, —

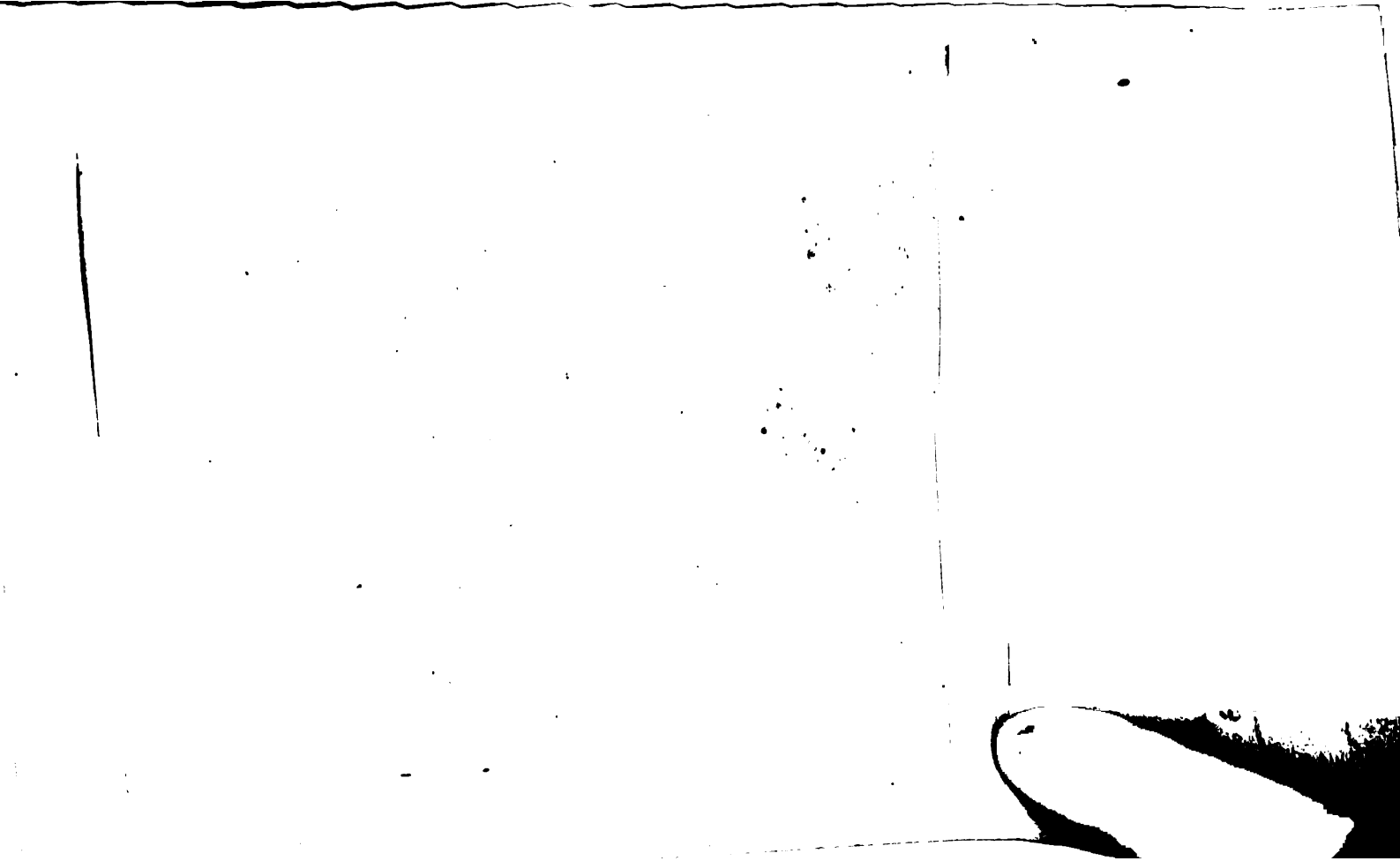
5. O! then, may the world view with pity my fate,
Nor add wounds to the sorrow it cannot abate;
But may kindness and feeling assuage all my woes,
Till I calmly and quietly fall like the Rose!

Drawn by J. D. Harding, from an Original by Cuyp.

Engraved by C. Rolls.

RUINS OF TYRE.

Jesus Christ, alone can give. Her father, howeve
missed her, and suspecting her design, went after h
before she reached the meeting, overtook her, and co
her to return home! The poor girl, with a disappoin
sad heart, obeyed. The father then threatened, that
of his family again attempted to go to meeting, he wou
their lives! His poor wife, however, still begged per
to go, but unsuccessfully, until one evening, move



THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. MARCH, 1843. NO. 3.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF AN INFIDEL.

BY THE EDITOR.

The following interesting facts in relation to the conversion of an infidel, through the instrumentality of his wife, were, furnished us by a gentleman well acquainted with all the circumstances.

In December last, a revival of religion commenced in the town of C——, Mass. In the neighborhood where it first commenced, there lived a man of more than fifty years of age, who had never but once in his life read a chapter in the bible, and then, by the persuasion of his wife! He was a professed infidel, and never attended public worship, nor was he willing his family should. Thus they lived when the spirit of the Lord visited the place. The mind of his wife and daughters then became deeply impressed on the subject of the salvation of their souls, and they wished to attend the meetings, but he forbade it. One evening, one of the daughters, unobserved by her father, stole away to attend a religious meeting in the neighborhood. She was burdened with a sense of her sins—weary and heavy laden, and wanted to find that pardon and that rest, which true repentance and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, alone can give. Her father, however, soon missed her, and suspecting her design, went after her, and, before she reached the meeting, overtook her, and compelled her to return home! The poor girl, with a disappointed and sad heart, obeyed. The father then threatened, that, if any of his family again attempted to go to meeting, he would take their lives! His poor wife, however, still begged permission to go, but unsuccessfully, until one evening, moved by a

Drawn by J.D.Harding from an Original by Cassas.

Engraved by O Pelton.

RUINS OF TYRE.

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to go, but unsuccessfully, until one evening, moved

beheld my lost and wretched state as a sinner; it was there, I first knew the way of salvation; and there, that I first experienced the preciousness of Christ in me the hope of glory. O, sir, permit me to say—never, never neglect these precious engagements; you have yet a family, and more apprentices; may your house be the birth-place of their souls.'

"I could read no further; every line flashed condemnation in my face. I trembled—I shuddered. I was alarmed that the blood of my children and apprentices, as I apprehended, was soon to be demanded at my soul-murdering hands! Filled with compunction, and bathed in tears, I fled for refuge in secret. I spread the letter before God. I agonized, and —— but you can better conceive than I can describe my feelings; suffice it to say, that light broke in upon my disconsolate soul; a sense of blood-bought pardon was obtained. I immediately flew to my family, presented them before the Lord, and from that day to the present I have been, and am determined, through grace, that, whenever business becomes too large to permit family prayer, I will give up the superfluous part of my business, and retain my devotions. Better to lose a few shillings than become the deliberate murderer of my family, and the instrument of ruin to my own soul."—*Evangelical Magazine.*

MEANS OF WARDING OFF COLDS.—The best preservative measure against colds, is attention to general health. Healthy persons never catch cold; many never air their linen, and are quite regardless of damp sheets, or wet boots, with complete immunity from those consequences which would inevitably result to the unhealthy and delicate. Some classes of laboring men, such as brickmakers, &c., are exposed to all the inclemency and vicissitudes of our climate, and scarcely ever suffer from catarrhs. Indeed, I am of opinion that 'colds' comparatively, seldom ever arise from mere exposure to wet—the cause to which in this country they are almost universally referred. If such exposure does produce the consequence, it is because there was some predisposing cause in the system of the individual attacked. The French, in consequence of being much in the open air, rarely take cold, and frequently manifest surprise, when they hear Englishmen express their fear of colds, and inquire what this calamity is—so little acquaintance they have with it.—*Curtis on Health.*

Be and continue poor, while others round you grow rich by dishonesty. Let others fill the offices which can only be obtained by mean servility. Wrap yourself in your own virtue, and seek a friend and your daily bread. If in such a course you have grown gray with unbleached honor, bless God and die.—*Heintzleman.*

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

CONVERSION OF A FAMILY OF SKEPTICS.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

It is said by the happiest and most popular biographer of Burns, that the inimitable "Cotter's Saturday Night" was composed in order to develope the charming picture which the poet had described around that devotional expression, "Let us worship God." The peasant-bard was the child of pious instruction. In his most dissolute moments, amid the ruin of his character and the desolations of intemperance, it seemed he could never forget the voice of domestic, paternal devotion; through life it constantly rung in his ears; and though his career was distinguished by a singular commixture of weakness and strength, of wisdom and folly, of transgression and penitence, the occasional tendencies to spiritual impressions, the constant inclination in the days of his deepest degradation to what is noble and good, and the frequent interims of seriousness, of reflection, of the most consummate chastity, delicacy and purity of thought, which marked his wonderful and unparalleled life, may be regarded as the choked fruit of early education; as the distant echo of parental discipline; as the living demonstrations of an important sentiment a thousand times proved to be true, and never but once adequately expressed—

"Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined;"

a sentiment which no parent should dare to forget or cease to improve.

But this illustration of the power of prayer is not so singular as it is illustrious. Examples as pertinent may be drawn from the experience and observation of every day.

In one of the most thriving and beautiful villages of the State of New York, there lived, a few years since, a family of nine individuals. The father was a veteran skeptic. He was the pride of his children. His voice was authority. As the children arrived to the years of discretion, they gradually imbibed the infidelity which the subtile logic and parental authority of their father recommended to their susceptible minds. With such success did he inculcate his principles, that all his children ultimately became as confirmed in infidelity as himself.

The *mother* of this family was the child of praying parents.

After fifty years of incessant supplication, their prayers were answered in the conversion of their daughter. Without delay, the daughter, the wife, the mother, erected the altar of private devotion in the bosom of the skeptical family. To the husband and father it was a matter of grief; to the children, of indifference and occasional wit; to the world, of thanksgiving, or of sarcastic remark; but to God, of the utmost interest and regard. Many years she prayed and wept in secret for her husband and children; but no answer was given; the increase of years seemed only to mature the infidelity of the children and ossify the confirmed unbelief of the husband and father. But she continued in prayer and in tears. At length the youngest, a son, was softened and converted; and his prayers were soon mingled with those of his mother for the conversion of his father, brothers, and sisters. The youngest sister next bowed to the invisible influence, and became the third in the circle of prayer. Soon, another sister was added; and within a year or two, the third and last submitted to a power before which the stout-hearted skeptics were rapidly falling. Next, three brothers-in-law, at first as unyielding in infidelity as their wives, knelt at the shrine of secret devotion. The oldest brother, the oak of the forest, next prostrated himself in all the maturity and strength of manhood. The unseen influence continued. To the great grief of the family, the aged father began to decline in his health. The canker was eating at the core of his life. The circle of prayer met oftener and prayed more fervently as the disease progressed in its energy. He died. He dropped suddenly! The kind husband, the aged, reverend father, the veteran skeptic, died suddenly! But behold the influence of prayer! There was hope in his death! The example and supplications of his family had subdued his heart, convinced his judgment, and had prepared him to die in great peace! Though saved in the eleventh hour of his life, it is hoped he has gone to a servant's reward.

Two brothers still remain. But the circle of prayer is as yet unbroken, except by the hand of death, which has taken the oldest brother to his rest. Each day are those brothers remembered at the throne of grace. It is the unwavering belief of those who are still calling upon God for their souls, that they will ultimately be added to their number and united to their devotions; that the mother will survive to witness the triumph of her faith; and that the Family of Skeptics, once

so distant from the influence and spirit of religion, will yet constitute on earth a Family of Believers, and in heaven express their gratitude for ever for the perseverance and victory of a Mother's Prayer!

Boston, February, 1843.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

"NEVER DO AN ACT YOU ARE ASHAMED TO HAVE KNOWN."

BY CHARLES HOLDEN.

How often does a word, judiciously dropped by way of admonition, have a decided influence over our whole subsequent life. I have frequently thought, if this truth could be deeply impressed upon all—but especially upon parents—they would oftener bless their children in this way, with a blessing that should be verdant when they themselves were reposing in the quiet grave. A word to a child—which at the time may not appear to make any impression—will often in after years revive in his mind, and be, as it were, a guiding star through life.

How often have we known the infantile prayers which have been impressed upon the mind of a child by a mother, to spring up in subsequent years, however indifferent that child might have been at the time, and to result in the conversion of the soul.

A lad once entered his mother's chamber, suddenly. She was praying—audibly praying for *him!* He withdrew without disturbing her. "When in after years I was inclined to do a wrong act," said he, "the image of my mother in prayer, would rise to my view, like a guardian angel, and I was saved."

The quotation at the head of this article, was once used by a friend to a lad who had committed an error. It appeared to make no impression on him. The friend probably thought it did not. Yet, though it was written faintly upon the tablet at first, time rendered it more and more vivid. When mature years were reached, that remark would ever become uppermost in the thoughts, when it was most necessary to the welfare of his soul. Like the fairy ring in the Eastern tale, which gave out its most brilliant light in the eyes of its possessor when danger was the most imminent, so did this saying of a friend, long lost to earth, give out its lovely light, when its possessor was most in danger from temptation to do wrong.

This is a most important fact for mothers ever to keep fresh in the mind. Too many think that, unless a decided impression is made at once, upon a child who is admonished, the seed is wasted. I would they were fully impressed with the certainty of this beautiful line—

"Scattered truth is never, never wasted."

Scatter it, then, parents, on every occasion. A word dropped at the proper time, may save a soul. An admonition—a word of encouragement—may save a beloved child from despair, years after it may have dropped from your lips.

Portland, Maine, February, 1843.

THE FATHER TO HIS FAMILY.

Come here, my angel-hearted child!
Come push aside the ringlets wild
Which hide thy brow. Here peace hath smiled
Since ever thou wert born!
Come—I would kiss thy modest cheek,
Whereon the roses seem to seek
Unto thy father's heart to speak,
To cheer him when he's worn.

Come, too, my pretty prattling one,
Whose tottering footsteps feebly run
To catch the rays of the golden sun
Which stream across the floor!
Come sit upon thy father's knee,
And crow and carrol merrily,
And shout aloud with infant glee!
What can I wish for more?

Come thou, sweet wife!—come sit beside
The cherub ones, an honest pride!—
Here in my bosom, come and hide
Thy blush of love—and vow
To God, who hears the raven's cry,
And parent's prayer, the orphan's sigh,
And pray that He be ever nigh,
To save and bless, as now.

Whose is the lot in all this earth
That to the soul is of more worth,
Than his who round his cheerful hearth
His best beloved ones spies?
All peaceful, blest—no angry storms
To beat upon their tender forms;
While love to God their bosom warms,
And fits them for the skies!

ADVICE TO A WIFE.—If you wish to be happy and have peace in the family, never reprove your husband in company—even if that reproof be ever so slight. If he be irritated, speak not an angry word. Indifference sometimes will produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your husband undertakes, and if he is perplexed or discouraged, assist him by your smiles and pleasant words. If the wife is careful how she conducts and speaks, and looks, a thousand happy hearths would cheer and brighten our existence, where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and discontent. The wife, above all others, should study to please her husband and make home attractive.

The world abounds with books giving good advice to wives. But may not husbands have some duties toward wives? Suppose we transpose the above as follows, how will it then answer?—EDITOR.

ADVICE TO A HUSBAND.—If you wish to be happy and have peace in your family, never reprove your wife in company—even if the reproof be ever so slight. If she be irritated, speak not an angry word. Indifference will sometimes produce unhappy consequences. Always feel an interest in what your wife undertakes; and if she is perplexed or discouraged, assist her by your smiles and pleasant words. If the husband is careful how he conducts, and speaks, and looks, a thousand happy hearths would cheer and brighten our existence, where now there is nothing but clouds of gloom, sorrow and discontent. The husband, above all others, should study to please his wife and make home attractive.

THE BLIND BOY.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

O! tell me the form of the soft summer air,
Which tosses so gently the curls of my hair;
It breathes on my lip, and it fans my warm cheek,
Yet it gives me no answer, though often I speak;
I feel it play o'er me, refreshing and kind,
Yet touch it I cannot—I'm blind, O! I'm blind?

And music, what is it; and where does it dwell?
I sink and I mount with its cadence and swell;
While touched to my heart with its deep-thrilling strain,
Till pleasure, e'en pleasure is turning to pain;
What brightness of hue is with music combined?
Will any one tell me?—I'm blind, O! I'm blind!

The perfumes of flowers which are hovering nigh,
What are they; on what kind of wings do they fly?
Are not they sweet angels who come to delight
A poor little boy who knows nothing of sight?
The sun, moon, and stars, are to me undefined!
O! tell me what light is—I'm blind, O! I'm blind!

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

Boston Almanac for 1843.—As we have a large list of subscribers in Boston and the vicinity, we take the liberty to recommend this Almanac, as a most beautiful and useful little thing for the family. In addition to the usual astronmical calendar, it contains much useful matter in the form of statistics and engravings of sixty churches, with a short history of each.

Published by Thomas Groom, & Co 83. State St.

The Mother's Medical Guide in Children's Diseases. By Wm. A. Alcott. Boston: T. R. Marvin, 1842.

The author states that the object of this volume is not to encourage dosing and drugging, or to extend quackery; but to discourage both. It is not to make parents exclusively their own physicians, but to prevent, in no small degree, the need both of physicians and medicine.

He has endeavored to describe, in a manner adapted to the meanest capacity, the symptoms of children's diseases, and to state their most frequent causes; also, to show the mother, how far, in the management of infantile disease, she can safely go, and when she ought to call for medical advice or aid; and to mark the line between the mother and the medical practitioner.

The old maxim, "*An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure,*" is a wise and good one, and is peculiarly applicable to whatever relates to sickness, or health. It should be the great study of the mother, to pursue such a course of diet and general management of her children, as to *prevent* sickness; and every judicious mother, desirous of availing herself of every facility within her reach to accomplish this great end, will purchase and study this book.

Hayward's Book of Religions; comprising the Views, Creeds, Sentiments, or Opinions, of all the principal religious Sects in the World, particularly of all Christian Denominations in Europe and America; to which are added Church and Missionary Statistics and biographical Sketches. By John Hayward. Boston: 1842.

Religious denominations have generally complained of books prepared for the purpose of describing their theological sentiments, from the fact, that they have been partial, and more or less tinctured with prejudice. In this book, which is a neatly executed 12mo. of 432 pages, Mr. Hayward allows each denomination to speak for itself, in its own language; and from the highly favorable notices we have from time to time seen of it, we judge that it gives universal satisfaction. For frequent reference, it will be a useful book in every religious family.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF E. P. MASON.—Life and Writings of Ebenezer P. Mason; Interspersed with Hints to Parents and Instructors on the Training and Education of a Child of Genius. By Denison Olmsted. New York, 1842.

Mr. Mason was born at Washington, Ct., in 1819, and died in Richmond, Va., in 1840, in his 21st year. The book is an interesting narrative of one who, in childhood, possessed talents of a remarkably precocious character; "a disposition artless, affectionate and benevolent; a heart fraught with noble and exalted purposes, and strongly imbued by nature with a love of truth; and of intellectual capacities of the highest order and finest proportions." Very early his attention was called to the study of astronomy, "and young as he was at the time of his death, he was clearly entitled to rank among the first astronomers of America."

HOLLOWAY'S FIRST LESSONS IN VOCAL MUSIC.—By John T. Holloway. Philadelphia: 1842.

This work is a simple, yet comprehensive system of practical instruction, on the Pestalozzian plan, designed for the use of Singing and other Schools. The first sixty-eight pages of the book embrace the rudiments, interspersed with numerous exercises for the formation and cultivation of the voice. Then follows the Science of Music, with copious remarks and explanatory and practical exercises. The remaining forty-seven pages are devoted to the subject of Harmony. Throughout the work, hymn tunes and airs are freely inserted for illustration and practice. The object of the author is, to furnish the pupil with a set of practical exercises, with suitable explanations, for his attention and study through the week, between the evenings of meeting. We cordially recommend it to the attention of both parents and teachers.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.—Tappan & Dennet, of this city, have issued the seventh number of the Life of Washington. It includes an interesting period of one year, namely, from Dec. 1777 to Dec. 1778, and is embellished with a beautiful engraving of Washington's Head Quarters, at Morristown, N. J.

LUCILLA; OR THE READING OF THE BIBLE. By Adolphe Monod. Translated from the French. New York: Robert Carter, 1843.

This is the production of a French Protestant minister, of deep piety and ardent zeal in the cause of Christianity. His object is to prove that the Scriptures are inspired of God, and, consequently of divine authority, and that it is the privilege and duty of all people to read them. His reasoning is beautifully simple, lucid and strong, and his spirit, kind, benevolent serious and firm.

"Golden-Tressed Adelaide."

FROM THE COMMON SCHOOL SONGSTER.

POETRY BY BARRY CORNWALL.....MUSIC BY GEORGE J. WEBB.

ALLEGRO.
Sing, I pray, a little song, Mother dear! Sing, I pray, a little song,
Neither sad, or very long. { It is for a lit - tle maid, } Therefore, let it
{ Golden-tressed Ad - elaide ; }
suit a merry, merry, merry ear, Moth - er dear, moth - er dear!

2. Let it be a merry strain,
Mother dear!
Let it be a merry strain,
Shunning e'en the thought of pain;
For our gentle child will weep,
If the theme be dark and deep;
And we would not raise a single, single tear,
Mother dear!

3. Childhood should be all serene,
Mother dear!
Childhood should be all serene,
Like a quiet summer scene;
Gay as Edward's shouts and cries,
Bright as Agnes' azure eyes;
Therefore, bid the song be merry to the ear,
Mother dear!

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF TYRE.

BY THE EDITOR.

Tyre is said to have been founded by a colony from Sidon, 240 years before the building of Solomon's temple, which would be in the year of the world, 2760, or before Christ, 1244.

Tyre was situated in Upper Galilee, and the original city is usually held to have stood upon the main land, although in the days of Shalmaneser, 720 B. C., the chief city was upon an island, three quarters of a mile from the continent. At this time, the city on the main land, bore the name of Paleatyrus, or Old Tyre. The latter submitted to Shalmaneser, while the former was blockaded by him for five years in vain. This expedition is supposed to have taken place in the reign of Hezekiah, king of Judah. It must have been about this period, or a few years earlier, that Isaiah delivered his oracle against Tyre, in which he specifically declared, that it should be destroyed, not by the power which then threatened it, but by the Chaldeans, a people "formerly of no account." (Isa. 23 c. 13 v.) The more detailed predictions of the prophet Ezekiel, were delivered 120 years after, which was B. C., 588.

Nebuchadnezzar took Tyre, B. C., 573, after laying before it with his army for 13 years. Its destruction then must have been entire; all the inhabitants were put to the sword, or led into captivity; the walls were razed to the ground, and it was made a "terror" and a desolation.

Old Tyre, the continental city, remained, however, in ruins, up to the period of the Macedonian invasion, by Alexander the Great, which took place about 332, B. C. The island city had then risen to very considerable wealth and political importance, and by sea her fleets were triumphant. The number of inhabitants at this time could not

have been less than 150,000; for when taken by Alexander, 30,000 men were sold into slavery, 2000 were nailed to crosses along the shore, and incredible numbers were slaughtered by the enraged soldiers. The women and children, previous to the capitulation of the city, were sent to Carthage for safety. If we reckon the women equal in number to the men, and the children equal to both, we have a population of at least *one hundred and fifty thousand.*

Tyre at this time was entitled the "Queen of the Sea." She boasted of having first invented navigation, and taught mankind the art of braving the winds and waves by the assistance of a frail bark. Merchants from all parts of the world visited it, and it was considered not so much a city belonging to any particular nation, as the common city of all nations, and the centre of their commerce. It was surrounded by a wall 150 feet high. Its distance from Jerusalem was 90 miles northwest, and southwest from Sidon, 18 miles.

Alexander had already conquered Syria and Phœnicia, the city of Tyre excepted. The taking of this city was a vast enterprise, and surrounded with difficulties, seemingly insurmountable. The little arm of the sea which separated the island from the continent, was exposed to the west wind, which often raised such dreadful storms, that the waves would, in an instant, sweep away all works. Alexander determined to construct a causeway from the shore to the islands, 200 feet wide. It is a remarkable fact, that the materials he used for this purpose, were the stones and rubbish of old Tyre, (see Ezek. 25 c., 12—19 v.) This wall, it is said, remains to this day, having been enlarged by the sand thrown up by the sea, which now covers the surface.

In the apostolic age, Tyre seems to have regained some measure of its ancient character as a trading town; and Paul, in touching here, on one occasion, on his way back from Macedonia, found a number of Christian believers, with whom he spent a week. In the fourth century, Jerome speaks of Tyre as the most noble and beautiful city of Phœnicia, and as still trading with all the world; and other historians represent it at this time, as a city of lofty buildings and admirable beauty.

In the beginning of the seventh century, Tyre shared the fate of the country in the Saracen invasion. In the 12th century, it was reconquered by the crusaders, and formed a royal

domain of the kingdom of Jerusalem. On entering this wealthy emporium, the pilgrims were surprised at the strength of the fortifications, the size and splendor of its houses, the loftiness of the towers, the solidity of the walls, and the beauty of the port, with its difficult entrance.

For more than 150 years after this, Tyre remained in the possession of the Christians, and maintained its prosperity. The city afterward became an apple of contention among Christians themselves; and about the middle of the 13th century, appears to have been chiefly, if not wholly under the control of the Venitians. In 1291, it was retaken by the Saracens, and not long after this, with the depression of commerce, Tyre was abandoned by the inhabitants, and gradually went into decay and ruins, and sunk deeper and deeper in abandonment and desolation. Travellers of the 16th and 17th centuries, describe it only as a heap of ruins—broken arches and vaults, tottering walls and fallen towers, with a few miserable inhabitants housing in the vaults amid the rubbish. Maundrell, at the close of the 17th century, found not so much as one entire house left, and only a few poor fishermen harboring themselves in the vaults. In 1751, Hasselquitt describes Tyre as a miserable village, having scarcely more than ten inhabitants. During the present century, the export of tobacco to Egypt, has given it an impulse, and the population is now increasing.

In connection with the preceding account of ancient Tyre, a question arises in regard to the site of the earliest land-city, Old Tyre, of which no known vestige now remains, from the fact that Alexander, more than twenty centuries ago, carried off its ruins to erect his mole; and if he left any thing behind, it would naturally be swallowed up in the erections and restorations of the island-city, during the subsequent centuries. Even in the more modern Tyre of the middle ages, what has become of her double and triple walls, her lofty towers, her large and massive mansions? Not only have these structures been overthrown, but their very materials have in a great measure disappeared.

We have compiled the above, with much labor, from different authors and travellers. The remarkable prophecies of Scripture, found in connection with the 26th, 27th and 28th chapters of Ezekiel, should be read in connection with the account we have given.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

SABBATH MORNING.

BY REV. WM. HOLMES.

Morning of purity,
Sign of eternity,
Gladsome and brightly thy beams fall around.
From Calvary breaking
The horizon shaking,
With cheerful hosannas the vallies resound.

Morning of holiness,
Angel of happiness,
Another blest visit thou payest below;
With radiance divine
Thou resplendent dost shine—
Thy track upward leads where seraphim glow.

Far, far, thou leadest on
To realms beyond the sun,
Mansions where strayeth not earth's fleeting toys;
Reigning in majesty—
Grandeur, sublimity—
The ransomed ones feast on eternity's joys.

Earth and the ocean's isles,
Hail thy benignant smiles,
Glad tidings bearing of mercy and love.
The savage transforming,
Made chaste as the morning,
Decked with salvation's bright robe from above.

Thy knell now is tolling,
Time onward is rolling,
Thy exit we mourn—the Sabbath is o'er,
Gone—yes, in memory,
Fondly we 'll cherish thee,
Till we meet in heaven to lose thee no more.

BEAUTIFUL EXHORTATION.—Every sin you conquer will give you new strength; every temptation you resist will make you more free in the Lord; every tear you shed will be noticed by your great High Priest; every sigh you raise will reach his ear. Up, then, my dear young friends, and gird on the armor of God! Enlist under the banner of Jesus Christ; and let your powers, your energies, your faculties, your heart, all, be his. Bright and glorious is the day before you; white and full are the fields which wait for you; girded and strong are the companions who will go with you; beautiful upon the mountains shall be your feet, wherever they bring the tidings of mercy.

The state of the world is such, and so much depends on action, that every thing seems to say loudly to every man, "Do something—do it—do it!" Keep your heart with all diligence; break away from every sin; live unto God, and your reward shall be what "ear hath not heard, eye hath not seen, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive."—*Rev. J. Todd.*

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE BEREAVEMENT.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

"Stoop down my thoughts that used to rise;
Converse awhile with death,
Think how a gasping mortal lies
And pants away his breath.—WATTS.

To all but pious persons, *death* is an unwelcome subject of contemplation, because of its solemnity and terror. Destiny too, is intimately connected with dying, and the realities and retributions which lie "beyond the swelling flood," always give importance to, and enhance the painful interest of the mortal pang. Men naturally dread to die, nor can we wonder; for without the consolations of grace, it is hard, heart-rending work, even though the monster come in his mildest form—dismantled of his ugliest features. But when he arrays himself in the fearfulness of extraordinary circumstances, and speaks in the storm, or menaces in the "pestilence that walketh in darkness," or riots in the "destruction which wasteth at noon-day;" when he "lives and moves" in the malaria of the sultry morning, or sits enthroned in the burning element, then he shows his majesty as monarch of the tomb—the *king* of terrors!

About six years since my residence was the northwestern part of Massachusetts, among the Green Mountains. In L——, a town lying between the Connecticut and Green rivers, I became acquainted with Edmund P. and Mary C., two as fine young persons as can ordinarily be found. In personal graces, mental and moral qualities, they were richly endowed. Socially and religiously they stood preëminent among the noble youth of that hill country; and some of the richest and loveliest blossoms of humanity are found among the hills,—the lofty hills of Vermont and western Massachusetts.

Edmund and Mary were born and educated in the same neighborhood; and as congenial spirits readily assimilate, so their young hearts became united by an intertwining affection which increased in strength as they advanced to the activities and reponsibilities of man and womanhood. This affection, amid all the fashionable gaities of the world, never was subjected even to a temporary relaxation, or diminution. It was spontaneous, rational, holy, and, therefore, *constant*. Nor could I wonder that this young gentleman and lady were devoted to each other. Edmund in person, was tall, handsome, noble; his countenance intellectual, open, generous and affectionate;

his carriage, in public or private, graceful; his manners easy, polished, and unembarrassed; while his whole conduct was an exemplification of the natural kindness and benevolence of his heart. But when these natural endowments were finished and sanctified by *religion*, they shone with uncommon brilliancy; nor has their lustre yet been tarnished, for Edmund still lives and lives too, in the ardent affections of many humble Christians who have been brought to Christ through his instrumentality as a minister of salvation.

Mary too, was a beautiful girl, possessed of an excellent and cultivated mind, modest and lady-like in her manners, evincing in every circle a placidity of temper, and sweetness of disposition rarely to be found. She was one of the best of daughters; a devoted Christian; a confiding friend; an excellent companion; and, ultimately, a happy bride, and virtuous wife.

In due time, Edmund and Mary entered into that tenderest and holiest of earth's relations—*marriage;* and deemed themselves immeasurably happy in the fruition of their fondest and long-cherished hopes.

They had now entered the scenes of domestic life, "for better or for worse;" but fortune greeted them with smiles, whichever way they looked. Of this world they had enough, and the Christian's hope which they enjoyed assured them of a far richer inheritance in the life to come. How then could they be otherwise than *happy*—happy in themselves and in the possession of each other; happy in God, their Savior, and in prospect of a felicitous immortality? For many months not a cloud intervened to obscure the radiance of the sun of their prosperity; not a star grew dim in their sky, but nature above and beneath seemed to pledge perpetuity to their rich allotments. But many suns have set at noon, and so did theirs; and beside the bed of fragrant, blushing roses, may often grow the deadly nightshade, exhaling and mingling its poison with the sweet odors of innocent flowers. So while Edmund and Mary were promenading the rural walks of their own happy home, they were inhaling the noxious miasma, and the bitter cup of sorrows was soon to be filled for them to drink. How mysterious are the ways of the Almighty! His pavilion is the stormy cloud, his chariot the roaring whirlwind!

In the spring of 1837, Edmund left home one evening to transact some business which detained him until ten or eleven

o'clock, when he returned and found his most excellent wife a disfigured corpse, on the expiring embers, along the domestic hearth! Horrid and heart-rending discovery! Its paralizing power fell like a thunder-shock on the heart of the smitten husband.

"*Mary*," said Edmund, supposing she might have swooned, or that life was not extinct—"MARY!" but she answered not. Her pure spirit had broken from its earthly prison and fled to heaven, to consolidate an eternal union. Of this there could be no doubt, for Mary lived prepared to meet God in death, in judgment, and in heaven. She could not, therefore, be surprised "by the early and fearful summons, to arise and depart to the "rest" of the saints. No father, mother, brother, sister, or affectionate husband saw her die. Mysterious Providence! Jehovah's ways are a fathomless deep "where all *our* thoughts are drowned!"

What a *contrast* in the circumstances of Edmund P.; that morning's sun was as bright, and promised as much as usual. Himself and wife were in perfect health, and all their "prospects pleasing;" yea, silver-tongued hope sung sweetly of the future, while the kindling rapture of inward joy lost sight of the lingering hours, and the day seemed only as a point of time.

But bereavement before the dawn of the next day wrung Edmund's heart with the keenest anguish. What woes came crowding upon the thought! He was alone and desolate! The world was a blank. Mary had taken her returnless flight to the "general assembly, and church of the first-born," and with her all was well. But the *manner* in which she departed —O, it was full of affliction! She was alone when smitten with death, and there was none to save her body from the consuming element.

A circumstance so painful as this was enough to induce insanity, and it would in Edmund's case, had it not been for the sustaining grace of God—unshaken confidence in the Divine rectitude—cordial reliance on the blood of atonement—an unclouded hope of heaven! These were the sources of consolation in that most trying hour of *bereavement*. What else *could* have saved the stricken husband from the gloom of despair, or the wildest distraction?

Well, this sore dispensation was not without its important results. It was the means of bringing Edmund out from the narrow field of usefulness he had marked out for himself—

the domestic and social circle—and of introducing him, in the course of two years, to the scene of conflict where the minister of the cross contends with "principalities and powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world," that he might rescue the immortal prey from the lion's jaw. Edmund is now a faithful and successful minister of the New Testament—buoyant with the expectation of dwelling through eternal years, in sight of

"The living throne, and sapphire blaze,"

and with the "spirits of just men made perfect."

Saugus, Mass., February, 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

FILIAL REVERENCE.

"Cursed be he that setteth light by his father or his mother."—Bible.

My mind was much impressed, on reading, to-day, this short sentence from the Word of God. I could not help thinking of many, who, if they do not treat their parents with marked disrespect, yet seem to think very lightly of them. Many a youth, full of buoyancy and hope, cannot be persuaded that their parents are the best judges of the course for their children to pursue. They think they can judge much better for themselves. To such I would say, read and reflect upon this impressive curse, which is pronounced, not against those who *disobey*, but those who *set lightly* by their parents. How many of us, who can hardly admit the thought, must, on reflection, plead guilty to remissness on this point. How many times have we slighted the timely admonitions of our parents? How often has their kind advice been wasted on our unwilling ear. But when those who have so long loved us and prayed for us, are laid in the grave, how bitter will be our reflections, when we look back on opportunities neglected; on occasions when we have caused them anxiety and distress; and when we see that often we might have made them happier. O, if these words rested with proper weight on our minds, we *could* not be guilty of this sin; with this curse ringing in our ears, their slightest wish, would be with us, a law. May our Father in heaven, so impress us with our duty to our parents, that we may never, in thought, word, or action, set lightly by our father or our mother. H. B. E.

Feb. 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE HOSPITABLE WIDOW AND THE TRACT.

BY REV. A. STEVENS.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days."

The day of Judgment alone can reveal the amount of good accomplished by the humble instrumentality of Tracts. God's Word is the "tree of life," but tracts are its leaves,—the leaves which are for "the healing of the nations," cheap, brief and pithy statements of religious truth—cheap, that they may be multiplied and scattered broadcast—brief, that they may be read in the moments of leisure which the laboring man can snatch from his toil—and pithy, that they may be read with interest and profit. Such publications ought to fall like pure snow flakes, on all lands. Like the fall of the blossom leaves, they would be followed by fruit in due season. If we cannot give whole loaves, let us, at least, multiply by breaking them, till we scatter the fragments in every direction.

I could fill pages with illustrations of their utility. I will, however, give but one fact.* That indefatigable servant of Christ, Dr. Coke, was travelling once in what was then a wilderness part of our country. At that time, there were but few bridges, but to swim streams was a small feat, with the hardy pioneers of the gospel, and their well-trained steeds. It was an exploit, however, to which the Doctor and his horse were not accustomed. A river lay in his course, and he endeavored, by an indirect route to cross at the ford, but missed it. Impatient to proceed, and ambitious to equal the achievements of his American brethren, he patted the neck of his horse and plunged into the flood. The water was deep, and the horse becoming alarmed, began to struggle and sink, to the imminent peril of his rider. The Doctor, extracting his feet from the stirrup, seized an overhanging bough, and, after getting thoroughly drenched, reached the shore, whither his affrighted horse had also returned. He paused in the forest till he had dried his clothes in the sun, and then mounted to return. On the road he met a man who directed him to the nearest village, and gave him the address of a kind family, where he might expect the hospitality due to an ambassador of God. The Doctor, as usual, gave him a word of hearty exhortation, and rode on, wearied with the fatigues of the day,

* This anecdote is authenticated in one of the Reports of the English Religious Tract Society.

but happy in the expectation of a cordial reception and comfortable rest in the neighboring hamlet.

Early in the evening, he arrived in the village, and was received with all kindness by the good lady of the house to which he had been directed. The table was spread with a bountiful meal. After his usual family service, which consisted of an appropriate exhortation, beside the scripture lesson and prayer, he retired to rest, thankful to God, for so comfortable a conclusion to the trials of the day. The next morning he took an early leave of the family, addressing to each some spiritual counsel, and leaving behind him a single tract; for at that day, these convenient little vehicles of truth were rare and precious, and the few who distributed them had to make the most of them.

After some length of time, the Doctor returned to England, visited Ireland and the West Indies, traversing, as usual, land and sea in the work of his master. After five years, he was again on the American continent. On his way to one of the conferences, he met a number of the preachers who were journeying thither. They all hailed their old friend and Bishop with hearty congratulations; but one young man, who accompanied them, was deeply affected at the unexpected meeting, and was observed, stealthily, to wipe the tears from his eyes. When they had passed several miles, he contrived to get by the side of the Doctor, and on inquiring if he recollected being in such a part of America, about five years ago, he answered in the affirmative.

"And do you recollect, sir, of being nearly drowned in trying to cross a river?"

"I remember it quite well."

"And do you remember spending the night at the cottage of a widow lady, in such a village?"

"Indeed I do," said the Doctor, "and I shall not soon forget the kindness shown me by that excellent family."

"And do you remember that you presented a tract to the lady when you departed the next morning?"

"I do not recollect that," replied the Doctor, "but as I do so, often, it is quite possible I did so then."

"Well, sir, you did leave there a tract, which that lady still keeps, and if you ever pass through the village again, you can see it, but no money could purchase it from her. She read it, and the Lord made it the instrument of her conver-

sion. A number of her children and neighbors also, have been converted through its instrumentality, and there is now in the village a prosperous society.

"God be praised," exclaimed the Doctor, while the tears gushed in a flood from his eyes.

The young man, weeping, also, proceeded; "I have not quite reported all yet. I am one of the sons of that widow, and I shall ever bless God for that tract, for by reading it, my feet were directed into the way to heaven, and I am now going to conference, to be proposed as a travelling preacher. My saddle bags are both full of tracts, and I shall ever carry them with me, and scatter them in my course."

Reader, though you may consider yourself the feeblest child of God, here is a potent means of good, which you can daily use. Have you small talents? Can you not speak with readiness for your Lord? Then carry with you these little messages of truth. Let them speak in your stead. You may thus scatter seed which may bring forth fruit, "some a hundred fold, some sixty, some thirty.

Chelsea, Mass., Feb., 1843.

THE LAND WHICH NO MORTAL MAY KNOW.

BY BERNARD BARTON.

Though earth has full many a beautiful spot,
As a poet or painter might show;
Yet more lovely and beautiful, holy and bright,
To the hopes of the heart, and the spirit's glad sight,
Is the land which no mortal may know.

There the crystalline stream, bursting forth from the throne,
Flows on, and for ever will flow;
Its waves, as they roll, are with melody rife,
And its waters are sparkling with beauty and life,
In the land which no mortal may know.

O! who but must pine in this dark vale of tears,
From its clouds and its shadows to go,
To walk in the light of the glory above,
And to share in the peace, and the joy, and the love,
Of the land which no mortal may know?

SIZE OF THE SUN.

The following striking and admirable illustration of the prodigious size of the sun, is extracted from that excellent work, Dick's Christian Philosopher.

This vast body is found to be about 880,000 miles in diameter, and consequently contains a mass of matter equal to *thirteen hundred thousand globes* of the size of the earth. Were its central parts placed adjacent to the surface of the earth, its circumference would reach two hundred thousand miles beyond the moon's orbit, on every side, filling a cubical space of 681,472,000,000,000,000 miles. If it would require 18,000 years to traverse every square mile on the earth's surface, at the rate of 30 miles a day, it would require more than *two thousand millions of years* to pass over every part of the sun's surface at the same rate. Even at the rate of 90 miles a day, it would require more than 80 years to go round its circumference. Were the sun a hollow sphere, surrounded by an external shell, and a luminous atmosphere; were this shell perforated with several hundreds of openings into the internal part; were a globe as large as the earth placed at its centre, and another globe as large as the moon, and at the same distance from the centre as the moon is from us, to revolve round the central globe, it would present to the view a universe as splendid and glorious as that which now appears to the vulgar eye—a universe as large and extensive as the whole creation was conceived to be by our ancestors, in the infancy of astronomy. And who can tell, but that Almighty Being, who has not left a drop of water in a stagnant pool without its inhabitants, has arranged a number of worlds within the capacious circuit of the sun, and peopled them with intelligent beings in the first stages of their existence, to remain there for a certain period, till they are prepared to be transported to a more expansive sphere of existence? It is easy to conceive, that enjoyment as exquisite, and a range of thoughts as ample as have ever yet been experienced by the majority of the inhabitants of our world, might be afforded to myriads of beings thus placed at the centre of this magnificent luminary. This supposition is, at least, as probable as that of the celebrated Dr. Herschel, who supposed that the *exterior* surface of the sun was peopled with inhabitants. For, if this were the case, the range of view of these inhabitants would be confined within the limits of two or three hundred miles, and no celestial body, but an immense blaze of light, would be visible in their hemisphere. Such is the variety which appears among the works of God, and such is the diversity of situations in which sensitive beings are placed, that we dare not pronounce it impossible, that both these suppositions may be realized.

Music.—Manzier, in his "Singing for the Million," states that in the mountains of the Tyrol, hundreds of the women and children come out when it is near bed time, and sing their national songs, until they hear their husbands, fathers, or brothers answering them from the hills on their return home. On the shores of the Adriatic Sea, the wives of the fishermen come down to the beach about sunset, and sing a melody from Tasso's Gerusalemmai Liberata. They sing the first verse, and then listen for some time; they then sing the second verse, and listen until they hear the answer come from the fishermen, who are thus guided by the sounds to their own village.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. APRIL, 1843. NO. 4.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY REV. C. P. ROGERS.

A young man—the son of a praying mother—was a member of one of the universities of New England. He was an intelligent, active, and successful student, but a wild and wayward youth. He walked not in the ways of wisdom, he trod not her paths of peace. Although addicted to no dissipated habits, or grossly immoral practices, yet religion had no charms for him. His bible was rarely opened; he paid no morning or evening sacrifice to God. The Sabbath was a day of weariness to him, and the sanctuary a repulsive place. His leisure hours were spent in reading works of fiction, or in unprofitable discourse with gay and thoughtless companions. Thus passed the first year of his college life. At his home, where the parents and sisters of his love, knelt round the family altar, many a fervent petition went up to God, for that loved and absent one, and the closet of his mother told of many an hour of humble, passionate pleading, with all the gushing tenderness of a mother's love, that the heart of that son, amid the gay scenes and the temptations of college halls, might remember God, and love the Savior; but those humble, fervent pleadings, seemed all in vain.

But now that mother was laid upon a bed of sickness. Day by day she waxed feebler, till, at last, it was thought she must die. The father wrote to his son, calling him from his studies to stand beside his mother's dying bed! He came. His father met him at the door, and, as he strained him to his bosom, the current of grief broke forth in weeping as he said, "My son, I fear we must part with your dear mother."

That night they stood round her bed. There she lay, pale, wasted, seeming like a lifeless thing; but O, how calm, how tranquil, how serene. Death had no terrors for her. She was ready to meet the last enemy, and in the strength of a mighty One to vanquish that foe. Her children stood round her weeping bitterly, though their grief was hushed, and did not betray its violence, for there were a holy calm, a sacred stillness there. She gave them a mother's counsel, and a mother's blessing, and bade them farewell. They left her and retired for the night.

The morning came and still she lived, and they fondly hoped she might not die. And she was spared, and rose from that bed of sickness, (almost of death,) and took her place among her family once more, and bowed again round the household altar.

That son returned to college, but with feelings he had never known before. Wherever he went the vision of his mother was before him as he had seen her on that sick bed. He saw her calmness, her joy in prospect of departing, and her words of admonition sounded in his ears. He could not forget that scene. It troubled him to think that there was something real in his mother's piety, for he knew *he* did not possess it.

About this time a revival broke out in the college. God's spirit came, and breathed upon the slain, and they lived. Unwonted scenes were passing within those classic halls. The voice of earnest prayer was heard from those who never prayed before. Led by the Holy Spirit, many a wanderer returned to his father's house. That son, among them, bowed in deep conviction, prayed and was forgiven. And solemn was the day, when, with a crowd of young companions, in the flush of life's brightest season, he gave himself to God, and with trembling hand, but joyful heart, touched the sacred symbols of his Savior's love.

How did that mother's heart rejoice, over her repentant son. How did she love to tell him, that God had heard her prayers, and blessed what she then thought her last admonition. When she again embraced her son, there was, above her affection for him, a deep and holy gratitude to God, who had taken this beloved one into his family, and called him by his own name.

Years rolled on, and on one pleasant afternoon in autumn,

the village church in ——— was crowded with interested spectators. Holy men of God were there to set apart with solemn prayer, one yet in the morning of his days to the office of an ambassador of Christ, to minister at that altar. That praying mother was there. That son of her prayer was there, and it was he, who was there to stand a watchman on Zion's walls, to be the guide of that people, and to break unto them the bread of life. And when the solemn service was performed, and the voice of prayer was heard, thanking God that a pastor was given to that flock, and invoking heaven's choicest blessings upon the holy tie which bound them, then from that mother's heart and lips came forth, in deep sincerity, the assenting word, "AMEN—Let thine handmaid now depart in peace."

Mothers! Pray! Faint not, but pray.

Chicopee Falls, Mass., March, 1843.

THOUGHTS FOR PARENTS.—Here we address the following exhortation to all persons, parents or tutors, who are charged with the task of education, beseeching them to give serious attention thereto.

1. Be what the children ought to be.
2. Do what the children ought to do.
3. Avoid what they should avoid.
4. Aim always that, not only in the presence of the children, but also in their absence, your conduct may serve them for an example.
5. Are any among them defective? *Examine what you are yourself*, what you avoid—in a word, your whole conduct.
6. Do you discover in yourself defects, sins, wanderings? Begin by improving yourself, and seeking afterward to improve your children.
7. Think well, that those by whom you are surrounded, are often only the reflection of yourself.
8. If you lead a life of patience, and seek daily to have grace given you, it will be imparted to you, and through you to your children.
9. If you always seek divine guidance your children will be more willingly directed by you.
10. The more obedient you are to God, the more obedient will your children be to you; thus in his childhood the wise Solomon asked of the Lord "an obedient heart," in order to be able to govern his people.
11. As soon as the master becomes lukewarm in communion with God, that lukewarmness will extend itself among his pupils.
12. That which forms a wall of separation between God and yourself will be a source of evil to your children.
13. An example in which love does not form a chief feature, is but as the light of the moon—it is cold and feeble.
14. An example animated by an ardent and sincere love, shines like the sun—it warms and invigorates.—*London S. S. Mag.*

TO THE ANGEL CHILD OF MOUNT AUBURN.

BY ISAAC F. SHEPARD.

As you enter the sacredly beautiful Mount Auburn, following the right hand avenue, your steps lead to what is named "Yarrow Path," where stands the monument owned by C. J. F. Binney, Esq. of Boston. There is within the enclosure a full length portrait, in marble, of his own little daughter, as she lay in death's embrace, from the chisel of Boston's favorite sculptor, Henry Dexter. It has been justly called the enchantment of the place; and is no less interesting for its beauty, than from the fact that it is the FIRST full-length ever cut from marble in Boston; and indeed, in New England. It was after looking at it for the fiftieth time, that the accompanying lines were written:—

Slumber on, slumber on, thou beautiful thing!
For thy rest is guarded by many a wing—
As hovering over this love-hallowed place,
The cherubim bend to thy heart-winning face,
Imprinting a kiss, then floating on high,
Commingling with zephyrs their pure lullaby.

Slumber on, slumber on! Though thy pulses are still,
Nor beats thy young heart with a life-giving thrill,
Thy lips are yet speaking with spirit-born tone,
Whose echoes are waking in soul-depths alone,
Inspiring rich thoughts of the visions which lie
Deep hid in the sight of thine earth-closing eye.

Slumber on, slumber on! The birds carol near
Their mellowest songs to the listening ear,
Half hushed, as if fearing to wake from its rest,
And call thy pure spirit away from the blest;
While sorrow would trouble the regions of love,
For a sister won back from the seraphs above.

Slumber on, slumber on! Thy full flowing hair
Seems softly to float on the revelling air;
Thy delicate frame, and thy garments of white,
An angel bespeak from the kingdom of light;
That lures by its presence and rivets us here
To gaze on thy beauty and give thee a tear.

Slumber on, slumber on! There is beauty in death,
All life-like and true, save the heave of the breath;
And here shall men linger, around the green sod,
Communing with heaven and purity's God;
And feel they are treading life's confines upon;
Then sleep thou, O beautiful, sleep sweetly on!

MATERNAL ASSOCIATION OF NORTH WILBRAHAM.

To the Editor of the Mother's Assistant.

DEAR SIR:

A few of the ladies of this town, deeply feeling the responsibility which rests upon every one who sustains the tender and endearing relation of mother, and that the qualifications for the proper discharge of their duties, are deserving the most serious consideration, have formed themselves into an association, known as the "*Maternal Association of North Wilbraham.*"

The object of this association is, by frequent intercourse and interchange of our feelings, to prepare ourselves for our maternal responsibilities, and the proper discharge of our duties as mothers. We are deeply impressed with the importance of that trust which God has committed to our hands. It is our duty to watch the early dawnings of reason in the infant mind, and give them such a direction as will lead to the best and most happy results. Our influence when properly exerted, is almost irresistible in the formation of character. This is demonstrated by a recurrence to the history of those men who have been the lights of the world, and the benefactors of their race; generally they were blessed with judicious, and pious mothers, women who stamped their own characters upon the tender minds of their sons. Wesley, Dwight, Washington, and a host of others who have been great and good, were indebted to their mothers for those qualities of mind which render them the ornaments of their race.

Deeply impressed with the above sentiments, we are anxious to imbue the minds of our children with such principles as will prepare them to exercise a happy and salutary influence in their day and generation.

The members of this association, without an exception, are zealous co-operators in this great work.

We have *twenty-five* mothers belonging to the association, connected with whom are *fifty* children.

The association was formed about one year since.

We have had three quarterly meetings and several addresses from different clergymen.

Per order of the Association,

MARY ANN BLISS, *Sec'y.*

Wilbraham, Mass. March, 1843.

[For Children.]

The following interesting account of a sick and lame child is extracted from the Advocate of Moral Reform. As the mother of the child was a poor woman, and often called away from home for hours together, little Jane was left alone to employ and amuse herself as best she could.—Ed.

PATIENT LITTLE JANE.

There in that solitary basement, she sat, day after day, unable to walk, and with no companion but her bible and a few little tracts. She was able to read but indifferently, having never had regular instruction. The contrast between the mother and daughter was striking. The former so coarse and ill-bred, the latter so amiable and docile, that she reminded us strongly of Legh Richmond's Young Cottager, whose affecting narrative we found her trying to spell out when we went in. On being asked if she wished to be like Jane, "O, yes, ma'am," she replied, and the tears stood in her eyes— "she was so mild, so patient, she was such a good girl." On being told that if she would be like Jane, she must make Christ her pattern, as Jane did," she said, "O, yes, ma'am," that is what I try to do; I think of him more than any one else; but I read so bad that I don't always understand what the good book says about him." I repeated to her some of Christ's words of encouragement to children and youth. "O," said she, "I know that's what I learned in the Sabbath School. Won't you find it for me in the Bible?" When found, she turned down the leaf, saying, "that she knew it so well she could spell it out after we were gone."

Her complaint was a local affection, arising from scrofula. It was thought necessary by some physicians to amputate the limb; by others, that an operation would be sufficient. She seemed greatly troubled in view of the suffering, but said she hoped she should be able to submit patiently. The tears streamed down her cheeks as she looked up many times and said, "I wish it was over." We directed her to many precious promises to the poor and needy, which seemed to strengthen her. From the 23d Psalm she derived much consolation. We read and commented upon it, when she smiled, took the book quietly, and turned down the leaf. She thanked us on leaving her, and earnestly entreated us to call again.

This was our first visit. At the next we found she had been removed to the hospital, where we visited her in a room

with about a dozen other patients. We handed her some refreshments which we brought, for which she seemed very grateful, but soon laid them away and took up the tract, which lay by her side, and said she wished to show how well she could read one or two paragraphs. She read with much sweetness, receiving any correction. We told her to look continually to the Savior for instruction and guidance. "Yes," she replied, "I endeavor to do so! I give my heart to him every night." We dreaded to approach the painful subject, fearing her firmness would fail, but finally inquired if the physician had concluded to operate upon her limb. She answered cheerfully, "Yes, ma'am, on the third day from this. "Well, my child, how do you feel in prospect of it?" "O, I don't dread it at all now, ma'am, I think I shall be carried through." "You must look to the dear Savior," I said; "you will find in him a friend who will not forsake you." "Yes," was her answer, "I shall try," and she went on describing with minuteness the expected operation, and apparently without the slightest dread. We felt that this was one of the lambs which Christ was carrying in his bosom.

THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

To the Editor of the Mother's Assistant.

DEAR SIR:

After having taken this work one year, I am prepared to say that I am much pleased with it, and I find myself indebted to it for many of my best sentiments on the important subject of the education of children. And while it has served as a stimulus to untiring effort in the great work before me, I doubt not, it has had a similar effect upon the hearts of many mothers. I trust you are frequently receiving acknowledgments of its benefits; and though you do not meet with that liberal patronage which the cause demands, I hope that you will be able to prosecute it, until mothers shall feel a thirst for knowledge, and turn to slake it at the fount which gushes from "*The Mother's Assistant.*"

Respectfully yours, MINERVA F. HOES.

Lowell, Mass., March, 1843.

A CHILD'S FIRST LESSONS IN FALSEHOOD.

BY W. WILLIAMS.

It may not have occurred to many parents that they, themselves, have taught their own children to utter falsehoods. I have recently been led to examine this subject seriously, as it was forcibly presented to my mind by some circumstances which I witnessed. Hoping the narration of it may be the means of awakening *Mothers*, and those who have any intercourse with children, to beware how they lead their young and tender minds astray, I have concluded to give you an account of it.

Not long since I passed an evening at the house of a friend. While the older members of the family were engaged in conversation, a bright little boy, of about four years, was amusing himself at the back part of the room with tossing a ball. Frequently it would rebound, or roll into the midst of the circle seated round the fire. Upon one of these occasions, it was caught by his mother, who, upon his looking in that direction, pretended to throw it across the room. The little fellow went in the direction indicated by the motion of his mother's hand, and searched for the ball, but in vain. He then came back to his mother, and in a respectful manner asked for it, believing she had the ball. Judge of my surprise, when his mother replied, "Why, John, I threw it across the room, and if you wish for it, you must look there for it." John returned to his search, but had hardly reached the farthest part of the room, when, bounce came the ball, thrown from his mother's hand. He picked it up, and returned to his play, apparently not thinking of the subject. His mother, if she thought of it at all, supposed, I presume, that it was all play, and could do no harm. But we will see. Presently the ball again enters the circle, and is seized by the mother. She again pretended to throw it across the room. Now mark the result. John stands looking in the direction, but starts not. He is doubtful. And has he not good reason to doubt? His mother had deceived him once, and why may she not again?

"Mother, you havn't thrown it; you said you did before, but you didn't," was John's remark.

Now, young as John was, he knew his mother had told that which was not true. And could he after this, place as much confidence in her word as before? Could he be blamed

if he did not? If he had once been deceived, might he not ever after expect the same result?

But was this *all* the harm it did? I would it were. But no; much as it was—much as it would tend to pierce that mother's heart in after years, to think that that son would doubt her word, it was not the most agonizing. There was still a greater evil which grew out of this. John knew that his mother had told that which was not true. For aught he knew, it was manly, or a mark of wisdom. And he, too, had caught the infectious disease.

Presently, a thimble rolled from the workstand upon the floor, which was no quicker observed by John, than pocketed. Upon being asked for it, he replied, with a rouguish smile, "I havn't got it." I immediately called him to me, and began to talk to him of the sin of telling that which is not true. The little fellow listened attentively awhile, and then said, "Why, mother does."

Now I do not wish to infer, that that mother had wilfully taught her little boy to tell lies. In fact, in a conversation with her upon the subject afterward, she remarked that she had *never before thought of it in that light.* She said she was in the habit, frequently, of playing with her little boy, and when she did, she would often deceive him, as in the case mentioned. It had never occurred to her that she was losing her character for veracity, or teaching her little boy to tell falsehoods.

Now, is it not to be feared, that many mothers, and those who have the charge of children, are in the habit of amusing themselves in this way, at the risk of making those children liars? And they do this, too, without giving one passing thought to the evil. O! ye mothers, look upon those blooming little ones. Do you love them? Is it your wish that they, too, should love you, and would you draw out their hearts in unison with your own? Would you have them place implicit confidence in your word? Above all, would you train them for happiness and heaven? Would you at the last great day see them stand among those who "have a right to enter through the gate into the city," there to dwell for ever and ever, *speak the truth, then.* Never let your children hear aught but *the truth*, even in play. "Let your *yea*, be *yea*, and your *nay*, *nay*; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

Boston, March, 1843.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS.

"Their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in Heaven."

"Mama," said a little boy one day, while looking with admiration upon his infant sister, "what a beautiful baby the Savior must have been!" The thought so innocently expressed, struck me forcibly. How beautiful indeed he must have been! If the faces of our sweet infants fill us with such delight, how intense must have been the emotions of Joseph and Mary when gazing upon that Holy One, on whom no shadow of sin had ever descended. Well did the old painters give to Mary the lofty and beautiful expression with which they always represent her; for the companionship of such a child, would, alone, impart something of its own angelic loveliness. We cannot picture to ourselves the perfect bliss of such a mother. Her heart was not saddened by the thought that sin could ever enter his innocent bosom, or shadow his beautiful brow. There were to be struggles, disappointments, and suffering, but no *sin*. If her heart foretold his future destiny, how must she have rejoiced with him, although with a mother's tenderness, she rejoiced through her tears.

And from the day when our first mother, with a joyful though repentant heart, pressed her lips to the cheek of her first born, to the hour when the most highly favored among women rejoiced over her holy offspring—and from that blessed time, to these latter days, when God sends us the same yearning tenderness, how much joy has the smile of an infant given. How it warms the coldest heart, softens the hardest, and brightens the saddest! It is a delight to all, from the parents themselves, to the little child who welcomes its baby brother with unwonted gentleness. I have often thought what a beautiful order of Nature it is, that the helpless creature who brings so much care and anxiety, should bring with it also, so much love. Surely no parent was ever an unbeliever in the goodness of God. He *could not* look upon the innocent being consigned to his keeping, and not feel certain of the overruling providence of a kind and merciful Father.

And then as days pass away and the little creature shows signs of intelligence, what a sunshine its presence casts over the whole dwelling! How we hail its first smile, and then watch the look of curious wonder with which it examines

the exquisite workmanship of its own little hands! Then it learns to distinguish its friends from strangers, and nestles its head in its mother's bosom, when one it knows not, enters; then it laughs, and crows, and jumps; and who, that has not a a heart of stone, can resist its beautiful gladness? How often have I said to myself, "of such is the kingdom of heaven."

One lesson in particular we may learn from them, and that a most important one—the lesson of *faith*. With what a confiding trust the infant reposes in its mother's arms! There is no fear, no anxiety, but a "perfect love which casteth out all fear." Its feeling is, "there is a kind hand ever near me which will keep me from danger;" a watchful love which will avert all evil." Is it not a beautiful emblem of the faith which the Christian should feel in the tender love of his Heavenly Father?

"As the mother moveth about the house with her finger upon her lip, and stilleth every little noise that her infant be not disturbed; as she draweth the curtains around its bed and shutteth out the light from its tender eyes;—so God draweth the curtains of darkness around us; so he maketh every thing to be hushed and still, that his large family may sleep."

Sweet child, as my bosom is yearning for thee,
So our Father above is still pitying me;
He knoweth my weakness, I'll trust to his care,
To send me no trial too heavy to bear.
On his tender love, O still let me rest,
Unconscious of fear, as the babe on my breast.

A. F. D.

Boston, Mass., March, 1843.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO PIOUS WIVES.—A short time ago, as I was conversing with a pious old man, I inquired what were the means of his conversion. For a moment he paused. I perceived I had touched a tender string. Tears rushed from his eyes, while, with deep emotion, he replied, "My wife was brought to God some years before myself. I persecuted and abused her, because of her religion. She, however, returned nothing but kindness, constantly manifesting an anxiety to promote my comfort and happiness; and it was her amiable conduct, when suffering ill-treatment from me, that first sent the arrows of conviction to my soul. "Temper," added he, "is every thing."

CHILDHOOD.—Remember to begin early. One drop of warm rain may cause the tender shoot to swell and flourish, while a whole shower does but little good to the tree.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

THE KAREN APOSTLE, Or Memoir of Ko Thah-Byu, the first Karen Convert, with notices concerning his Nation. By Rev. Francis Mason, Missionary to the Karens. Boston: Gould, Kendall and Lincoln, 59, Washington Street. 1843.

We have here a book of 153 pages, giving the life of a converted heathen, who became a missionary, and was instrumental himself in the conversion of many of his benighted brethren. He was born about the year 1778, was converted in 1828, at the age of 50, and died in 1840, aged 62.

The life of this man is a remarkable one, and adds much to the interest of the Burman mission, whose history is fraught with some of the most remarkable and glorious events which have transpired in modern times. The history of that truly wonderful man, Mr. Judson, who still lives and labors among the heathen, and the history of his devoted and amiable wife, who has long since passed to her reward in heaven, have thrown round that mission a charm, upon which all Christians love to gaze with feelings of the deepest delight and admiration.

PARENTAL INFLUENCE. Influence of Religious Parents, Illustrated by Interesting Tales, Selected from different Authors. By a Father.

The above is the title page of a little work just published. Maternal Associations accustomed to listen to reading in their religious meetings, will find much to interest and profit them in this little book. Here is a collection of serious and impressive facts, which speak volumes to every one sustaining the important relation of parent. Those who wish to be profited themselves and to profit others, will do well to read and circulate it.

For sale by Saxton and Peirce, 133½ Washington Street.

THE MASSACHUSETTS REGISTER. This Annual contains 252 pages, comprising, beside the usual astronomical calculations of the almanac, a vast amount of matter, which will be found useful, more or less, to almost every family; but especially to clergymen, as it contains a list of all the clergy in the State—a list of the colleges, academies, theological institutions, missionary, education, Sabbath school, literary and charitable societies.

Published and for sale in this city by James Loring, 132, Washington Street.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON. Tappan & Dennet, of this city, have issued the eighth number of this beautiful publication. The embellishment is Washton's Head Quarters near Newburg, N. J. The historical period is from December, 1770, to March, 1781.

Published in *fourteen* numbers. Price only twenty-five cents each.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

A VISION.

As I was sitting in a melancholy mood one evening, reflecting deeply upon the moral evils which afflict society, the triumph of cold-hearted selfishness over the generous and confiding, the oppression of pride; and success of the deceitful and malicious; together with the false and suspicious motives attributed to the pure and simple-hearted; I became wearied and sickened with the view, and sunk into a gentle slumber.

In a moment a being of celestial form and beauty was at my side, and as I gazed at his countenance, radiant with benignity and love, I felt soothed and tranquilized. To the affectionate inquiries of the stranger, "of the cause of my dejection," I replied that "I was weary of a false and deceitful world. I look in vain for truth, integrity and righteousness. Earth contains no longer a repose for the guileless heart, nor a resting-place for a noble and disinterested friendship. Tell, me," I cried, "if truth and goodness have forever fled."

"Mistaken mortal!" replied my heavenly visitant. "Blind and weak are thy perceptions; narrow and severe thy judgment. When the flowers no longer spring up in the desert, and the rain-clouds have washed away the stars from yonder vault, then mayest thou conclude that goodness and purity have vanished from the world. Come with me and learn that there are still in human hearts, gems of priceless worth, guarded with more watchful care than the miser's gold. Gems—not of earth, but scattered among its base rubbish, ere long to be gathered up to garnish the palaces of angels."

He took my hand, and presently I was at the door of an immense building, brilliantly illuminated, from which proceeded the sounds of festive mirth and hilarity. The doors of a rich saloon were thrown open, exhibiting a vast assem-

bly of every age and rank. As I eagerly advanced into the promiscuous throng, I felt a soft pressure of a hand upon my eyelids, and what was my amazement on looking round, to behold that vast multitude invested with purely transparent forms, so that the whole inner circle of thoughts, emotions, passions, imaginations and memory even, were instantly revealed to sight. My guide, perceiving my agitation, whispered to me, "Be calm; I desire only to give you a glimpse of the world in which you dwell, as it really is. Attend to the lesson before you." Immediately a female drew near with a gentle air, and graceful recognition, expressing in unmeasured professions her admiration at "being honored by the presence of such distinguished strangers;" and I should have been captivated by the witchery of her beaming beauty, had not my eye rested on the lucid tracery, depicting its dark lines of contempt, derision, and hate on the soul. I turned suddenly away, and a youth approached, with such a serene and composed expression, that I was favorably impressed; but a glance exposed the interior lines of self-complacence and admiration converging to a focus, at the shrine at which he worshipped.

Soon a touch from my guide recalled me to the observation of one at a distance, who seemed encircled by a faint glow of light. As she slowly drew near, I had opportunity to notice a face of ineffable sweetness, with a form arrayed in simple elegance. The halo which encircled her, passing through this transparent medium with the celerity of a sunbeam, revealed to my entranced eye, a picture of moral beauty which it is imposible to describe. There were the pulsations of disinterested and expansive benevolence, a self-forgetfulness and devotion, a subdued tenderness and chastened sensibility, touched by the luminous pencil of truth, and made brilliant by the glowing coloring of love! At this instant, my companion put into my hand a glass, and bade me "look." I beheld, and that *atmosphere of light* was the pavillion of angels, surrounding their precious charge, intent on duty, watching with faithful care, to turn aside the breath of calumny, the shaft of malice, or the evil eye. All unconscious of her celestial guard, was that fair being, but safe as "the apple of the eye." As she passed by, I distinctly perceived a gentle vibration like the swept chords of a well-tuned instrument; in mysterious sympathy with the kindred spirit at my side.

But I have not time to delineate the various characters of that motley throng. Here could be plainly seen the dark and malignant purpose, the treacherous wile, the selfish design, the cold and haughty sneer traced all over the soul. But most frequently was I pained to notice that the sweet harmony of truth, love and honesty was disturbed by the croaking and discordant notes of scandal and calumny, veiled under the specious disguise of elegant allusions to "faults of character," "weakness of intellect," or courteous hints of "bad temper," adroitly thowing into the shade a more worthy and modest companion. But these industrious spirits were utterly unable to *dispel that halo of light* which distinctly revealed its possessors, of whatever name or rank; composing an illustrious nobility from the court of heaven! And whenever I met these resplendent personages in company with my guide, that same soft vibration thrilled upon the ear.

"Now," thought I, "my perplexities are ended. No more shall I wander bewildered and alone, doubtful where to fix my love and admiration. "Tell me," said I imploringly to my guide, "how shall I secure this new and wonderful sense, that henceforth I may only hold intercourse with the good, the beloved of heaven?" "This cannot be," he replied. "Learn, child of the dust, to bear patiently the discipline of your mortal state. Learn to bear the *trial* which gives strength to virtue; which creates and developes qualities essential to your perfection; which calls for meekness, benevolence, forbearance, forgiveness and love. *Learn also, how safe are those amid perils and dangers, who imitate* their Master and follow his steps. Guarded by an angel-band. Encircled by Omnipotent Love."

He touched my lips, and I awoke. It was but a dream.

Rochester, Mass., March, 1843.

WALKING.—Walking is the best possible exercise. Habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans value themselves on having subdued the horse to the use of man; but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of this animal. No one thing has occasioned so much degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white on his horse, and he will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning when you first rist rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson's Memoirs.*

SLEEPING APARTMENTS.

"It must not be forgotten," remarks Hufeland, "that we spend a considerable portion of our lives in the bed chamber, and, consequently, that its healthiness or unhealthiness cannot fail of having a very important influence upon our physical well-being."

Every one who is actuated by a due regard for health and real comfort, will consider an equal degree of attention necessary in regard to the size, situation, temperature and cleanliness of the room he occupies during the hours of repose, as of his parlor, drawing room, or any other apartment; and yet, how often do we find families crowded at night into obscure and confined chambers, of dimensions scarcely more ample than those of an old-fashioned closet, while, perhaps, in most instances, the best rooms in the house will be set aside for the sole purpose of ostentatious display.

It is all-important that the largest and most lofty room upon the second floor, be appropriated for the sleeping apartment, and that it be freely ventilated, during the day time, at all seasons when the weather is not rainy, or otherwise very humid. There are few houses, the rooms of which are so situated as to render the latter impracticable; and the influence of the practice upon the health of inmates is too important to permit its being neglected from any slight cause.

A bed chamber should be divested of all unnecessary furniture, and, unless of considerable size, should never contain more than one bed. There cannot be a more pernicious custom than that pursued in many families, of causing the children, more especially, *to sleep in small apartments, with two or three beds crowded into the same room.*

It is scarcely necessary to observe, that cleanliness, in the most extensive signification of the term, is, if possible, even more necessary, in reference to the bed chamber, than to almost any other apartment.

The practice of sleeping in an appartment which is occupied during the day, is extremely improper. Perfect cleanliness and a sufficient free ventilation cannot, under such circumstances, be preserved, especially during cold weather; hence the atmosphere becomes constantly more vitiated, and altogether unfit for respiration.

While too great a degree of caution cannot be observed to avoid sleeping in damp rooms, beds, or clothing, the tempe-

rature of the bed chamber should, if possible, never be argumented, under the ordinary circumstance of health, by artificial means. As this apartment is to be reserved solely for repose, a fire is never necessary, except perhaps, during uncommonly severe weather; and even then the temperature ought not to exceed fifty degrees.

A sleeping apartment, in which a large fire has been kept for several hours previous to the period of retiring to rest, may to many, at first view, present an appearance of the most perfect comfort; it is, however, at the same time a means of very effectually enervating the system; creating an increased susceptibility to the influence of the cold, and thus opening the way to the attack of some serious diseases, especially of the chest. Happy may they esteem themselves whose means forbid an indulgence in this species of luxury.

A person accustomed to undress in a room without a fire, and to seek repose in a cold bed, will not experience the least inconvenience, even in the severest weather. The natural heat of his body will very speedily render him even more comfortably warm than the individual who sleeps in a heated apartment, and in a bed thus artificially warmed, and who will be extremely liable to a sensation of chillness as soon as the artificial heat is dissipated. But this is not all; the constitution of the former will be rendered more robust, and far less susceptible to the influence of atmospherical vicissitudes, than that of the latter.—*Journal of Health.*

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

A PARTING TRIBUTE.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

Maria! as hastens the time that we part,
A wildering feeling steals over my heart;
I joy and I sorrow, I hope and I fear;
One thought brings a smile and another a tear;
For things I would cherish and things which I hate,
Alike are revealed in the language of fate,
And many a lilac and many a rose,
Which blossom to cheer us, a thorn will disclose.
But in the long future, whatever our lot,
Whoe'er may forget us, or alike be forgot,
We'll ever be hoping, though now we must sever,
Our parting may end in a meeting forever.

March, 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

A SISTER'S INFLUENCE.

BY MISS ELLEN S. SMITH.

At the present day much is said of the great responsibility resting on the wife and mother, but the influence committed to the relation of sister, is, I fear, less felt, and not so often exerted for good. I have a number of younger brothers, and, from childhood, I have been led to think much and with deep emotion of my influence over them. My attention was called anew to this subject the other day, by a letter from a friend who is so situated, as to be in daily intercourse with young men from all parts of the country. He writes me thus:—

"When I see a young man idle, dissipated and who prefers the society of vile men and women to that of the intelligent and virtuous, I take it for granted that he had no sisters, or, what is worse, that he has had unfaithful ones."

When I see a man without refinement or delicacy, unused to the numberless little attentions which make one charm of society, and whose talents, however great they may be, are hidden by his awkwardness, I conclude that his sisters did not strive to make him happy and at home in their society.

When I hear a man talk to a lady as if she understood no other language than that of flattery or nonsense, evidently considering her below himself in mind and intellect, I see at once that if he have sisters, they are, probably, what he takes the person to be whom he is addressing.

But when I see a young man who delights in the society of intelligent, pious females, who listens to their opinions with deference, and anticipates their wishes with true politeness and sympathy, who is gentle, manly and just in all his relations in life, and whose moral principles are firm and his virtue unquestioned, I say to myself, (and I am not often wrong,) that man's school has been the fireside; he has gentle, affectionate, intelligent sisters; he owes them much; society owes them more.

Sister, if my friend judged rightly, (and did he not?) there is a great responsibility resting upon you. Perhaps you have a brother whom you wish to see happy and honored as the instrument of good to those around him. Have you ever realized that it is in your power to make him all this? However young you are, however inexperienced, you have an in-

fluence to exert for good, or evil. To operate for good, this influence must be always alive, always exerted. Great events seldom occur in the every day world, and when they do come, they are not calculated to try the heart so much as the petty vexations and trials which meet us all at every step of our way through life. Your brothers are exposed to many of these from which you are shielded, but it is in your power to guard the fireside from the intrusion of many of these disturbers of its peace. Strive then, to throw around your home so bright a sunshine of kind words and pleasant smiles, that the most pleasant haunts of dissipation will not have power to lure your brother from its shelter. I would not have you assume authority over him—God has not given you this, but he has given you a woman's heart, full of holy sympathies, warm affections, and devoted love.

These are your treasures; in these alone rest your power. Throw these around your brother; let these operate on his heart. Be interested in all which interests him. Study his happiness in all you do. Consult his tastes whenever it is possible. Is he troubled, or vexed by failure in his sports, or studies? Sympathise with him. Is he successful? Rejoice with him. Is he fretful or impatient? Let your patience fail not. Is he unkind? Let the law of kindness dwell ever on your tongue. Is he rough and boisterous? Be you gentle and affectionate. In short, be always on the watch to counteract evil by good. Let your efforts be constant. Let no pursuits, no company which he cannot share, interrupt your engagements to him. Call nothing a trifle which is of consequence to him; but let him see and feel that his happiness and welfare is of the first importance to you.

For a time this course may be self-denying to you, and it may seem without effect on him; but be not discouraged. Your reward will be with you. Each sacrifice will bring it. Every day will increase it in the approbation of your own heart. However it may seem now—a brother's love and improvement in character, will follow your efforts, and you will be each day preparing for the after, though not more sacred duties of wife and mother.

Calias, Me., March, 1843.

You cannot associate with a bad person one hour without receiving some injury. The atmosphere around him is impure; it is more fatal than disease.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

PROGRESS OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

BY MISS E. M. WYMOND.

When we compare the present intellectual state of female society with that of former years, we are struck with astonishment at the vast and happy change. Formerly it was not the female's province, (save some few bold, yet worthy innovators of the times,) to step into, or even cast an anxious look into the broad halls of literature; much less to step therein. Sufficient then, for those more capacious in natural and intellectual endowments, such as Newton, Franklin, Locke, and other distinguished geniuses, to fathom the depths of science, and roam the vast and unexplored fields of knowledge. Nor were females only, deprived of the inestimable advantages of education; but even very few men dared believe they had sufficient powers to become masters of the arts and sciences. It was for those alone, in whom nature had implanted, in more than an ordinary degree, the germs of genius and talent; forgetting, as many do in the present day, that genius is, (at least to a very great extent,) the fruit of untiring industry; and that no one can expect to attain to any considerable eminence, without first making assiduous exertions. But if we look into the literary institutions of the present day and witness the happy contrast; if we contemplate our own societies and neighborhoods; if we turn over the pages of literary productions; and still farther, if we contemplate the domestic circle, the place above all others where education, sweetened by the mild influence of religious devotion, is best calculated to spread its salutary and cheering influence, thereby restoring conjugal and parental affection to that original state in which it was given by our Maker—we are ready to exclaim, "What hath not education, combined with Christianity, done for us!"

The world has awakened to the importance of female education, and it is now only necessary to ascertain how, and for what end ladies should be educated. Were these important points always considered by those who take upon themselves the responsibility of educating young ladies, beauty, modesty and playfulness would no longer be considered the only feminine charms; but only those delicate mediums through which the more *ennobling* beauties of the *mind* are to exhibit them-

selves; whose richness, like gold in the furnace, will constantly increase in value and splendor, in proportion as the lovely organs through which they sparkle, are dimmed by the hand of time. Then admiration for a young lady would be purity itself, blended with wonder and surprise to think a shrine so slight could be the receptacle of such exalted treasures, and of so select a choice. Once it would have been deemed egotism in a young lady to have introduced in company, the name of a Locke, a Newton, or the heroes of history, or the interesting and important movements in literature; but now she may dwell for hours on the abstruse pages of Locke, Stewart and Upham; may calculate with exactness the certain results of chemical and natural science, and solve with ease and perspicuity the problems of Euclid, or the queries of algebra. No longer is it deemed a sufficient accomplishment that she can perform all the well-turned graces at a ball, or, *outre dans companie a un habbillement* which declares the faithfulness of her mirror and her own cultivated taste; but when she meets in society, she must be able to converse with ease on any interesting subject which may arise. Her style, too, must denote that she is no stranger to society; her ideas and sentiments that they are the results of reading, observation and study, and a valuable fund of useful knowledge; her appearance, genteel, yet unaffected; and her manners, though modest and unassuming, that she feels not inferior to those with whom she converses.

But cheering as the reflection is, with regard to female education, it is much to be regretted that many who possess the means of acquiring it, do not improve them, but suffer their influence to remain unfelt, their talents unimproved, and their capabilities for usefulness dormant and useless. Why is it there are no more Hannah Moores, Madam de Staels, Sigourneys, Hemanses, &c., wreathing their heads with the green chaplets of fame, and raising to themselves immortal monuments of honor? It is because they awake not to action.

And why, we may ask, are our female youth entrusted to the care of an opposite sex, who, though qualified in much, are yet in many respects, and ever must be incompetent to the task? Who can so well teach the young lady those examples, precepts and sentiments of morality and refinement so necessary to her sex, as the experienced and judicious female?

The change in the female world has already been great; but let those who have the advantages of education, awake to action, and exert all their influence in its promotion and in the promotion of morality and religion among the rising generation and among those with whom they associate, and we may yet behold exceedingly greater, the blessed results of education.

Guilford, Conn., March, 1843.

FEMALE CULTURE.

BY MISS S. C. EDGERTON.

I think a woman greatly misjudges her own happiness in making it depend so entirely upon the charms of her fortune, and the gratification of her affections. She is too much inclined to the belief that she is a dependent creature. I would not inculcate the absurd doctrine of physical independence; nor ground my arguments on the supposition that woman can render herself indifferent to exterior circumstances. But the same good Being who has given to the minutest insect some instrument of self preservation, sent not into the world the most beautiful creation of his hands to be the sport of circumstances, and the victim of feeling.

I am not intending, at this time, nor in this place, to give full expression to the opinions which are gaining daily strength in my mind, respecting the proper culture and discipline of the female character. It seems to be a prevalent idea that there is something wrong either in the education or in the position of woman. Her rights are discussed, her sphere disputed, and her very privileges seem to be subjects of doubt and inquiry. One claims for her a place in the halls of legislation, in the pulpit, the lecture-room, and at the polls. He would see her clad, like Joan of Arc, in the panoply of war, with helm on her head and shield at her heart. Another not less devoted to her happiness, would make her, like the Lares, a household divinity, presiding at the hearth-stone—the mother of children, the tender nurse, the frugal housewife, and nothing more.

I think these contending advocates for the sex are both at fault in making exterior condition the source of female influence and happiness. If woman's mind and heart are right it is

not of essential importance whether her operations are in private, and upon her household, or whether they take a more open and blustering sphere of duty. The most she wants is not a character, a power and independence which erects "liberty poles," and shouts "freedom" from the forum; but the calm, still, holy consciousness of mental and moral power, the elevation and strength which is born of knowledge, of thought, and of self-reliance.

The education which will fit a woman to be the companion of man, in intellect, as well as in feeling, will subtract in the minutest degree, from those qualities which render her lovely in domestic life. Indeed, can any woman be so valuable to a husband, as one who is capable of sharing the confidence of his mind, as well as his heart? She is but half wedded who cannot enter into the intellectual sympathies of her companion.

And then, again, woman is not necessarily born for marriage. She has the birthright of an independent existence; and to this birthright she owes reverence as a holy gift. Her motto should be "equal to either fortune"—and at all times let her remember, that though it may be expedient for her to marry, it is her privilege to be single.

I wish to exhibit woman as she can be, rather than she is—a being of noble capacities and powers, educated to be useful, having individual resources, unfailing self-reliance, and a knowledge of happiness not subject to exterior contingencies.

RECEIPT FOR HAPPINESS.—It is simply when you rise in the morning, to form a resolution to make the day a happy one to a fellow creature. It is easily done—a left off garment to the man who needs it, a kind word to the sorrowful, an encouraging expression to the striving; trifles in themselves as light as air, will do it, at least, for the twenty-four hours; and, if you are young, depend upon it, it will tell when you are old; and, if you are old, rest assured it will send you gently and happily down the stream of human time to eternity. By the most simple arithemetical sum, look at the result. You send one person—only one—happily through the day; that is three hundred and sixty five in the course of the year and suppose you live forty years only, after you commence, you have made fourteen thousand six hundred human beings happy, at all events for a time, and this is supposing no relation or friend partakes of the feeling and extends the good. Now, worthy reader, is not this simple? It is too short for a sermon, too homely for ethics, and too easily accomplished for you to say "I would if I could."—*London Atlas.*

"Come, Dearest."

FROM YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL CLASS BOOK

ALLEGRO.
1
2
Come, dearest; the Spring calls us forth from the throng,
And twines her sweet garlands to lead us a - - - - - long.
1
2
She deepens each green, blushes o - - ver each plain,
And breathes all her soul in, the night - in - gale's strain.

2 O, who would yet linger 'mid bustle and noise,
While Spring scatters round such a banquet of joys?
Who would not love better the sky-lark's blithe call,
Than dearly-bought strains in the gas-lighted hall?

3 Ah, those who would know how sweet leisure may be,
Must roam through the wood-lands, like thee, love, and me;
Must read what is seen of the Father's great plan,
And joy in his works, where not ruined by man.

Published by W. & J. Hatchard & Smith.

Cautious Coward.

See Page 113

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

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THE PRIZE ARTICLE.

It may not be known, to all our readers, that, three or four months since, we offered a Prize of *Twenty Dollars*, for the best original article adapted to the first department of our work. Thirteen communications were received. The prize has been awarded to the following. We rejoice to be able to enrich our pages with a communication so peculiarly fitted to make an impression of the most salutary and abiding character; and we feel sure that very few, if any, of our readers, can peruse this description of a father's management of his children, so felicitiously given, without tears.

We respectfully request our subscribers to lend the present number to all fathers and mothers within their reach, directing their attention to this communication; for they may contribute much, in this way, in the dissemination of correct sentiments on the important subject of family discipline.

EDITOR.

MY EARLY HOME.

BY MRS. HELEN C. C. KNIGHT.

BEHOLD a white two-story house, in something of antiquated style, with ornamented gables and massive chimneys; over it hung the drapery of two proud elms, twin sisters, which had grown in beauty side by side, in the great front yard; green moss had already begun to gather on their huge trunks, and, here and there, a decayed or decaying branch, refused to bear the foliage of its fellows. Bright lights streamed from the half-drawn shutters of the parlor, and earnest voices broke the stillness of the street. Behold, what merry-making within! The chairs were carefully set against the pannels; the lamps burned bright on the mantel; a fender closely encircled the blazing fire; and there, in the middle of the room, stood a group of rosy-cheeked, laughter-loving children. A boy, just blind-folded, stands by himself, crying "Ready? ready?" "Not quite!" "Yes," "yes." He listens; a soft footfall here—a suppressed twitter there

—he darts forward—what a running here, and a running there! Away and around, he dashes on, pell-mell, hurly-burly, in close and hot pursuit. A gentleman is one of this gamesome troup! Lo, the blinded boy catches fast his leg. The children set up a shout, with great clapping of hands, and much skipping to and fro. "Father! 'tis father!" exclaimed the boy. "Yes, yes, father, you are caught! Now you must be blinded!" cried another, gleefully. To this law of the game, the father smilingly consents, and the kerchief is tied round his eyes. Then what scampering! What hiding! What tiptoeing! How the little folks evaded his grasp! Sometimes crawling through his legs—sometimes creeping behind his back—sometimes manfully facing him, with the right-about air of "Catch me if you can!" Then there was one, he caught up in his arms. "It's me, sir! it's me!" softly whispered the struggling little maiden. "Ah, Fanny! well, I have caught Fanny!" said the gentleman, removing the kerchief and displaying his fine, thin face, lighted with the excitement of the scene. "She's told! Fanny's told! 'tisn't fair! Now, father, you *must* catch somebody else!" exclaimed two or three voices, all at once. "O, but I knew it was Fanny by her long curls," said the gentleman, putting her down; "and now Fanny must blind." "O, do let George," besought Fanny, escaping away and hiding herself among the group. "Well, George, you take it,—Fanny will never catch us," declared the master of ceremonies, a tall, dark, handsome boy, whom they called Eben; and George, nowise reluctant, was soon blindfolded. What havoc did George make! How rapidly he flew under tables and up in corners! In what hot haste did they scamper and skip before his quick pursuit! What a scrambling, and jumping, and laughing! Nobody minded when and how fell little Alice! Half playing, half looking on, with a big doll in one hand, and a box of wooden cups and saucers in the other, gifts of the day, little Alice only now and then mingled in the busy sport. "O, its only Alice, never mind!" shouted Ralph, and round and round went the noisy troup. Alice rolled over—the doll went one way—cups and saucers another—fast and thick came children's steps—nobody heeded where—nobody heard the crackling of cups or the breaking of saucers. Alice burst into tears! The gentleman, absent an instant from the room, stepped suddenly in and took up the little unfortunate in his arms. "How is

all this?" asked the gentleman, "Alice in tears on her birth day!" A quick pause among the children, as they crowd around. One sought the doll—behold a departed nose! Cups and saucers were gathered up. Behold in what disjointed fragments! Alice hid her face in her father's bosom and wept bitterly. "Sad work this!" said the gentleman, as one and another began to account for the disaster—"it seems Alice, her doll, and her tea-set, have been run over and over, and nobody minded to pick them up," continued the gentleman; "these friends, who are celebrating Alice's birth day, were so eagerly thinking of themselves, they did not think of her. Somebody said, 'it's only Alice, never mind'—that was a selfish boy, so intent upon his own amusement, that he could not stop to sympathise with his little sister."

"Perhaps only a little careless, father," remarked Eben.

"To be careless of the rights and happiness of others, is true selfishness," replied the father. "Poor little girl," and he tenderly caressed this nursling of his flock.

"We could not help it," said Ralph, exculpatingly; "we should be caught."

"Not *helping* it, is the reason all people give for doing wrong, Ralph—have at *heart*, the good and the comfort of others; possess *this will*, *Ralph*," and the father looked keenly and impressively upon the boy, "have this *will*, and you will always find the *way*."

"Father, need she have had all these things in her hand?"

"Does that excuse you for not aiding her after she had fallen, my son?"

Fanny drew close to Alice, and lovingly stroked her hair.

"I am really sorry, I think we *might* have stopped!" exclaimed Robert.

"We *ought* to," said Eben, decidedly.

"It's too bad! I will get Alice another doll," declared Ralph.

"No, this doll must do for the present; Alice must learn sometimes to bear unmerited injuries; the injury is done, and you cannot repair this, as you cannot many other injuries you might do; a new doll would not be *the* doll Aunt Mary sent her. Let this teach you heedfulness. Strive to avoid doing an injury, and then you will have nothing to regret, or repair." Thus spake my father. Thus listened Eben, Robert, and my own small self, Ralph the youngest of

the brothers. George Preston, with his sweet sister Fanny, and some half a dozen of the neighbors' children, were invited guests, to celebrate the fourth birth-day of our little Alice. We all looked upon our father's face as he spoke, and then beheld, in each other's faces, what yet remained unuttered on the lip, that, as for us, we would henceforth take heed in time to come. A side-door opened, and the cheerful voice of our mother spake peace to our troubled spirits, in these words,—"Come, my children, supper is ready."

The merry hours of my boyhood! How they lay, fresh and green, on the sunny side of the long past! Birth days celebrated, thanksgiving frolics, new year's gifts, dear festival seasons, when our parents partook of our pastimes. Father and mother were the life of our games. Without them, everything was tame, dull, joyless. Their judgment planned for us; their authority restrained us; their quiet love attempered the impetuous outbreaking of wild and buoyant youth. Warmly sympathising in the frolics and the accidents of childhood, their dignity was never compromised, their authority never degraded; they could be, as it were, children, and yet parents. No stately distance separated their hearts from our hearts, and yet there was a power in the calm and just reproof, "sharper than a two-edged sword," which seemed to follow us like a second conscience, with a majesty we dare not disobey. Throughout our household, there ever reigned perfect, yet cheerful obedience to the wishes and laws of our parents, and yet our father governed *by reason;* a mode of management much admired and much censured Parents, too frequently, are signally unsuccessful, in attempting to govern their children thus. My father, in reasoning with us, never descended to *an equality* with his children. He did not admit us to a knowledge of his reasons and then throw us upon our yet imperfect principles, whether to do or not to do. In the clear light of his whys and wherefores, there was an authority, and a decision of manner, which claimed not only respect and conviction, but obedience.

"Father!" we all exclaimed one day, rushing into his counting room, "just read this!" It was the handbill of a band of strolling actors and jugglers, displaying, both by pictures and praise, the droll antics of a clown, the equestrian feats of a woman, and the imitative capacities of a dwarf, who could become all manner of beasts. He took the bill, and carefully read it through, with Eben and Robert on

either side, while I was not only balancing on the back of his chair, but more busily balancing in my mind the probabilities of our going or not going to see these wonderful sights. He finished. "Shan't you let us go, father?" I exclaimed.

"Now, I suppose you all want to go," he began, very pleasantly, looking round upon us; "it is natural you should." Eben's eyes sparkled at this favorable beginning. "This bill is certainly very promising"—a tinge of irony that was not so favorable—"but these men and women are *bad* men and women. They forsake honest industry and useful labor, and consent to lead a lazy, vagabond life; consent to be laughed at and despised, for the sake of getting money in an easy manner. They study foolish sayings and indecent songs, and, it seems, too, the language and manner of wild beasts, to amuse an ignorant and vulgar rabble. They *seek* no good, they *give* no good. People are neither wiser, better, or happier, for having visited them. Now, *I* think such people ought not to be encouraged. I should blush to see your mother there, and should feel ashamed to find myself there."

"Mother there! you, father!" we involuntarily ejaculated, in amusement. The idea was ridiculous. "So out of character!" said Eben.

"Well, my sons, that is a good criterion by which to form your judgment. Never visit *any* places, any *where*, where it would be out of character, or improper for your parents to go with you. I will not forbid your going to this show, but I expect you to decide like sensible, thinking boys, in this matter."

"I shall not go, sir," said Eben, with his quick, decided manner. Robert said nothing. I walked off, with my hand instinctively attracted toward the silver ninepence which lay snug in my pocket, just the sum to admit me. I know, now, with what intense solicitude our father watched the strong conflicts, between inclination and principle, which went on in the bosoms and on the countenances of his sons, and how anxiously he waited to behold the calm, self-approval, which we always felt when cheerfully obedient to his counsels.

When the shadows began to lengthen, at the close of the long, summer afternoon, we all bent our steps homeward from the school-room, the play-ground, or the counting-room. The tea-bell rang, as I turned up the paved walk to the door; just then, George Preston whistled, and beckoned me to the opposite side of the way.

"Are you going to-night, Ralph?" he asked, in an under-tone, as soon as I was by his side.

"No; I don't want to go;" for, by this time, I had digested my father's opinion into my own.

"I'm going," and he gave me a stealthy peep at his money, "but father does not know it—he wouldn't let me go. Mother gave me this;" and he winked, as much as to say, "don't tell him." "Come, you go Ralph, do!"

"But are you going *right*, George?" I asked earnestly.

"Right? Why, I always do so! Father scolds so, but mother always lets me. Come, do go." Poor George! this was not his first lesson in parental mismanagement.

"Father does not want me to go, and I shan't," said I, manfully; and back I ran to the second ringing of the supper-bell.

"Well, my sons," said our father, looking round the table and beholding, with deep gratification, the cheerful, happy faces of his children, "a fine evening for a sail. Eben can take his flute. Cousin Kate is here, and she and your mother will not object, I know."

"Beautiful!" exclaimed cousin Kate.

"Good!" declared Eben. With one accord and one heart it was pronounced a "delightful plan."

"Me go too, Father?" said Alice, looking wistfully up.

"No, Alice is not old enough to go out in the evening yet. She will kiss us and bid us have a good time, while she goes pleasantly to sleep on her little pillow;" and he looked down with tenderest affection on the fair, sweet child. Alice did not pout, or cry, or object, as some children might have done, neither did we forbear talking about our anticipated pleasure in her presence; but a struggle went on in her little bosom, for she hastily rubbed the back of her little fat hand across her eyes. These trials, and they *are* trials to a child, we were early taught to bear, and thus, by degrees, to acquire that moral heroism so necessary to meet the fiery trials of later life. About seven we sallied forth into the street, and bent our steps to Langley's landing,—father and mother, with Robert by her side; Eben, bearing the shawl and gallantly stepping by cousin Kate, a bright girl of seventeen, the first shrine at which Eben, three years her junior, offered his boyish homage. I followed on, sometimes here, sometimes there.

"Fanny, I wish you were going with us," said I, skipping up to Fanny's front door, as we passed by.

"It 's most my bed time," replied Fanny, hugging closer the white kitten she held in her arms, but turning her bright black eyes up to me.

"Now if you were only as old as I, Fanny," and I strutted a step or two, with an air of more than the four years' difference in our ages; "but I must go," and patting her pussy and roguishly kissing her beautiful cheek, away I ran as fast as I could go. Passing by groups of people, on their way to the show, "*Just* such folks as would go to such a place," thought I, not a whit regretting that I was on an opposite tack. We reached the landing and jumped into the boat. Robert pushed off from the shore, and with a few strokes of the oar we were in the middle of the broad river which washes our town and bore our ships to the great ocean.

"How glorious!" exclaimed cousin Kate. Glorious indeed was that evening. Church spires, stately trees, and tall masts, rose in clear outline against the golden west. Rich, purple clouds, hovered over the horizon. Higher up hung the bright young moon. Beside it, a little star, as it were just palpitating with new-born light. All these reflected their glories in the waters beneath us, so that we seemed sailing in the very duplicate of Heaven. Our skiff glided by green slopes, rising here and there in the harbor, and schooners lazily lay at their moorings far from the shore. The busy hum of the town died away, and the plashing of our oars alone broke upon the quiet. For a time we all felt too much the deep beauty of this grand picture, to speak our own thoughts. Then Eben, dropping his oar and taking up his flute, it seemed as if he could only give expression to his own full feelings by a free gush of melody. It was a beautiful hour. Mother named her favorite song, which, while Kate sung, and she sung divinely, Eben joined in sweet accord, and no concert have I since heard, which so charmed my delighted ear, as did that in my childhood, on those still waters. Then followed much easy and pleasant chat. Father showed Robert and I, and Kate too, the science of rowing, for Eben was already quite a skilful oarsman. How we laughed to see Kate clasping the oar in her white, delicate hand! Then he told us about vessels, about his own early sea-voyages—how his ship weathered a fearful gale—how, when he was

in a hollow of the sea, the huge waves came leaping down from mountain height, ready to engulph them forever.

"Did you not die of very fear, father?" asked Robert, drawing in his breath.

"I had long before made the God of the waves my friend, Robert; what had I to fear?" replied our father, impressively. How light were our spirits! How joyful our hearts! How our happiness bubbled up in the playful smile and merry laugh. It was nearly nine, when we returned to the landing.

"I could dwell here, on these calm waters!" exclaimed Kate. "What a delicious ending of this hot, dusty, summer's day!" On our homeward walk, I nestled up to my mother's side, and, taking her hand, said, "O, mother, have we not had a *beautiful* time?"

Nothing was said to contrast our evening's pure and innocent enjoyments, with the absurd and vulgar fooleries of the show; but thus did our father often counteract the pernicious influences, or secret regrets for forbidden pleasures, by substituting others of a rational and interesting nature, at the same time elevating our tastes and improving our hearts. We fell asleep upon our pillows that night, with beautiful memories hovering about our minds, enshrining pure thoughts, and deep peace and holy affections within our bosoms.

"I had *such* a good time, last night, George, did you?" exclaimed I, with a bright and happy voice, as I eagerly raced the next morning to meet my play-mate, George.

"No! Father found it out, and I had to take it!" answered George, with a flushed and angry countenance. "Bill Parsons told him," clenching his fist with a defying air; "I could kill him, yes," muttering between his teeth," yes, and father too!"

Not many weeks after this, occurred one of the bitterest incidents of my boyhood. It was vacation, and Eben and Robert had accompanied our father to the city. During their absence, the boys proposed a pic-nic at Clark's Point, a mile or two up the river. It was given in honor of two old associates, now collegians, on a vacation visit home. I was the youngest guest, and therefore proud of my invitation. Much talk was there among the boys, what they should eat and what they should drink, and how the affair should be conducted in grandest style. My mother baked me a cake, buttered crackers, and cut large slices of ham, for my contribution to the

feast. Walking in the garden, I espied Eben's large, round, ripe water melon. It was earlier ripe than its fellows, for it had been the object of Eben's special care. Again and again had he turned it over to the warm sun, and just before he left he had raised it upon a smooth, flat stone, to enjoy every advantage of warmth and air. "O, if I only had that melon!" thought I; "none of the boys have got a melon to carry; if I *only* had it!" This was not wished once, twice, or thrice, but many times, until it grew to my very mind.

"What are you thinking of?" asked Bill Parsons, as I walked silently beside him in the street, an hour after.

"Something," replied I, significantly.

"Tell me, now, I won't tell," said he, coaxingly. After some slight demur, I told him how I desired Eben's melon for the pic-nic.

"Capital!" exclaimed Bill, who was very fond of melons, "let's have it!"

"Why, mother will not let me have it, because it is not hers to give, and Eben has not come home," replied I.

"O, never mind that! You know what the college boys tell us about their sprees. They make nothing of robbing hen-roosts and carrying off what they can lay their hands on. It's all in joke, you know. Now let's have Eben's melon." Many words passed between us, and at last it did not seem so very bad a joke, for in that aspect could I alone persuade myself to see it. I went home. That night, or never, must the melon be secured. Evening stole on, and Bill Parsons no longer near to urge his dangerous sophistry, I was the victim of doubts and hesitation. About the garden I hung, and often toward the melon I advanced, and as often tremblingly receded. It grew darker and darker.

"Bill says it would be so capital! And, after all, it's only a joke!" I rushed forward, and seizing fast hold, snapped it from the stem! The deed done, I hastened to secrete the treasure in the barn.

The next morning I arose at an early hour, for no sound sleep had visited my pillow that night. After breakfast, my mother tied up the eatables she had prepared for me, in a nice white bag, and, kissing my cheek, bade me be a good boy. I ran out the front door, and then stole around into the barn. There lay the melon. Hastily did I strive to thrust it into the bag, and loth was it to go, so small

the bag, so large the melon. Succeeding at last, I slung the bag upon my shoulder and hastened away. The melon was heavy on my back, but a heavier load was on my heart. Tugging on to the place of rendezvous, before half there, in a little cross street, I sat down upon a log, hot and weary.

"I cannot carry this melon," said I, opening the bag and looking in with a remorseful and troubled spirit. "I cannot carry this poor melon." Out came the melon; and, tossing it over a fence, I scampered off with all the speed I was master of.

The day passed off, wearily enough to me. Bill Parsons called me a coward, when he beheld no melon, and his bitter taunts rankled in my heart all day.

What wonder, what regrets, attended the discovery of the theft.

"That beautiful melon stolen!" exclaimed Eben, refusing to believe it possible.

"That you took such pains with!" said Robert.

"What an ugly thief!"

"I am very sorry, my son," and father looked *so* regretfully.

"You will have another soon, Eben," said our mother, encouragingly.

"But it will not be like that, mother. I did nurse it so carefully." Poor Eben. I cannot describe the misery, the fear, the wretchedness which tore my heart during the days which followed. Where was the happy independence of conscious integrity? I cringed before the affectionate caresses of my brothers. Appetite fled, and my spirits forsook me. When my mother, with anxious look, feared that I was sick, I coldly answered, and rudely fled from her inquiries. Every object which I beheld, seemed to reflect but the one dreadful image—that I was a thief. I bore it until I could bear it no longer. It was Saturday afternoon, and, turning distastefully away from all Saturday-afternoon frolics, I sought my father's counting-room. "Father, are you alone?" I asked, the door being ajar.

"Yes, my son, walk in, I am happy to see you;" and he put aside his newspaper. In I went, and shut the door firmly behind me. Planting myself courageously before him, while the life-blood seemed oozing from my heart, "Father," I began, and I swallowed hard to keep down the choking sensation in my throat, "father, it

was I who stole Eben's melon! I stole it in the night." I shall never forget the grief-expression which came suddenly over my father's face as he looked at me. I fell on my knees before him and hid my face, but I could not cry. He laid his hand upon my head; "Ralph, did you forget that God beheld you?" The sad earnestness of the inquiry penetrated my inmost soul. With quick and broken utterance, I rehearsed the story of my guilt. "Father! father, can you forgive me? Shall I ever be happy again? What *shall* I do?" were the impetuous questionings of my hot and aching heart. He did not speak for a moment, and then his voice quivered. Had he sternly sent me from his presence, had he whipped me, I could have borne anything better than his sad, quivering voice. *My father! How I bless thy memory!*

"My son," he at length said, slowly and distinctly, "you have broken a great law of your God. You have betrayed the trusting affection of a brother. You have violated the confidence of your family." I felt as if I wanted to die then. "But, my son, I thank God you have confessed this great sin. It shows you are penitent; and penitent, you may be forgiven and restored, my child." How did my aching, pent-up feelings then find relief in tears, as bitterly I wept at my father's feet. "Tell mother, tell Eben," I sobbed out, "let them not cast me off—ask them to forgive me." My father lifted me up and sat me on his knees, great boy that I was, but I dared not look in his face. "Yes, they must know this, Ralph, painful story as it must be." "*Now*, father," I exclaimed, interrupting him, "tell them all, I have been so afraid to look them even in the face. O, I would hide nothing any longer." There was a long, sad pause. "Will you go and tell mother?" I asked. "Yes, Ralph," he answered sorrowfully. I then went away into a little closet adjoining the counting-room, and sat down upon an old trunk of papers, there, alone and unobserved, to await my father's return from the house. In an hour's time, and it seemed ages, he came back and unfolded to me the result of his sad consultation with my mother, in the requirements of which I humbly and heartily acquiesced. There I remained until supper time, when he took me by the hand and led me home, without speaking, but there was a pitying tenderness in his manner, which went to my very heart. I could not appear at supper, but sought the solitude of my father's chamber.

How thankful did I feel, humiliating as was the situation, which the great wall of partition, that guilt had made between me and my family, was at last broken down, and I had no longer to bear in secrecy the dreadful burden. In half an hour's time, my father called me to the sitting room. It was the season for evening devotions, and my mother, sister and brothers, were already seated at their accustomed places. Near my father was an empty chair, in which he motioned me to sit. The doors were closed, and the stillness of death pervaded the room. One hasty glance I stole toward my mother's face, and beheld a paleness on her cheek, and a dimness in her eye, which I shall never forget. "I have something to say," began my father, in a low, sad voice, and he related all I had told him, without either blame or extenuation. In striking and forcible language did he represent the danger and guilt of disguising any sin under harmless and innocent names. "Sin is no joke," said he impressively, "and a prophet of God, in stern and strong language, has denounced a *woe* against them who call evil good, and put light for darkness"—every eye was fixed upon him—"and now I hope Ralph is penitent; he feels he can never be happy again until he is forgiven. Eben, if you forgive your brother for this great wrong, come and tell him so." That dear brother flew toward me, weeping and broken-hearted as I sat, and, clasping my hand in his, exclaimed, "From my heart I forgive you, Ralph," while the great tears glistened in his eyes. He would have fell on my neck, but my father motioned him away. "Now we must carry this matter before God," said my father solemnly, and the family knelt in prayer. He placed his hand upon my head as he clearly and distinctly laid open my guilt to the God of Heaven; then humbly did he pray for my forgiveness. How earnestly did he plead for my soul! How he besought that I might be cleansed by the blood of Christ, and dedicate myself to the service of my heavenly master. Then how did he plead for us all, that we might so live upon earth as to become a remited family around the Eternal Throne. That agonizing, earnest prayer, will follow me down to latest life. Did I not then realize, that sin must be no light thing, albeit committed in darkness and alone, which could bring such terror and wretchedness to myself, could tear with grief a parent's heart, and which required the blood of Jesus Christ to wash away? I had known the peace of well-

doing; had I not reaped the *bitter fruit* of wrong-doing? My father saw this, and said, as we arose, "Let this matter never be alluded to or mentioned henceforth."

"Then little Alice came to me, and unpinning the blue kerchief at her side, she lovingly clasped one hand about my neck, for I resumed my seat, and, with the other, tenderly wiped my face. "Dear Ralphy, I love you dearly, and Fanny does too; she says she loves you better than she does George, if he is her brother." Precious little comforter! How dear was your tender and child-like sympathy, in that hour of humiliation and repentance.

Often, in later years, have I envied the blessed gift of a sister. Ministering spirits, sweet sisters are, in the household band, hovering with their quiet and glad affection round the pathway of their brothers, strengthening their better principles and drawing them into the hallowed paths of domestic enjoyments. Our sweet Alice died in early spring time, when the blossoms hung upon the trees, and the grass was springing in the way-side. A beautiful flower was she, now blooming in the Paradise of God.

Through the winter Alice was fading. With what earnest and faithful affection did my mother watch over her! With what fond and unshrinking fidelity did my father instruct her in the way of salvation, and gently lead her to trust in Jesus. Her brothers never spoke of her departure, for they never could realize what they often read in the tender and trembling apprehensions of parental love, that she was fast fading for the tomb. On her last day, she lay all unconscious of the anxious and sorrowing group around her. As the shadows of evening gathered on, she opened once more upon us her clear, blue eye, a parting glance of deep and earnest love. Then she warbled forth, in clearest and sweetest strains, the lines of a little hymn, which she often repeated in health, expressive of strong desire to depart and be at peace in Heaven. This ever seemed not only the language of the lip, but the feeling of the heart.

The next morning, they told us she was dead. "Alice dead!" I repeated again and again to myself, as if to be assured of the deep and mysterious meaning which the words bore. After an almost untasted breakfast, our father asked us to go with him and see Alice. We arose and followed him. A deep fear, a strange shrinking came over me. Just within the door of the entry, timidly stood little

Fanny, in her blue cape bonnet, come to inquire for the health of her beloved playmate. I went and took her hand. "Alice is dead," I whispered, "and I've no sister now." The mournful truth, thus expressed in my own words, quite overcame me. Fanny clasped my hand, and, looking me tenderly and tearfully in the face, imparted to me the sweetest consolation she could offer—"I'll be your sister, Ralphy." "Come," said I, drawing her along, and together we went to the chamber of death. As father uncovered the white cloth which was flung over our sister, I trembled violently, for I knew not what strange and terrible change death might have wrought; but there lay the little cherished one, as beautiful as ever, even in that eternal sleep. A curl of light hair rested on the marble forehead; the tinge upon the cheek had not yet quite faded away; and death had borrowed the sweet and innocent smile which she ever wore in life, to garnish her for the grave. "This is all which is left of Alice," said our father, with deep emotion, breaking the terrible stillness of that scene; "the soul which sparkled in the eye, that spoke with the voice, that rejoiced in her smile, that moved in her little hands, and slipped in her little feet, is gone! All we loved and valued is gone! This is death. Her body remains for the grave. Her parents could go with her down to the end of life, and then she must leave them to go alone into the eternal world, to appear before her Maker; and yet we hope not alone," and faith illumined our father's face as he spoke, "*not alone*, she loved the Lord Jesus, and he met her and presented her to the Father as a lamb of his fold. Happy if our souls shall follow her's to the Great Shepherd! My children, remember you must die, like Alice. Like her, secure the friendship of your Savior, that you may not go into eternity bearing alone the burden of your sins."

This was my first interview with death. It was solemn and impressive, but not revolting. It linked in my mind, more powerfully than mere words could have done, the great reality of death, and *connected with* that reality the solemn conviction, that, as those in whom I trusted here, those whom I loved most, must leave me at the hour of death, how diligently ought I to seek the friendship and favor of one, who has styled himself he friend of sinners, to meet and to welcome me in the unseen world. How perpetually did this thought occur to me for weeks, months, and years, even in the gay-

est and gladdest hours of my boyhood; and it served to stimulate inquiry, when other motives urged the claims of God upon a conscience whose decisions were already rendered clear and intelligent by the impartial teachings of parental fidelity.

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More than twenty years have passed since I left my father's house, and the green grass is now growing over the graves of my parents; but their pure and holy influence is still strong and deathless upon my soul; like an omnipresent spirit, has it ever tracked my steps through the changeful scenes of a checkered life. In foreign lands, and in my own, amid perils, temptations and dangers, though the earthly voice was hushed in death, their solemn warnings and affectionate counsels still sound in my ear. Though the eye is closed in eternal sleep, its deep, *earnest* look of approval, or reproach, is ever upon me. Often, on the extremest verge of temptation, have I well nigh yielded, when my parents arose upon my memory in their God-like purity and holy rectitude—I *shrank* from sin and was strong again. When flushed with health, with senses fascinated by most alluring pleasures, surrounded by companions full of gay excitement, amid music and dancing, with the sparkling cup and the ready jest, did I turn my steps toward those whose "feet go down to death;" but the voice of my father, as he spake to us in boyhood, crossed me in the way, "visit no places where your parents may not go." I fled away; and when I awoke to the clear light and recollection of the next day, and the illusions of sense were gone, I fell on my knees and thanked God I had not dishonored my father's name.

When I look round and see how signally unsuccessful some parents are in the right training of their children, I cannot but feel that they have never wisely, prayerfully, and *constantly* studied how to discharge their high and mighty trust.

Among the playmates of my boyhood, how many noble and generous spirits have been wrecked here, and wrecked there, for want of early and salutary restraints; for want of a steady discipline of the will, and that wise and healthy adjustment of the mental, moral and social energies, without which, unsuspicious and passionate youth must become the victim of self-indulgence and final ruin. My poor friend George! I have wept over his untimely fate—the

sure result of those wretched principles of action which he imbibed in early life, bearing upon a proud and impetuous spirit like his.

My door opens. "Shall I disturb you, Ralph?" speaks a weak voice; "you are so busy." "Nay, come in love"—and here stands, by my side, my little wife, the Fanny of my boyhood; yes, and a little child-angel in her arms, our first born, our little Alice. No earthly gift do I ask for thee, my precious little one, but that *thy* parents may imitate the excellencies of *mine*.

Portsmouth, N. H., April, 1843.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

SECOND CHILDHOOD.

BY GEORGE STEARNS.

As oft I see the nursling boy
Ambitious of his father's knee,
When broken playthings break his joy,
And tears o'erwhelm his empty glee;
Who meets, perchance, a chiding eye,
That measures not his little wo,
Yet sets a seal upon his cry
Of wild despair in embryo—
To barter all the cares of man,
I would not be a child again.

As oft I've seen the stooping sire,
His limbs more rigid than his cane,
No longer conscious of the fire
That burned within his youthful brain;
Forgetful of his former name;
Wrinkled and lame and deaf and blind;
Relinquishing an honest claim
To every ornament of mind,—
The thought has come unbidden then,
I, too, *may* be a child again.

Nor vainly may this thought suggest
The cause of many a parent's wo,
And make us cherish the behest,
To treat *our* sires and mothers so,
And so to train our little ones
To deeds of love and filial care,
That, in our own exampled sons,
We may a recompense prepare;
My only hope of solace, when
I have become a child again.

Westborough, Mass., April, 1843.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

[See the Engraving in this number.]

MR. BROWN: The engraving which you showed me, and which you informed me you intended to insert in the next number of your magazine, has called up before my mind an important principle, to be regarded in the management of children,—*the power of association, to bring vividly before the mind the scenes of early life.* When I saw the lad drinking water from the bucket at the well, it reminded me of "the old oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well" of Col. F——, a little way from the school-house in my native town, to which the children used to go for drink; and from which, often, in my boyhood, I slaked my thirst, in the same manner as represented in the picture. A few years ago, I visited the place of my nativity, after an absence of twenty years. It was a scene of deep and painful interest; for there were few things which I could distinctly recognize, and I was continually straining my memory to call up the recollection of familiar objects. But the bucket in Col. F.'s well, was the same "old oaken bucket" from which I had so often drawn the cool, refreshing draught. The staves had indeed been renewed; but still it was identically the same bucket. Its iron hoops and bail wore the same old familiar marks; it had the same time-honored clothing of "moss;" its top was broken just as it used to be; and *precisely* the same number of streams issued forth from its leaky bottom.

Now, some of the most interesting incidents of my childhood were associated with this school, and the sight of the "old oaken bucket" tended to bring them all vividly before my mind. This is the fact on which I would seize, for the instruction of parents in regard to all their domestic arrangements, and their arrangements generally for the education of children. The sight of objects which were familiar to them in childhood, or of other objects of similar appearance, will, invariably, in after life, call to mind the objects, the scenes, and the instructions connected with them. If all the family arrangements, and all the conduct of the parents, both in their treatment of each other, and of their children, have been such as to render *home delightful*, these recollections

will be sweet and salutary; for, along with the delightful scenes of home, will come up the instructions and the godly example of the parents, after they sleep in the dust. But, if rudeness and vulgarity—contention and strife—or unpleasant associations of any kind—come up with these recollections, it will be a permanent source of deterioration of character. It will seal up the affections—it will sour the mind—it will neutralize all the good instructions which may have been given.

Viewed in this light, it will be seen that there is nothing connected with *home*, but what is concerned in permanent moral and religious impression. Even the house, the neatness and taste with which it is furnished and kept—the shrubbery about the doors—the flower garden—the well—the attention to the comfort of the household—the provision made for retirement, devotion, and study—the cheerful countenances of the parents—the provision for religious instruction—the books—the engravings—the social music—the conversation at table—the devout seriousness—the family altar—all these, and a nameless multitude of other things, will be stereotyped in the memory of the children; and if due attention is paid to the ordering of all these things, and some mementos are left to each child, to serve as a means of bringing up old associations, the impression of the whole may go with the child even down to old age, renewing the influence of parental affection and instruction, and keeping a hold upon his moral and religious susceptibilities, which he can never shake off.

But, one word more concerning the "old oaken bucket." There is one other association, fresh in my mind, which I have not named. Out of this bucket I drank *pure cold water*—nature's best and sweetest beverage—and learned to love it. And, I have since demonstrated, by actual experiment, that, if children are accustomed from infancy to this beverage alone, they will prefer it to any other. And sure I am, that what Nature has provided, is most natural to the human frame. It is a great calamity to have the human system stimulated during the season of growth, with narcotic or spirituous drinks. It can rarely be recovered from the unnatural effects by any course of abstinence. The necessity of stimulus has grown into the constitution, and become a kind of second nature;

and though it may be safely withheld, yet the system can hardly recover its natural tone and elasticity. Children should live as much as possible *according to nature.* The simpler their diet and drinks, and the less artificial, the better.

Respectfully, yours, HARVEY NEWCOMB.

West Needham, Mass., April, 1843.

RULES FOR CONJUGAL AND DOMESTIC HAPPINESS.

1. Every day let your eye be fixed on God, through the Lord Jesus Christ, that, by the influence of his Holy Spirit, you may receive your mercies as coming from Him, and that you may use them to his glory.
2. Always remember, that, if you are happy in each other, it is the favor and blessing of God which make you so; if you are tired and disappointed, God does thereby invite you to seek your happiness in Him.
3. In every duty, act from a regard to God, because it is his will and your duty. "Do all in the name of the Lord Jesus," and look to Him to bless you and your partner, that you may abide in his love.
4. Never suffer your regard for each other's society to rob God of your heart, or of the time which you owe to Him, and to your own soul.
5. Recollect often that the state of marriage was designed to be an emblem of the love of Christ and his church; a state of mutual guardianship for God, and a nursery for the church and the skies.
6. Remember that your solemn covenant with each other, was made in the presence of the Most High, who was called upon as a witness.
7. Be careful that custom and habit do not lessen your attention to each other, or the pleasing satisfaction with which they were at first, both shown and received.
8. Whenever you perceive a languor in your affections, always make it a rule to suspect yourself. The object which once inspired regard may, perhaps, be still the same, and the blame only attaches to you.
9. Be sure to avoid unkind and irritating language. Always conciliate. It is your interest and your duty. Recollect, every day, what God has borne with you.
10. Study your partner's character and disposition. Many little nice adjustments are requisite for happiness. You must both accommodate, or you must both be unhappy.
11. Do not expect too much. You are not always the same; no more is your partner. Sensibility must be watched over, or it will soon become its own tormentor.
12. When you discover failings which you did not suspect, and this you may be assured will be the case, think on the opposite excellence, and make it your prayer that your regard may not be diminished. If you are heirs of the grace of life, your failings will shortly be over; you will hereafter be perfect in the divine image. Esteem and love each other now, as you certainly will then. Forbearance is the trial of this life only.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

PRAYER.

BY REV. B. F. TEFFT.

How beautiful is prayer! It is the soul aspiring to its Author. It is the spirit looking upward to the place of its nativity, and desiring to return. It is the prisoner of time mourning his fetters, and imploring freedom. It is the warrior of of the world, too gallant to retreat, and too mighty to be conquered, enjoying, amid a protracted struggle, the foresight of victory. It is the undaunted mariner of a dangerous sea, tossed by tempests and worn with disasters, descrying from his reeling topmast the broad, quiet haven, into which his bark is about to be anchored. How peaceful are the faculties! How serene is the temper it breathes into the soul! The rage of intellectual activity, the noise of the passions, the cares and confusion of life, are subdued, hushed, banished. It is Science kneeling at the fountain of Intelligence; it is Philosophy bowing at the foot-stool of Reason; and the wing of Genius, oppressed by earthly soarings, and confined by the narrow boundaries of the temporal world, escapes by prayer to a wider, happier, purer region, and bathes its plumes in the bright, blue sky of the ethereal and eternal!

How elevating is prayer! There is no mental exercise which exerts so lofty an influence upon the soul. It brings us into immediate connection with the greatest intellect, the most perfect and magnificent moral powers, and the highest spiritual excellence. It is impossible to be mean and little in prayer. It enlarges our natural sympathies, and diminishes, and gradually annihilates the action of selfishness. It is the touch of Ithuriel's spear to a narrow mind. Neither constitution or habit is so rigid as to withstand its powers of expansion. No great mind ever neglected the exercise, at least, of occasional prayer. Prayer withdraws our eye from the present, and fixes the attention on the interests and realities of the future. It imparts the first lessons of spiritual prudence. It holds the scales in which two worlds, two lives, two destinies, are balanced. It is the message which a careful, immortal traveler sends before him to a land of unknown dangers. It is the courier of a royal mind. Its dignity is equalled only by its utility and necessity. We have no practical knowledge of the future without it. It is the revealer of rev-

elation, the telescope of faith, the goal, the *punctum-saliens* of philosophy. In a word, it is useful, honorable, noble, and elevating. The very humility it demands is one of the highest qualities of the soul; and as we soar upon its pinions into that world of ineffable glory, which the petitioner expects to inherit, the earth seems so little, so trivial, so transitory, that we catch the inspiration which the sweet minstrel imbibed from the same scenes and prospects, and conclude with melody what perhaps began in tears:—

"The things eternal I pursue,
A happiness beyond the view
Of those who basely pant
For things by nature felt and seen;
Their honors, wealth and pleasures, mean,
I neither have, or want."

How powerful is prayer! It is possible that prayer has no power in itself. It derives its energy from the promises of God. By faith in those promises it is omnipotent; for the declaration is complete and satisfactory—*nothing shall be impossible!* When prayer reaches the throne, though it ascend from the meanest cabin of the poor, it demands and receives unqualified attention. The highest emergencies of heaven must yield. The word of the Eternal has been pledged. The character of God is concerned. No considerations of the obscurity of its origin, the unworthiness of its author, or the possible perversion of the gifts and blessings which it supplicates, can be offered, or accepted in abatement of its claims, or in extenuation of the promises on which it rests its petition. It is sublime to contemplate the majesty of its power. Mountains must tremble to their bases; oceans must transgress primary decrees and overflow original landmarks; rocks and earthquakes must rend and thunder; nay, heaven and earth must pass, before one jot or tittle of the divine pledge can fail to be accomplished!

Boston, April, 1843.

BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—Childhood is like a mirror, catching and reflecting images from all around it. Remember that an impious or profane thought, uttered by a parent's lip, may operate, upon the young heart, like a careless spray of water thrown upon polished steel, staining it with rust which no after scouring can efface.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

MY LITTLE BOY.

Thou roguish, rattling, shouting boy,
How soon thy guns and hammers cloy,
And paper kite;
I hardly have a place to put
My constant toiling, weary foot,
From morn till night.

Come, gather up thy playthings, dear,
And lay them on the shelf, just here,
And take my thanks;
Let sister neatly sweep the floor,
Then there 'll be room to gambol o'er
Thy wildest pranks.

I will not mar thy sprightliness,
Or make thy glowing spirits less,
To ease my head;
I'll rest me when you 've weary grown,
And laid your precious body down
Upon your bed.

IOTA.

New Hampton, N. H. April, 1843.

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

DR. CHALMER'S LECTURES ON ROMANS.—The publication of this work in numbers of 72 pages, and at 25 cents each, has been commenced in this country. Five numbers will complete the work, which in England costs *ten dollars*. Not having read the work, we are not prepared to give an opinion; but the author's name is a sufficient guaranty of the ability of the lectures, which are one hundred in number.

For sale by Tappan & Dennet.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.---Tappan & Dennet, of this city, have issued Nos. 9 and 10 of this interesting work. These two numbers carry the history forward from March, 1781, to April, 1789. No. 9 has a map of Washington's Farms at Mt. Vernon; and No. 10, a map of the Battle of Brandywine.

THE MARRIAGE RING.---This is a selection from the writings of Rev. John A. James, and is "intended as a Manual for those just entering the marriage state." It may be read with profit by those also who are already married. We advise both classes to purchase and read.

Published and for sale by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston.

THE YOUNG DISCIPLE; or, a Memoir of Anzonetta R. Peters. By Rev. John Clark. Published in New York city, by Robert Carter.

The first edition of this work was published in 1836. The present is the fourth. It is a beautiful volume of 328 pages, exhibiting the character of one, who, though not "remarkable in her intellectual powers, in her opportunities for mental cultivation, or her advantages for religious improvement, nevertheless, possessed piety of the brightest and holiest stamp; thus clearly showing, that brilliant intellectual powers are by no means essential to the attainment of exalted holiness."

THE BOYS' AND GIRLS' MAGAZINE.—This is a new and beautiful publication, commenced in this city in January last. Its title indicates for whom it is published, and its object, as avowed in the introduction, is to cultivate the taste and improve the judgment of the young; to awaken a desire for rational inquiry, and teach, confirm and strengthen the moral principles and best affections of their heart.

The work is embellished with beautiful engravings. The price is $1 25. Subscriptions received by Wm. C. Brown, No. 1 Cornhill.

MARCO PAUL'S TRAVELS.—By Jacob Abbott, author of the Rollo Books, &c.

This is the first of a series of small volumes, of 72 pages each, to be issued under the general title of "*Marco Paul's Adventures in Pursuit of Knowledge.*" The object is to convey useful and moral instruction, through the medium of an entertaining narrative of juvenile adventures.

Published by T. H. Carter & Co., Boston.

THE COUSIN LUCY BOOKS.—The Rollo Books, with which we hope those parents who read our work are well acquainted, were written for boys, while these are written for girls. There are six in the series, the titles of which are as follows: Cousin Lucy's Conversations, Cousin Lucy's Stories, Cousin Lucy at Play, Cousin Lucy at Study, Cousin Lucy Among the Mountains, and Cousin Lucy on the Sea-Shore. The author is Rev. Jacob Abbott, a gentleman happily qualified to interest, and, at the same time, convey instruction to children.

We most earnestly recommend parents, if they wish to save their children from the poisonous influence of the deleterious trash, which is so liberally issued from the press for them in these times, to provide beforehand for them, wholesome reading. This is the only way they can be saved, for children will read something. Provide for them, then, good books, and they will early imbibe a relish for them. Such are those now under consideration.

Published and for sale by B. B. Mussey, No. 29 Cornhill, Boston.

"The Omnipresent God."

MUSIC BY LOWELL MASON.

God is in the torrent's fall, In the sum - mer breeze;
God is in the thunder's call, In the whisp - 'ring trees.
Where the low-ly vi - olet springs, Where the faith-ful i - vy clings,
Where the small bird sweetly sings, There, forev-er there, is God.

2

God is in the flashing eye,
In the speaking tongue;
God is in the mourner's cry,
In the marriage song.—
With the saint at morning prayer,
With the midnight murderer slaying,
With the cradled infant playing.
There, forever there, is God.

3

God is in the army's path,
In the ocean's swell;
God is in the whirlwind's wrath,
In the telling bell.—
By the sinner's dying bed,
By the watcher's weary head,
By the living and the dead.
There, forever there, is God.

Connecticut Observer

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

VOL. III. JUNE, 1848. NO. 6.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE SPIRIT'S HOPE.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

Respectfully addressed to Female Students.

A female student! Many a wise head is raised in astonishment at such an idea, but to any one who thinks it an anomaly, permit me to say, that, as the bravest soldiers are often found in the *ranks* of the army, so many an inquiring spirit shrined in a female form, is overlooked or unappreciated because it is necessarily nurtured in solitude, and from its very sensitiveness, destined to seclusion. It is not a picture of the imagination that I would present, but a statement of calm and solemn reality, cheering the despondent, sustaining the weak, and pleading with the vigorous that they may offer upon the shrine of high and holy principle, every gift of intellect.

That true genius will work its way into the clear, bright sunshine, I cannot doubt; but, between the lofty breathings of an inspired soul and the calm, even tenor of the majority of human beings, there are intermediate grades, and among these, many of decided talent, which, united with persevering industry can perform miracles in literature, as well as in art. Who that has travelled the stony pathway of early endeavor, cannot look back from the green pastures to which they tended, and rejoice in the energy which hath met, at last, its own exceeding great reward?

Go with me to that solitary chamber where sits the enthusiastic student, intent upon a ponderous volume, whose contents are feeding the insatiable appetite of a longing and immortal nature. The garniture

of the room is but faintly revealed by the dim taper, but its occupant heeds nothing but her book; and her bodily energies are almost exhausted before she realizes that the time for repose is at hand. Enter with me as she sits with folded hands and downcast eyes, striving to hush the tumult of desires which are knocking at the very citadel of life. Thoughts are crowding upon her thick and fast—thoughts of the little accomplished, compared with the interminable field before her, and she feels herself a child upon the sea-shore, striving to displace with pebbles the billowy world of waters.

The past, with its days of toil and nights of study, rises before her mental vision, and she feels that the wealth accumulated in the great receptacle of memory, is scarcely commensurate with the time and energy bestowed on its acquisition. She remembers that she has attained one eminence only to see another, more difficult of attainment and more desirable, rise upon her view, yet her interest and enthusiasm have increased at every step; but now lassitude and despondency have bound her captive, and thought is leading her whithersoever it will.

Mark that pale and earnest face, while I breathe into the dull ear of wearied human nature, the gracious promise, "*there* we shall know." See you the glistening eye, the parted lip, the transient smile of joy betokening a hope born anew, and sending its vivifying influence to every nerve and fibre of the animal frame, and soothing the troubled spirit, like a voice from Heaven? Hear the earnest inquiry—where shall we know all for which we pine, thirst and long, during life's strangely-chequered voyage? When shall there be no more obstructions in the highway of mental acquisitions—no tabernacle of flesh chaining the expanding spirit to low desire, and bodily weaknesses, and whispering continually of decay? Where shall knowledge flow like a river, and those who will, have only to stoop and drink, and go on from glory to glory, till time itself shall be forgotten? When shall we associate with those only who will minister to this want of the undying spirit, and gently lead us by the still waters and in the green pastures of the spirit-land, till hope itself is lost in fruition? When and where but in Heaven awaits this blissful consummation of a life of faithful toil, pure desire, and steadfast acknowledgment of the lofty end and aim of our earthly pilgrimage?"

I would exhort you not to let a high aim be wanting to stimulate the flagging energies, and be not content with slow progress in any department of literature. There are many splendid examples of female perseverance and success. The time too often wasted on fashionable follies, would suffice for all the writings of a Hemans, an Edgeworth or a Landon. The world of romance and poetry which the genius of a Scott created, occupied so few hours of the day, that his visitors rarely missed him from the drawing-room but for a short period in the early part of the day. The mechanician, while constructing a curious and complicated machine, marks day by day its slow and satisfactory progress; but the student has no tangible evidence of his improvement, and must be content to build an unseen structure with silent labor and unwavering faith.

Careworn and zealous student, this then is thy consolation. Here, be thy acquisitions what they may, they are but the alphabet of what thou shalt know hereafter, if faithful to thyself and thy Maker. Thy progress now is but a feeble type of that which thou shalt experience when angels are thy teachers, and night with its dark wing ceases to woo thee to forgetfulness and repose. Be not unmindful that every path we are permitted to tread on earth, has its peculiar snares, and the votary of science is not exempt from dangers, insidious and therefore the more to be dreaded. It is difficult indeed to "pray without ceasing," and to feel a constant sense of an Almighty presence, while the mind is endeavoring to fathom the deep abyss of philosophical speculation, or listening to the voice of the mighty past from the eloquent pages of History, or exploring the rich mines of poetry which the genius of other ages has bequeathed us. I have said it is difficult to exercise devotional feelings while the mind is perpetually imbibing large draughts from the fountains of knowledge; but thanks to Him who created us, it is not impossible. This state of mind is obtained only by patient endeavor, constant care and untiring watchfulness, sanctified by frequent communion with Heaven in prayer and meditation.

They who unreservedly lay upon the altar of God the acceptable sacrifice of all their endowments, who consecrate themselves body and soul to his service, are best fitted to enter upon their noviciate, and to pursue with honor and happiness the path which leads to a blissful termination within the confines of the unseen world.

Religion, if permitted, presides over the mind in simple majesty, making each acquisition of knowledge, or effusion of genius, an offering worthy of the bright spark of intelligence with which a benevolent Creator has endowed us. The touching record of a Savior's sufferings and love, must be to the student what the star of hope is to the sailor's eye—an unerring guide over the roughest waters. Let it not be forgotten that Christianity has led the way through intricate paths for the heralds of human improvement and elevation, and that she continues to move in the van of the enterprize and can never be thrown in the rear, for hers is the very spirit of advancement. The nineteenth century has found us in the outer portal of her treasure-house; and while the world endures, she will continue to unfold the crystal gates of her temple, and reveal new stores of light and wisdom, till the foot-prints of men cease to mark the earth.

The desire for fame, almost an instinct of our nature, burns like a devastating flame, unless religion shed its tranquilizing power over the unseen destroyer, and render it subservient to the christian desire of a Savior's blessing and approval. This immortal hope, stretching far beyond what light-winged imagination can conceive, consoles us under the deprivation of our accustomed privileges. Time, as it rushes by us with noiseless rapidity, unmindful of our prayers or reproaches, often robs us of our intellectual refreshment, and hope can only point to the morrow as a recompense for the irredeemable past. Religion in her majestic and captivating serenity bids us be patient while suffering from "hope deferred," for "they also serve who only stand and wait;" and while she sheds a halo of faith and love around the portals of the tomb, points unceasingly to the resplendent shores of eternity, and spans the narrow stream of death with a bright pathway for feet unsoiled with the dust of an earthly pilgrimage.

This then, lover of the deep mysteries of nature, this is the kind goddess, who can recompense thee for every disappointment, soothe thee when bowed with affliction, satisfy the cravings which are consuming thee, and, above all, ensure the fruition of thy every hope with the collected wisdom and virtue of the mighty past,—with the unsinning angels who have no imperfect ministries to mourn, and in the presence of the Source of all life, light and knowledge. White-robed and innocent, her only abiding place is the heart consecrated to

her service, and ripening day by day in every christian grace and lofty virtue. She waits but to be bidden, and then enters, a smiling guest, into the heart's most secret chambers, and hallows every thought, feeling and purpose, till the whole life becomes an act of worship, "holy, acceptable unto God, a reasonable service."

Murmur not, thou whose eye is brilliant with the kindling fires of genius, whose expansive brow bespeaks an ardent and aspiring nature, whose burning thoughts find utterance in glowing and impassioned language; murmur not if others, less gifted wear the crown, while thou art reaping the wide field of inspiration and philosophy. If, indeed, thy genius be of a high order, the meed of fame will be awarded thee, though its clarion voice break not the slumber of the quiet dead. Think you it would add one brighter hue to an angel's crown, or lend sweeter music to thy voice amid the choral hosts of heaven?

I remember one, long since departed, whose active mind, before early manhood had passed, was richly stored with useful and elegant knowledge. To a memory naturally defective, was joined a discriminating mind and an ardent thirst for improvement. His industry amply atoned for his defective powers of recollection, so that information once gained was woven, as it were, into the very fibre of his spiritual being. I think he forgot nothing he had ever learned. He was present on one occasion, when astronomy was the subject of conversation, and, as usual, speculation grasped that upon which exact knowledge had not dared to lay her finger. "We can do little else now but speculate upon so vast a theme," he remarked; "but the time approaches when we shall all know with certainty the condition of those innumerable and vast orbs; rolling in the apparently interminable regions of space." "Do you expect to know more of such subjects after death?" a friend inquired.

"O! yes, I believe I shall be permitted to wander from star to star, gathering wisdom at every fountain through the limitless ages of eternity!" The kindling eye which was so soon to close in death, gave token that immortality alone could satisfy the longings of his enthusiastic spirit. The faith which animated this early victim of decay, is sufficient to cheer, guide and encourage all who are intent upon their own moral and intellectual advancement.

To feel assured that death interrupts not our rapid progress, but rather gives it new impetus by removing obstacles inseparable from our earthly condition, and, it may be, permits us to receive new faculties wherewith to labor in new fields of wisdom, is sufficient for the highest flight of ambition, and a full recompense for disappointment and sorrow. Let all who have realized the blessings of an improving nature, be anxious to lead their associates in the path so pleasant to their own feet, and, by an equable temper, a steady cheerfulness and serene trust, so recommend their plan of life, that many shall be won from the dread darkness of ignorance and apathy, into the clear light which emanates unceasingly from the throne of God.

Learning is never more lovely than when she gives grace and dignity to the female character. When united with religion, it is calculated above all things else to direct aright her glowing imagination, ardent affections and keen susceptibility, to the beautiful and noble in nature and art. The cultivated christian is the most sublime spectacle which the world presents. It is such an one who received five talents, and lo! here are the other five borne in humble triumph to the bar of judgment and the mercy-seat.

Boston, Feb., 1843.

THE SETTING SUN.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he ran,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he began,
And there followed some droppings of rain.
But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heavenly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope, at the end of his days,
Of rising in brighter array.—WATTS.

WESTMINSTER COURT OF REQUESTS.

It is not always by squalid exterior, that poverty and privation are indicated. A silk dress often covers as much real destitution as the beggar's rags. Nay, the first has the most to endure, and is most worthy of pity, for the codger, if he can procure as much broken victuals as will sustain existence, and obtain the undisturbed possession of a bulk for his nightly rest, repines little, if at all, at his condition; while the "genteel" poor, on the other hand, have not only existence to support, but also station in society to maintain. The footsteps of famine are occasionally to be found impressed more indelibly on the lineaments of one who may be seen buttoned up in superfine broadcloth, than upon the countenances of those to whom misery has always been an inseparable bed-fellow.

A rotund, full-priced baker, who brings his weekly batch of miserable debtors to this court—bakers are not generally speaking celebrated for benevolence, especially Scotch bakers—stepped into the plaintiff's box, papers and ledger in hand, to make his claim to 25s for bread supplied to a Mr. John Howard.

A tall young woman, wearing a handsome fur mantilla and evidently careful to exhibit the externals of gentility, presented herself to answer the demand. Her age might be either 18 or 28—the hollow cheek and spare form, produced by early sorrow or privation, or both, prevented a closer approximation to the truth.

A Commissioner. Is the amount disputed?

Young Lady. Certainly not. I have only to say, on the part of my father, that he sincerely regrets his inability to settle the account at once.

Chairman. How will he pay it?

Young Lady. I have 5s to offer now, and my father wishes to have the indulgence of paying the rest at half a crown a week.

Commissioner. The bill is for bread, and it has been standing for some time. Judging from your appearance, I should think your father cannot be in such circumstances as to make it difficult to procure the few shillings left unpaid on this bill.

Young Lady. Appearances are often deceitful. It is equally distressing to my father and myself to ask for even

one day; but unexpected sickness in our family has totally exhausted our little means.

Baker (pocketing the money.) Twa and saxpence a week is not enough. Ye gang about toon with a grand boa and a silk dress, while my wife maun wear a plaid shawl and cotton gown because the likes o' ye will eat an honest man's bread wi'out paying fo't. That fine tippet ye hae gotten on maun hae cost, may be, sax gowden guineas.

"It is true," said the young lady, coloring, "my dress may appear rather extravagant, and if I could with prudence dress with less cost I would do so; but upon a respectable exterior on my part, as a teacher of music, depends the subsistence of a sick father and two young sisters. (The baker shut the book abruptly, and thrust his papers into his pocket.) As for the boa that you allude to, that was pledged this morning to raise a few shillings to pay you the sum you have just received, and to provide food for those who have tasted little else beyond dry bread for the last week. The tippet I have on was kindly lent me by my landlady, as the day is wet and cold."

"Well, Mr. baker," said the Chairman, in a tone of compassion, "perhaps you will agree to the young lady's terms?"

"O ayes," said the baker, "twa and saxpence a month. Pit it down if you will."

Chairman. Two and sixpence a week was offered.

"Mak it just what ye like," said the baker.

The order was made and handed to the young lady.

As she was leaving the court the baker stopped her:

"Gie me haud o' that bit of paper," said the baker.

The request was complied with.

"Noo," said the baker, thrusting some silver into her hand, "tak back your croon piece, and dinna fash yourself at a' wi' the weekly payment. Ye shall hae a four pound loaf ilka day, at my shop, and ye may pay me just when ye're able; and if I never git the siller, may be I'll no miss it; but mind, young leddy," said he, angrily, "gin ye deal wi' uny ither baker, Ise pit this order in force agin yere father."

The young lady looked her gratitude—the baker had vanished.—*London paper.*

CHARITY. He that can give little assistance himself may yet perform the duty of charity by inflaming the ardor of others, and recommending the petitions which he cannot grant to those who have more to bestow.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

BEAUTY AND POWER OF FRANKNESS.

In the interesting and fruitful contemplation of moral being around us, and of the actions which spring from its impulses, we may discern some peculiar, cardinal virtues, which exercise a princely power over the heart, and in their train are gathered a brilliant pageant of attractive attendants. Such is frankness. An open, ingenuous disposition of mind is an acquisition of boundless pleasure and priceless value. Even if not strengthened and beautified by divine power and grace, the essential element exists, which in every circumstance is clothed in magic charms that compel admiration. The hideous shapes of human sensibilities, which so often stalk like wasting demons through the regions of the human heart, must flee its approach.

I have the honor of an acquaintance with one, upon whose character this virtue sits with fairer radiance, and certainly with more peace, than the jewelled coronet upon the brow of Victoria. I have seen her move in a circle of the intelligent and fashionable, unconscious of the syren power which this quality of disposition imparted to her conversation, unconscious amid the glow-worm splendor of her companions, that the cloakless soul thus mirrored in the words, the beaming of the heart in the brilliance of the eyes, with more than Circean charms, were drawing sincere and worthy admirers to her homage. Poorly do the vain flatteries and lying deceits of flippant raillery and fashionable compliment compensate for the lack of this ennobling principle. Who can derive pleasure from association with one who is compelled to add such deceit to concomitant evils? To throw a veil round the deformities of moral character, and present an appearance which reality belies? Can such an individual joy or sympathise in the transcendant pleasures which gush from the well-spring of true and ardent affection? Miserable, in its deepest meaning, must that one be, who cannot utter one sentiment of the heart, think aloud one thought of the mind, or borrow one image from the feelings living and moving within the breast, lest the depravity of the real character be portrayed. And when memory, with its stemless power, rushes through the secret caverns of the soul, what fulness of pleasure can it bring, what vision of the future can it illumine with hope?

Nowhere is this brilliant gem to be so highly prized, this

enchanting disposition to be so assiduously cultivated as in the formation of the youthful character. To all, it is an ornament; but here it shines with the greatest lustre. The soul which may claim a candor that scorns the sentiment or the utterance of aught deceitful, unites with it a noble and pervading generosity which loathes all that it is unbecoming to an infinite, immortal being.

Young ladies, look well to the manifestations of this characteristic in him who may seek favor at your hands! Is his heart crowned with this beautiful garland? It fades not like the laureate-chaplet of the victor. Does this glorious feeling breathe forth in the tones of his conversation, and actuate his impulse? Depend upon it, that is the soul to be trusted. Mark such a young man, as he threads the intricacies of every-day life! His peers yield him admiration and love, and long for similitude; his superiors cherish him with honor, and he wins admission to the noblest circles; he will be the faithful and honest tradesman, the confiding and affectionate husband, the pride, hope and trust of all with whom he is connected.

If the beauty and power of an ingenuous character are of so great value, how may we, while disciplining our abilities and shaping our future actions, attain it? Here we behold it a plant of indigenous growth to the heart. It seems born with the other impulses and spontaneous nature guides it. There, it is an exotic, transplanted to the soil of the human affections, and by careful nurture and indefatigable training, it blooms most beauteously. Would any one possess this invaluable treasure? Let the heart be regulated—let the tendencies be moulded to the governance of virtue—let the actions be guided by the performance of duty. In fine, the only path to its attainment is by harboring nothing within the precincts of the soul, which would debase us if exhibited to the world. Unlike her, who, in the consciousness of guiltiness, shrinks into self-insignificance, the one possessed of this noble, dignified frankness, may stand forth in the worthy pride of a glorious confidence; timid constraint and foolish bashfulness endure not her presence, for she fosters too enlightened views of human nature, looks not on humanity with the suspicion and distrust which clothe it ever in garments of hypocrisy, but she views it in its descent from a high and holy parentage, its kindred to the Great Original of goodness, and feels that it can sympathize with lofty principle and noble aspiration.

AMANDA.

New-York City, May, 1843.

DR. ROBERT SOUTHEY. The following is an extract from a letter recently written by Mrs. Southey (formerly so well known as Caroline Bowles) to Mrs. Sigourney. It gives a lamentable picture of the present state of this distinguished man, the poet laureate of England.*

"You desire to be remembered to him who sang 'of Thalaba, the wild and wondrous tale.' Alas! my friend, the dull, cold ear of death is not more insensible than his, my dearest husband's, to all communications from the world without. Scarcely can I keep hold of the last poor comfort of believing that he still knows me. This almost complete unconsciousness has not been of more than six month's standing, though more than two years have elapsed since he has written even his name. After the death of his first wife, 'Edith,' of his first love, who was for several years insane, his health was terribly shaken. Yet for the greater part of a year that he spent with me in Hampshire, my former home, it seemed perfectly re-established, and he used to say, 'it had surely pleased God that the last years of his life should be happy.' But the Almighty's will was otherwise. The little cloud soon appeared which was in no long time to overshadow all. In the blackness of its shadow we still live, and shall pass from under it only through the portals of the grave. The last three years have done on me the work of twenty. The one sole business of my life is that which I verily believe keeps the life in me—the guardianship of my dear, helpless, unconscious husband."

A WISE CHOICE

I'll tell you, friend, what sort of wife,
Whene'er I scan this scene of life,
  Inspires my waking schemes,
And when I sleep, with form so light,
Dances before my ravished sight,
  In sweet, aerial dreams.

The rose its blushes need not lend,
Not yet the lily with them blend,
  To captivate my eyes.
Give me a cheek the heart obeys,
And, sweetly mutable, displays
  Its feelings as they rise;

Features, where pensive, more than gay,
Save when a rising smile doth play,
  The sober thought you see;
Eyes that all soft and tender seem,
And kind affections round them beam,
  But most of all on me.

A form though not of finest mould,
Where yet a something you behold
  Unconsciously doth please;

* Since this was written, Dr. Southey has died.—ED.

Manners all graceful without art,
That to each look and word impart
A modesty and ease.

But still her air, her face, each charm,
Must speak a heart with feeling warm,
And mind inform the whole;
With mind her mantling cheek must glow,
Her voice, her beaming eye must show
An all-inspiring soul.

Ah! could I such a being find,
And were her fate to mine but joined
By Hymen's silken tie,
To her myself, my all I'd give,
For her alone delighted live,
For her consent to die.

Whene'er by anxious gloom oppressed,
On the soft pillow of her breast
My aching head I'd lay;
At her sweet smile each care should cease,
Her kiss infuse a balmy peace,
And drive my griefs away.

In turn, I'd soften all her care,
Each thought, each wish, each feeling share.
Should sickness e'er invade,
My voice should soothe each rising sigh,
My hand the cordial would supply—
I'd watch beside her bed.

Should gathering clouds our sky deform,
My arms should shield her from the storm;
And were its fury hurled,
My bosom to its bolts I'd bare,
In her defence undaunted dare
Defy the opposing world.

Together should our prayers ascend,
Together humbly would we bend,
To praise the Almighty name;
And when I saw her kindling eye
Beam upward to her native sky,
My soul should catch the flame.

Thus nothing should our hearts divide,
But on our years serenely glide,
And all to love be given;
And when life's little scene was o'er,
We'd part to meet and part no more,
But live and love in heaven.—FRISBIE.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE BIBLE—WOMAN'S BEST FRIEND.

BY MRS. MARY S. SARGEANT.

How dear to the heart of every woman should be the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. To this alone is she indebted for the elevated position she occupies in social society. If we look over the various portions of the world and examine the condition of our sex, we shall find, that, just in proportion to the spread of the gospel, and the degree of purity in which it is presented, does its influence raise the condition of woman, and prepare her to fill that happy and useful sphere in which she was originally formed to move. Man, in all the pride and independence of his own unsubdued will and native depravity, confirmed by the demoralizing and hardening influence of infidelity, yields not to woman the place assigned her by the God of the bible, but reduces her privileges and rights, in proportion as the light and power of the bible are reduced, until she is made to take the place of a mere beast of burden, and deprived of all intellectual and social enjoyments. Society, also, is, at the same time, deprived of the mellowing and modifying power of female virtue and influence. And, just so far as any female gives countenance to those principles which depreciate the worth and importance of the religion of the Savior, is she giving her voice and influence against that source from which she derives all the happiness she enjoys in the various relations she sustains in life, and all the consideration which is awarded to her in the position she now occupies in society.

Let the ladies of the present day, which is a day of infidel effort, reflect well on their destiny and their duty, and guard the holy altars of religion as they would *their own* most sacred rights and the happiness and honor of MAN.

To the consideration of *young ladies*, especially, does this subject present itself. It is invested with all the importance which it is possible to throw round any subject involving not only their own individual happiness and well-being, in time and eternity, but the physical, intellectual and moral elevation of their sex. Cherish then, young ladies, the bible and its sacred principles, as your choicest treasure; as a legacy bequeathed you by God for your especial benefit, and conferring on you a title to such blessings and privileges as are unknown to woman in an infidel or heathen world. Mark every

attempt made to wrest this treasure from you, or to weaken your confidence in its value, however specious the pretext, or well-disguised the temptation; and withdraw from such an influence as you would from your deadliest foe. On you devolves very great responsibilities; for, by the example and influence of *young ladies*, the character and principles of all *young men* are more or less either purified or vitiated, according as their associations are formed. Let then your principles and practice, ever be in strict accordance with the gospel of Christ, yielding nothing to infidelity in any of the plausible forms it assumes, remembering that your sphere of action is a very important one, however humble or elevated your station.

The domestic associations afford the fittest opportunities of convincing the skeptic and winning the dissolute, by a presentation of the excellencies of religion in a practical exhibition of its power and holy influences. Then diligently attend to the improvement of your mind and manners by study and the cultivation of every appropriate accomplishment, making it your object to bring all to subserve the great cause of recommending the *religion of the Bible*.

Lowell, Mass., May, 1843.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

BY MONTGOMERY.

Amid the pompous crowd
Of rich adorers, came an humble form;
A widow, meek as poverty doth make
Her children! with a look of sad content,
Her mite within the treasure heap she cast—
Then, timidly, as bashful twilight, stole
From out the temple. But her lowly gift
Was witnessed by an Eye whose mercy views
In motive, all which consecrates a deed
To goodness. He blessed the widow's mite
Beyond the gifts abounding wealth bestowed.
Thus is it, Lord, with Thee. The heart is thine,
And all the world of hidden action, there
Works in Thy sight, like waves beneath the sun,
Conspicuous; and a thousand nameless acts
Which lurk in lowly secrecy, and die
Unnoticed, like the trodden flowers which fall
Beneath a proud man's foot, to Thee are known,
And written with a sun-beam in the book
Of life, where mercy fills the brightest pages!

BURNS AND HIS HIGHLAND MARY.

We extract the following interesting article, from the Montreal Herald. It will be read with a melancholy pleasure, by many of our subscribers; for few poets have a deeper hold on the hearts of the New-Englanders, than Robert Burns, whose errors are forgotten in the contemplation of his genius and his worth:

"We had in our possession on Saturday, the identical pair of bibles presented by the immortal Burns to the dearest object of his affections, Highland Mary, on the banks of the winding Ayr, when he spent with her "one day of parting love." They are in remarkably good preservation, and belong to a descendant of the family of Mary's mother, Mrs. Campbell, whose property they became on the death of her daughter, and subsequently Mrs. Anderson, Mary's only surviving sister, acquired them. The circumstance of the bible being in two volumes, seemed at one time to threaten its dismemberment, Mrs. Anderson having presented a volume to each of her two daughters; but on their approaching marriage, their brother William prevailed on them to dispose of the second volume to him. On the first blank leaf of the first volume is written, in the hand writing of the immortal bard, "And ye shall not swear by my name falsely—I am the Lord.—Levit. 19 chap. 12th verse;" and on the corresponding leaf of the second volume, "Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shall perform unto the Lord thine oath.—Matt. 5th ch. 33d verse." On the second blank leaf of each volume, there are the remains of "Robert Burns, Mossgiel," in his hand writing, beneath which is drawn a masonic emblem. At the end of the first volume, there is a lock of Highland Mary's hair.

There is a mournful interest attached to these sacred volumes—sacred from their contents, and sacred from having been a pledge of love from the most gifted of Scotland's bards, to the artless object of his affections, from whom he was separating, no more to meet on this side the grave. The life of Burns was full of romance, but there is not one circumstance in it all, so romantic and full of interest as those which attended and followed the gift of these volumes. He was young when he wooed and won the affections of Mary, whom he describes as "a warmhearted, charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love." The attachment was mutual, and forms the subject of many of his earlier lyrics,

as well as of the productions of his later years, which show that it was very deep-rooted. Before he was known to fame, steeped in poverty to the very dregs, and meditating an escape to the West Indies from the remorseless fangs of a hard-hearted creditor, he addressed to his "dear girl" the song which begins,

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave old Scotia's shore,
Will you go to Indies, my Mary,
And cross the Atlantic's roar?"

But neither Burns or his Mary were doomed to "cross the Atlantic's roar," nor to realize those dreams of mutual bliss which passion or enthusiasm had engendered in their youthful imaginations. Burns was called to Edinburgh, there to commence his career of fame, which was to terminate in chill poverty, dreary disappointment and dark despair —while Mary's happier lot, after a transient gleam of the sunshine of life, was to be removed to a better and a happier world. Her death shed a sadness over his whole future life, and a spirit of subdued grief and tenderness was displayed whenever she was the subject of his conversation or writings. Witness as follows:

"Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomerie,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie;
There simmer first unfolds her robes,
An' there they langest tarry,
For there I took my last fareweel
O' my sweet Hieland Mary!"

In a note appended to this song, Burns says:—"This was a composition of mine in my early life, before I was known at all to the world. My Highland lassie was a warm-hearted charming young creature as ever blessed a man with generous love. After a pretty long trial of the most ardent reciprocal affection, we met by appointment on the second Sunday of May, in a sequestered spot on the banks of the Ayr, where we spent a day in taking a farewell before she would embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for our projected change of life. At the close of the autumn following, she crossed the sea to meet me at Greenock; where

she was seized with a malignant fever which hurried my dear girl to her grave in a few days, before I could even hear of her illness."

It was at this romantic and interesting meeting on the banks of the Ayr, that the bibles before us were presented to Mary; and he must have a heart of stone indeed, who can gaze on them without his imagination's calling up feelings in his bosom too big for utterance. On that spot they exchanged bibles and plighted their faith to each other, the stream dividing them, and the sacred book grasped by both over its purling waters. This was the only token of affection each had to give the other, and the wealth of the Indies could not have procured a better or more appropriate one.

In Lockhart's life of Burns we are informed that several years after the death of Mary, on the anniversary of the day which brought him the melancholy intelligence, he appeared as the twilight advanced, (in the language of his widow,) "very sad about something;" and though the evening was a cold and keen one in September, he wandered into his barn-yard, from which the entreaties of his wife could not, for some time, recal him. To these entreaties he always promised obedience, but the promises were but the lipkindnesses of affection, no sooner made than forgotten, for his eye was fixed on heaven, and his unceasing stride indicated that his heart was also there. Mrs. Burns' last approach to the barn-yard found him stretched on a mass of straw, looking abstractedly on a planet which, in a clear starry sky, "shone like another noon," and having prevailed on him to return into the house, instantly wrote, as they stand, the following sublime verses, "To Mary in Heaven," which have thrilled through many breasts, and drawn tears from many eyes, and which will live the noblest of the lyrics of Burns, while sublimity and pathos have a responding charm in the hearts of Scotsmen.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget?
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined am'rous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of the winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

The bible is, as we said before, the property of a descendant of Mrs Campbell, the mother of Mary, who lives in Upper Canada, and who is in such reduced circumstances that he has sent the invaluable heirloom to this city for the purpose of disposing of it. Of its genuineness we have not the slightest doubt, as we have, times without number, seen original letters from Burns, and the writing on the bible corresponds exactly with that in the letters we have seen. It is to be deplored, that stern necessity should decree the separation of such a tribute of the affection of one of the noblest of hearts that ever graced humanity, from the family of the darling object of that affection, and that the token of an attachment which almost ennobled the family of Mary Campbell, must fall into the hands of a stranger; but since such must be the case, we hope the Natural History Society will not allow such a valuable relic to become private property.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

NEWTON LOWER FALLS MATERNAL ASSOCIATION.

☞ We must apologize to our young readers for the insertion of a few pages not s rictly adapted to their department, but in the contents of which, we trust they do not feel entirely indifferent.

In connection with this remark we would also say, that the interesting report which follows, has been accidentally delayed a number of months—Ed.

The Newton Lower Falls Maternal Association was formed three years since. The illness of the Secretary prevented her offering a report of the second year, so that we have the two past years to review. In making this retrospect, we find abundant reason to thank our Heavenly Father, who has graciously assisted us in the important object for which we are associated. Our monthly meetings have been regularly held, and well attended; and, when we consider the distant residence of some, and the domestic avocations of most of us, this fact evinces a degree of interest highly encouraging.

The course of reading has been such, as to instruct and assist us, in the discharge of the important duties which devolve upon us, as Christian mothers. The Mother's Assistant, Mother's Magazine, and other periodicals of the kind, are in circulation among us, and contain much interesting and valuable information. Many important topics have been proposed for consideration, and freely discussed at our meetings, so that the ideas and experience of each, are made common property, and become useful to all. And who can estimate the value of those prayers which have here been offered? The heartfelt pleadings of a mother, for the immortal souls which God has committed to her charge, must be heard at the throne of grace, and will doubtless be answered in the eternal welfare of those so dear to us.

Once in three months, our children have met with us, and have repeated passages of Scripture, which they have selected, in answer to previously-proposed questions. It has been customary, at such times, to receive an address, by way of exhortation and encouragement, from the Rector of St. Mary's Church. These meetings are particularly useful, in impressing upon the minds of our children a sense of the privileges and advantages which they derive by their connection with the association. During the time which now passes in review before us, an All-wise Providence has often commissioned the solemn messenger, Death, to warn us of the uncertainty of

this life, and the necessity of diligent preparation for a never-ending state of existence. Two of our earliest members have been called to sever earthly ties, and to render their final account, of the manner in which they discharged the obligations those ties imposed upon them. Although the loss has been deeply felt, we are happy in the belief, that in each case the departed were prepared for the solemn summons, and that our transient sorrow is but the commencement of their eternal joy. The bereaved children claim our warmest sympathy, and we have rejoiced, that an ever-watchful Heavenly Father has placed them in the care of pious friends, who will, we trust, so lead them in the paths of holiness, that they may be fitted to join their departed parents, in that home where separations are unknown.

But this has not been our only trial. There are those of our number, from whose fond earthly embrace have been removed the objects of that love, which none but a mother can feel. No less than seven of our youthful members, have been taken to the arms of that Savior who has said, "Of such is the kingdom of Heaven." Although the bereaved parents deeply made the aching void which has thus been made in their affections, yet we trust they find consolation, in the happiness of the departed ones, and that they are striving; by diligent preparation, for a blissful reunion beyond the grave. And should we not all regard these repeated admonitions from the tomb, as the voice of God, bidding us to "Watch, lest, coming suddenly, He find us sleeping?" Our number has also been lessened by the removal of four families from the vicinity, leaving us, at present, *thirty-eight* mothers and *one hundred and one* children.

There is one subject of maternal duty, which, in our earnest desire for the soul's welfare, we may be in danger of overlooking. Physical education has, of late, been the theme of many an able pen, and well does it deserve such attention, when we reflect upon the intimate connection which exists between the soul and its clay tenement, and the great extent to which the former may be incapacitated by any derangement of the latter, it surely becomes an imperative duty to ascertain the best means of rearing sound minds in healthy bodies.

The Fourth Article of our Constitution, requires us "to pray *for* our children daily, and *with* them as often as circumstances will permit." No Christian mother of course can

neglect the first of these duties, but it is to be feared that all do not sufficiently avail themselves of the latter privilege. That our children should approach the throne of grace with us, and unite in our petitions, seems not only natural and desirable, but appears to be indispensably requisite to a Christian education. What is better calculated to impress the young with a feeling of dependence upon God, and to form in them a habit of addressing Him in prayer, than the practice of redeeming a portion of each day from worldly pursuits, for the purpose of receiving instruction from the inspired volume, and together asking the Divine blessing upon all we do? Even in cases where the mother must herself conduct the family devotions, no fear of incapacity, no feeling of diffidence, should cause her to shrink from the performance of so obvious a duty. It may be we do not expect, with sufficient ardor, the early conversion of our offspring, and that we are too prone to consider it as something out of the common course of events; but may we not look, with confidence, for the blessing of God upon that seed, which is sown by the hand of maternal faithfulness, watered by the tears of pious tenderness, and invigorated by the breath of prayer and the light of a consistent example?

We have all, undoubtedly, felt the management of our children, to be a far less difficult matter, than the government of ourselves. Were our own characters such as they could safely imitate, with what comparative ease could their training be accomplished! It is an *inconsistent example*, which so often counteracts the efficacy of our most faithful admonitions. Let us therefore strive so to govern our own actions, that they may never be the cause of stumbling to those who lean upon us for guidance in the path of duty. It has been said, that parents are in danger of not giving to conscience, that pre-eminence, among the powers of mind, which it so justly deserves. God has give conscience as a beacon-light to the soul, warning it of danger. How important, then, that we improve this faculty to its utmost capacity. How necessary, that children should be trained to consider *right* and *wrong* as the true standard of action; yet, it is to be feared, that we sometimes give to expediency, or to love of praise, that control over the conduct, which belongs to conscience alone. But, time will permit us to consider but few of the topics which present themselves to the mind upon this occasion. The advantages which we enjoy, as members of this

Association, are, we trust, appreciated by us all. Even the knowledge, that we are in the habit of meeting for such a purpose, invests the subject with greater importance, and causes the mind to dwell upon it more fully, than would otherwise be the case. And if, through this instrumentality, the destiny of even *one* immortal being should be influenced for good, shall we have spent our time in vain? Who that feels the value of the never-dying soul, can deem any sacrifices too great, any labors too abundant, which may lead to its salvation? It is believed, that this, and similar associations, are the means of strengthening and elevating the Christian character, by continually reminding us of the solemn responsibilities which we have assumed, and of drawing more closely those bonds of love, which should ever unite the followers of a common Savior.

May the blessing of God accompany these our humble efforts in His service, and may we, in the great day of account, be blessed with the approving sentence, "She hath done what she could."

In behalf of the Association, H. A. D., Sec'y.

West Needham, Mass., April, 1843.

From the Persian.

THE FAIREST LAND.

"Tell me, gentle traveller,
Who hast wandered far and wide,
Seen the sweetest roses blow,
And the brightest rivers glide—
Say, of all thine eye hath seen,
Which the fairest land has been."

"Lady, shall I tell thee where
Nature seems most blest and fair,
Far above all climes beside?
'T is where those we love, abide.
And that little spot is best
Which the loved one's foot hath pressed;
Though it be a fairy space,
Wide and spreading is the place;
Though it were but barren mound,
'T would become enchanted ground.
With thee, yon sandy waste would seem
The margin of Al Cowthar's stream;
And thou couldst make a dungeon's gloom,
A bower where new-born roses bloom."

THE SCHOOL AND THE SCHOOL-MASTER.—A Manual for the use of Teachers, Employers, Trustees, Inspectors, &c., of Common Schools.

This book consists of two parts. The first part, written by DR. POTTER, professor of Moral Philosophy in Union College, is entitled *The School*, and treats of its objects, relations and uses; with a sketch of the education most needed in the United States, the present state of common schools, and the consequent duties of parents, trustees, inspectors, &c.

The second part, written by GEORGE B. EMERSON, ESQ. of this city, treats of the proper character, studies and duties of the teacher, with the best methods for the government and instruction of common schools, and the principles on which school houses should be built, arranged, warmed and ventilated.

The synopsis of this work, is alone sufficient to recommend it to the attention of every parent. Could a more important array of interesting subjects be presented in one book? Subjects—upon the due consideration of which, and a proper attention to which, hangs, to a great extent, the destiny of this nation. Our government is strong in the same proportion as the people are intelligent and virtuous; and one of the most powerful instrumentalities to make them so, is the Common School. It is the imperative duty, therefore, of every parent at least, to make himself acquainted with the moral power of common Schools and their susceptibility of Improvement.

In this country, give a child an education, if it is nothing more than the usual English branches of the Common School, and the door to the highest honors and influence is wide open before him.

THE HONORABLE JAMES WADSWORTH of the State of N. Y., has generously presented a copy of this work to every school district in that State—almost *eleven thousand* in number—and one to each deputy superintendent. Martin Brimmer Esq. of this city has also generously distributed *thirty-five hundred copies* in this State.

Where this work has not already been introduced, can we not persuade some generous individual, who loves to witness the prosperity of the Common School, to purchase a copy and lend to his townsmen, until it has been generally read? We feel assured that great good might be accomplished in this way.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON.---Number 10 of this invaluable work has a portrait of Washington from the original picture in the possession of the Atheneum, by Stuart. It carries the history down from April, 1789, to April 1793. Published by Tappan & Dennet, Boston.

LESSONS ON THE BOOK OF PROVERBS, topically arranged, forming a system of Practical Ethics, for the use of Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes. pp. 107. Boston: Tappan & Dennet.

"It is I, be not afraid."

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND, BY L. MASON.

When the storm of the mountains on Gal - i - lee fell, And lift - ed its
wa-ters on high; And the faith-less dis - ci-ples were bound in the spell Of mys-
te-rious a-larm, their ter-rors to quell, Je-sus whis-pered "Fear not, it is I."

2. The storm could not bury that word in the wave,
For 'twas taught through the tempest to fly;
It shall reach his disciples in every clime,
And his voice shall be near in each troublous time,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

3. When the spirit is broken with sickness or sorrow,
And comfort is ready to die;
The darkness shall pass, and in gladness to-morrow,
The wounded complete consolation shall borrow
From his life-giving word, "It is I."

4. When death is at hand, and the cottage of clay
Is left with a tremulous sigh,
The gracious forerunner is smoothing the way
For its tenant to pass to unchangeable day,
Saying, "Be not afraid, it is I."

5. When the waters are passed, and the glories unknown
Burst forth on the wondering eye,
The compassionate "Lamb in the midst of the throne"
Shall welcome, encourage, and comfort his own,
And say, "Be not afraid, it is I."

W. H. Bartlett. O. Pelton.

THE NARROWS, LAKE GEORGE.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. JULY, 1843. NO. 7.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

A WORD WITH MOTHERS.

BY SUSAN A. TUCKER.

If there is any motto which above all others, I should rejoice to see inscribed on the countenance of every mother, it is this: "*Rejoicing in Hope.*" It has been often said that cheerfulness is a Christian duty; but are its real value, and its important bearings on human happiness, rightly appreciated? Is it generally understood and believed, that *in order to make others happy we must be happy ourselves?* And yet in every relation of life this is true, and to none is its application more forcible, than to the mother. Her countenance may be considered as the barometer of the social atmosphere in which she moves. If radiant with benevolence, and illuminated by the smile of hope and cheerfulness, we naturally look for peace and contentment, in the little community over which she presides; but if frowns and discontent prevail there, we must expect to find all around her partaking of the same spirit. And yet how difficult, even for the most amiable temper, always to observe an even balance, amid the conflicting duties and the petty annoyances, to which those mothers who take a proper oversight of their families, are daily exposed. It has been said, that the life of a woman is made up of little things—of things too important to be neglected, yet many of them scarcely worthy to be named. These are the things, endless in their number, their variety and their collision, which daily try the patience of the wife and mother—and sometimes, alas, too often, are allowed to disturb her equanimity. Indeed, the most amiable temperaments are some-

times the first to be affected by these things. Unaccustomed to any severe trials of temper, they have never felt the necessity of principle in its regulation, but trusting to their own happy impulses, have been borne smoothly forward. Now, however, trials of this kind multiply around them, they find themselves involved in cares, to which, perhaps, they feel inadequate; in duties, for which they have a positive dislike; in circumstances, which they cannot by any skill or ingenuity, make bend to their wishes, or their convenience. They are thwarted on every side; perhaps the carelessness or capriciousness of domestics—perhaps the waywardness of children, or it may be their own ignorance and inexperience, render it impossible for them to make such arrangements for the comfort of their families, as they desire. Now, if they have no better support than mere native amiability, they will doubtless yield in some degree to discouragement, and instead of gracing their misfortunes with the smile of good humor, and making amends for every disappointment by their own sweet temper, they will probably dwell upon their trials, perhaps their grievances, and thus do much to encourage a spirit of murmuring and petty complaint.

It is in cases like this, that the need of principle is felt. Indeed, I hesitate not to say, that a mother, the mistress of a family, who is not sometimes *happy from principle*, will sometimes render others very unhappy, by her peevishness and discontent. She must follow out the apostle's injunctions, and be "patient in tribulation," or she cannot always "rejoice in hope." And to this she is summoned by every motive of affection for the objects of her care. How can they delight in her presence, enjoy her society, and be blessed by her influence, if her manner is repulsive, her countenance dejected, her voice severe? Should she allow herself to brood over petty annoyances, to indulge the spirit of discontent and fault-finding, instead of basking in her presence, as in the sunshine, they will fly from it, as from the gloom and darkness of night.

Even the infant, as he lies unconscious in his mother's lap, and gazes up into her face, catches a spark from that eye, which may determine his future character and destiny. And is it of no importance, whether it be a "ray serene," reflecting its own soft radiance on his guileless face, or a troubled and uneasy look, which will soon tell its own story but too truly, to the heart of that confiding child?

O, if Mothers did but realize, how early, how imperceptibly, they begin to impart their own spirit to the little ones whom God has given them, they would be more watchful, never to exhibit before them, a single unlovely or undesirable trait. And then to reflect, that the image of that face, the echo of that voice, will follow them when they leave the parental roof; will go with them, even should they wander to the very ends of the earth, who would not desire that they should prove a load-stone of abiding power, to attract them from every dishonorable and unworthy act, from every degrading association, and to keep them in the hallowed paths of purity and virtue? Do Mothers wish to make this power abiding, this loadstone irresistible? Let them, then, keep it safe from every inroad of peevishness or ill-humor—from every ebullition of anger or impatience. One such exhibition on the part of a revered and beloved parent, may leave a dark spot npon the family landscape, which can never be wholly effaced.

The Mother is the presiding genius of her household, and on her, mainly depends their happiness. The Father has a mighty influence, we know; but it is subordinate in most instances to hers. In the little world of home, she is the sun, the star, and sad must that world become, when these orbs are shrouded, or even briefly overcast. Let her complain of her cares, describe her endless toils and vexations—weary the ear with her discouragements—and above all, let her speak in fretful tones, or with a frowning brow, and how unavailing will be her best efforts to promote the happiness of her family. Well directed as they may otherwise be, they will be insufficient to restore the peace, which her peevishness has dissipated. She may .be notable in every department of household. skill—she may even "seek wool and flax, and work diligently with her hands"—she may "rise while it is yet night, and give meat to her household"—obsolete as such practices have become in these modern days—yet if she be fretful withal—impatient of contradiction—more ready to censure than commend—if she cannot have compassion on the weak and erring among her flock—if she exacts more than is just—I ask, does such a mother rightly discharge her high and holy duties? Does she make home that happy place, which shall cause it to be preferred to every other spot on earth? No—let it be repeated again and again, that no diligence or success in the mere minutiæ of household

comforts, can possibly atone for the absence of "a meek and quiet spirit, which, in the sight of God," and of man too, "is of great price."

But do any say the picture is overdrawn? That no mother can so cruelly trifle with the dearest interests of her husband and children? Alas! have we not beheld scenes from which the veil of domestic privacy should forever have intercepted the observing eye of the stranger? Have we not seen that the demon, discontent, having taken full possession of its victim, so far from being daunted as at first by the presence of a guest, is often incited to new violence, and have not the flashing eye and the cutting remark, from her who occupied the most honorable seat at the family board, revealed a tale of unutterable wretchedness, concerning the inmates of that abode? Would that this were only a dream of fancy, for the honor of the sex, for the sake of the mortified, the unhappy husband and children of such a mother—would that it were only a dream! That such cases are rare, however, we gladly admit—and we would hardly have alluded to them in this connection, but for the startling inquiry which they suggest. When we recollect that among all the instances of this kind we have ever seen we cannot recal one, in which the habitual termagant was a *youthful* mother, may we but infer that this habit, like others was formed by slow and imperceptible degrees—indulged at first, perhaps but seldom, and always with pain, but suffering no check, increased with years and the increase of care, until it converted into a scourge, her who should be the ministering angel of her household? And must not every mother, who has given way but in one instance to the spirit of discontent, resolve never to be overcome in this way again, lest the tyrant after another advantage, should begin to assume a fearful ascendancy—until the eyes which are now turned to her with confiding love, will be averted at her presence, or cast down with gloom?

What wife, what mother does not know that she was chosen to be the solace and the cheerer of her husband? That for this, he sought her love—perhaps endured hardships and privations to win it, thinking by this boon to create for himself an atmosphere of perpetual peace and kindness, and that

"At her sweet smile each care should cease."

Alas for him, if with the golden days of romance those hopes have vanished! If the eyes which once glanced on him only with tenderness, are ever permitted to dart a burning ray of anger or impatience, adieu to his dreams of delight! Instead of breathing an atmosphere of love, he must henceforth be subjected to that most capricious thing —a woman's temper—and will find his home a happy or a cheerless place, according as good humor, or discontent happens to rule the hour.

"Then deem it not an idle thing
A pleasant word to speak;
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal, or break."

Does any one ask, "what shall be done? How is it possible for any woman, who has much to do with the cares and vexations of life, always to be peaceful and happy? It is not in human nature to endure without a murmur, such annoyances as fall to her lot." Perhaps not; at any rate there are few, very few tempers which can safely abide the test. But if human nature is insufficient of itself, strength from on high is promised to the trusting, the believing soul, "Casting all your care upon *Him*," says one apostle, "for He careth for you." "Be careful for nothing," says another. How much is implied in this—how much to reprove the solicitude, the extreme anxiety the dejection of many Christian mothers! And Christ himself has said, in a discourse on the impropriety of excessive attention to the things of this life, "which of you by taking thought, can add one cubit to his stature?" Will your sighs, your tears, your complaints, your groans bring about the object you desire? Will they lighten your cares, or remove your difficulties? No!

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed."

God, and not you, has charge of the future—and He is the hearer of prayer. This is your only safe resource, when surrounded by difficulties and discouragements. Here is the secret of your strength, and by *His* help you may prevail.

"Rejoicing in hope, patient in tribulations, continuing instant in prayer." So said the apostle, in words dictated by the Holy Ghost, 1800 years ago, and the triple injunction has lost none of its significance, by the lapse of ages. We perceive a beautiful sequence, by

which one suggests the other to his mind, though in an inverted order—for in order to fulfil the first, we must strictly obey the other two, and particularly the last. "Continuing instant in prayer." Yes, Christian mother, here is the secret of thy strength. "Wait on the Lord—be of good courage, and He shall strengthen thy heart—wait, I say, on the Lord." Never do you appear before your household, with a gloomy countenance, a discontented spirit, when you have made full proof of this godlike weapon. It "beats down all your foes before your face," and you fear them no longer.

Why should you then ever be otherwise than cheerful and of good courage? You have an Almighty Friend, who knoweth all your cares, all your infirmities—and who will lay upon you no more than He will give you strength to bear, if you will but trust Him. Whenever, then, you are "discouraged, because of the way," you distrust his ability and willingness to sustain you. You act no longer like a child but a slave, and you cannot expect His blessing on yourself and your household. Seek then His aid in enabling you to "bear the burden and heat of the day;" commit to His wise and gracious management all your concerns—the smallest as well as the greatest—and you will be at peace. Even the follies and imperfections of your children, severely as they may try you, will not be able to disturb your patience, or ruffle your equanimity. You will pour all your griefs, and all your anxieties into the ear of your compassionate Father in heaven, and *there you will leave them.*

"Yes, take thy sorrows *there*,
And know how heaven can ease the burdened mind,
For He that riseth from the place of prayer,
Leaves all his load behind—
And goeth forth in peace to bear alone,
Christ's easy yoke, and learn of Him the lowly One."

"Not to the ear of man,
"Then child of sorrow," thy sad tale reveal,
But to *his* willing ear, who only can
The wounded spirit heal.
And who that once hath poured his griefs to heaven,
Will let complaints again to human ears be given?"

Greenfield, Mass., Feb. 1843.

INFLUENCE OF A MAN'S WIFE, ON HIS CHARACTER AND DESTINY.

Aleph and Beth were brothers. Aleph married a pious woman of a respectable religious family. I met him in his yard, walking round with vigor and speed, an erect, portly, ruddy, robust man. His out-buildings were numerous; and his yards were full of wood, utensils and materials for work. I went into his house. It was large, well-finished and well-furnished. There were books there; and they seemed to be read and studied. Aleph was a pillar in the church, the parish and the town; for he had a good wife. 'A wise woman buildeth her house. Her husband is known in the gates, when he sitteth among the elders of the land. She looketh well to the ways of her household, and eateth not the bread of idleness. Her children rise up and call her blessed; her husband also praiseth her. Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; but a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised. Give her the fruit of her hands, and let her works praise her in the gates."

Beth had a good disposition. He was industrious, steady and prudent. He was honest and moral, and respected religion; but he had a poor wife. His tall form was bowed down. On his face was the expression of care and despondency, and his movements were of the same character. With the companion and family he had, he possessed neither spirit or ability to do any thing for the promotion of religion, and public good. He did not prosper. There was the aspect of nakedness about his barn, about his house, and within his doors.

His family did not grow up in good and respectable habits. Their character and condition were not such as to cheer him. He drooped at length and died. He made no profession of religion; but he cordially welcomed my visits as a minister; and I indulge some hope that death was gain to him; but as he lived so he died—in a cheerless state of mind. There was considerable religion in the family, such as it was, but there were also considerable intemperance, and looseness of principle and practice in other branches of morals. In the sinking condition of the family, the influence of the poor wife was to be seen. She was not herself vicious; but she had no high moral principles, no cultivation of mind, no interest

in the improvement of society, no zeal for neatness and comfort, for whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. Her want of the qualities of the virtuous woman, described in Proverbs, made her a poor wife, and her husband a poor parishioner. I seem to see his stooping form and care-worn face, passing before me. I seem to see his dilapidated buildings. I seem to see the neighborhood presenting all around the blighting influence of a slack woman—a poor wife—upon her children, and children's children. Talk to me then of educating young *men*, and of training them up to be good citizens, good members of churches, and good supporters of religious societies; and I will tell you to educate young *women* to be good wives, if you would have men be happy men good citizens and good parishioners.—*Pastor's Journal.*

MORNING.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

Up Sluggard, from thy pallet! Lo the East
Heralds the coming of another day!
The burning sun advanceth, like a God,
To fling his rays of light upon the world;
And the grey mists which in the vale have slept
Through all the solemn night, are curling up,
Slowly and silently as if to steal
The golden splendor from the Fount of Day,
And weave it in their undulating folds!
The conscious earth is blushing in the light,
As a coy maiden when she meets the glance
Of an impassioned lover—and the streams,
Leaping and sparkling in the morning ray,
Send gaily forth their gurgling melody,
As if they knew another day was born.
The breezes, fragrance-laden have awaked
From their brief slumber, and are flitting now,
On their bright pinions over hill and plain,
Wooing the perfume from the opening flowers,
And dallying with the leaflets. Every tree
Is vocal with the melody of birds;
And the awakening herbage flings abroad
Its dewy incense on the odorous air,
As conscious that its Maker will accept
The grateful offering—and many a voice,
From vale and mountain and from shady grove,
Joins in the general anthem.

A MOTHER'S FAITHFULNESS AND HER REWARD.

The following note was addressed to the editor of this work a few weeks since, by a beloved acquaintance, who is a devoted disciple of the Savior. She was then sitting by the bedside of her sick daughter, whom she shortly after saw pass through the dark valley and shadow of death. Although an only child, the fond mother submissively resigned her into the arms of the Redeemer, whom she had diligently taught her daughter to obey and love. We publish the note, although not intended for publication, with the hope, that the mothers who read our work, may find something to encourage them in parental faithfulness.—EDITOR.

"I am now sitting by the bed of my dear daughter, who seems to be fast hastening from earth to her better home in the bosom of her Savior. When mothers occupy the position I now do, they will realize their responsibility as they never have before. The duties the *last* duties of a mother, which I am now called to perform, are of a deeply tender and important nature, namely, to lead on the tender spirit with words of instruction and consolation, to implicit confidence in Him whom, in the ways of infancy and youth, I have instructed her to remember. And how greatly am I comforted in this trying hour, by the glorious manifestation of a covenant-keeping God. Jesus is present to cheer and support my beloved child, and to her is verified the promise, "I love them who love me, and those that seek me early shall find me." Her language is, "I rest in the arms of my Savior; it is not dying, but going home; and the language of my heart is—"all is well."

O precious thought that she will not be lost, but only go before, to greet me in our Father's mansions, never to be separated. O, that mothers would feel their responsibility as they one day will, when called to take a solemn retrospect of past faithfulness or unfaithfulness, toward the souls of the immortal beings committed to their care.

After sixteen years of anxious solicitude known only to a mother, I am about to resign my only child, the companion, the sympathizing, confiding friend of my head and solace of my life to be wholly possessed by him who has purchased her with his own precious blood; and I rejoice that I have so dear a sacrifice to yield Him. In mercy He takes what He has so kindly loaned me.

Yours, —— ——.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

MELANCHOLY EVENT.

There lived recently, in O——, Me., a little girl six years of age, whose name was Ann L. B——. She lived with her aunt, who, having no children had adopted her as her own. She was a choice flower, and was as happy a little creature as was ever caressed. She was indulged in all her reasonable wishes, and soon distinguished herself by her many playful and amiable attempts to attract attention and beget love. She was loved by many an associate, as well as by those who regarded her as a very promising child.

But alas, this beautiful flower has been removed by death in a very afflictive manner! Ann complained to her uncle that a dog in the back-yard annoyed her. Her uncle replied that he would take care of him. He accordingly purchased some arsenic; and, mixing it with some meal, made a cake, which he placed in the stove to bake—in a part of the stove, however, which was never used for baking bread. In the morning he eat his breakfast and went to work in the garden, When little Ann came down, she found the cake and eat it! When called to her breakfast she said she did not want any, but was very thirsty, and called for water. Vomiting, attended with great distress, succeeded. Her uncle was sent for, and, upon entering the house, went to the stove and found the cake was gone! Upon inquiry she replied that she had eaten it for her breakfast. Horror-struck, he exclaimed, "O my child, I have poisoned you!" A doctor was called, but no doctor could save her, and in four hours she died! She meekly sunk into the arms of Him who said, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

This melancholy event is a warning to parents and guardians. They cannot be too careful to keep poisonous substances entirely out of the reach of children.

NAPOLEON'S ACCOUNT OF HIS MOTHER.—"The emperor afterward spoke of his own family. 'My excellent mother,' said he 'is a woman of courage and of great talent, more of a masculine than a feminine nature, proud, and high-minded. She is capable of selling every thing for me. I allowed her a million a year, beside a palace, and giving her many presents. To the manner in which she formed me, at an early age, I principally owe my subsequent elevation. My opinion, is, that the future good or bad conduct of a child entirely depends upon the mother."—*O' Meara's Life of Napoleon.*

NOTICES OF BOOKS.

LABOR SAVING GRAMMAR.—Mr Greenleaf, author of "Grammar Simplified," and a celebrated teacher of grammar, has recently published a new edition of his popular work, which he entitles the "*Labor Saving Grammar.*" In a short compass, it combines a greater number of the principles of English Grammar, and more simplicity and common sense in the arrangement of those principles and in the method of teaching, than any Grammar extant. With this treatise in the hand of a competent teacher, this irksome and dry study may be made an *amusement.*

We have witnessed Mr. Greenleaf's method of teaching, and have observed the truly wonderful contrast between the progress of his pupils, and the progress of those taught in the usual way.

We would especially reccommend this work to the attention of those adults who have not had the opportunity in early life, or have neglected during that time, to obtain a knowledge of English Grammar. With a little expense of time and money, and a *resolute purpose*, they may accomplish themselves in this useful science, by the study of the "*Labor Saving Grammar.*"

THE CONTEST AND THE ARMOR; to which is added *Think on these Things.* By John Abercrombie, M. D. New York: Robert Carter, 58 Canal St., 1843.

Two preceptive addresses, the first founded on Ephesians vi. 10—18. and the second on Phil. iv. 8. Both of these discourses are full of sound instruction and advice. The mechanical part of the work is elegant.

SCRIPTURE PRINTS; or the Child's Sabbath Pleasantly and Profitably Employed. Published by the American Sunday School Union.

The book contains ten Lessons, each of which is illustrated by a picture. It will be readily seen, that such a book is exactly adapted to the capacities of children and well calculated to interest them in the great truths of the word of God.

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE, being the Old and New Testaments according to the authorized version; illustrated with more than *one thousand* engravings, representing the historical events after the most celebrated pictures; the landscape scenes from original drawings, or from authentic engravings; and the subjects of Natural History of Costume, and of Antiquities from the best sources. New York: J. S. Redfield.

Three numbers of this splendid work have already been published. Sixteen numbers of 96 pages each, complete the work. Each number is sold at the low price of 25 cents.

Parents who can afford it, should procure this work for the benefit of their children. In teaching them the holy truths of God's word, they will find the numerous pictures an essential aid. Sold by Saxton & Pierce, Boston.

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

MUSIC WRITTEN FOR THE MOTHER'S ASSISTANT, BY L. MASON.

The tear for others' woe that's given, Or pi-ty's whispered prayer,
As- cends, like incense, up to heav'n, And claims a blessing there;
When boons, where gold and diamonds glow, And costliest works of art,
May no such rich re - turn be - stow— Not springing from the heart.

2 'Twas thus when pomp and pride had thrown
Their offerings to the poor,
An humble widow stood alone,
And gave her little store:
Though small the gift—'twas all her hoard,
And angels with delight,
Did in the Book of Life record
That lowly widow's mite.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

LAKE GEORGE.

[See Engraving.]

We present in this number, a beautiful picturesque view of Lake George, affording a well-drawn sketch of some of its loveliest features. Though foreign tourists have often had the disposition of the Irishman who thought the snow in the Emerald Isle was "a little whiter than in America," yet they have been forced to dwell with poetic enthusiasm on the varied beauty of our noble lakes, and have always filled a good page with hearty descriptions. Visited in autumn when the mountains, woods and shores are clothed in the gala dress of the year, an infinite variety of the beautiful is seen, from the gentlest and most exquisite, to the magnificent and sublime. The waters sleeping in silvery smoothness, mirror the delicate and gorgeous colorings of the frost-painted trees and the richly-crowned hills, and all the imagery of the many-hued clouds, so that the whole forms a glorious scene to feast the lover of the artistical beauties of nature. And they are not wanting in historical associations to awaken the love of the past—to assist imagination in peopling the waters, and giving to them the animation of peaceful and warlike pursuits.

Lake George is one of the noble sheets of water, occupying the northern part of the great glen by means of which the Hudson pierces the mountain chain. It is south of Lake Champlain, which at Ticonderoga receives its waters by an outlet, which in the course of two miles sinks nearly two hundred feet. Its length is thirty-six miles, and its width varies from three quarters of a mile to four miles, thus presenting every variety in connection with the islands and shores. The transparency of the water is remarkable, the clean, gravelly bottom being frequently distinctly visible at a

great depth, so that the floating visitor can easily imagine that the air and water are one, where the shadows of the mountains do not darken them. A large number of small islands gem the Lake, the principal of which is called Diamond Island, and once contained a fortification. Near the southern extremity are the ruins of old Fort George, and near the southern shore are the remains of a fortification called Fort William Henry. The dreadful battles between the French and British during the years 1750 and 1760, were fought in this neighborhood, and there are many points of melancholy interest from the legends connected with them. The barbarities committed by the Indians connected with both armies were revolting in the extreme, and the very tragic death of Miss McCrea, will ever give a romantic interest to this region. Her story is well known—how she remained behind when her betrothed retreated with Burgoyne's army, and was sent for by him through a party of Indians, in whom he supposed, he could confide. Some delay caused him to despatch a second party, who met the first returning with the young and beautiful bride, and quarrelled about the reward promised. In the struggle Jane McCrea was killed—tomahawked and scalped. She was dressed in her bridal robes, as she was to be married immediately on her arrival at the camp. Captain Jones, the betrothed, did not long survive her, for the horrors of her death were more to him than the terrors of battle under any of the forms of war, and he died of a broken heart.

Lake George is a short day's ride from Saratoga, and a visit to it always makes a part of an excursion to that famous resort. Here and there are intervals of very fruitful cultivation, and then through a length of nearly fourteen miles we can sail between parallel ridges of craggy mountains, in beautiful contrast with the calm waters of the Lake. At times the shore recedes from the waters with a gentle acclivity for a few rods, and then, with a bold ascent, rises to an elevation from five hundred to fifteen hundred feet. The numerous islands relieve any monotony that otherwise might be felt from the extent and calmness of the waters, and their beauty makes up all desirable variety in the enchanting and romantic scenery of the lake. Indeed, there is more to charm and interest in a lake like this, than in others of greater magnitude, because of the changes and contrasts by the interven-

tion of islands and the unevenness of the shores, permitting the beholder to gain exquisite delight from viewing the waters pushing their way among the rocks, or winding round the roots of the towering trees, or playing with the base of the islands or stealing far inland to invite out the songsters of the groves and give brighter greenness to the banks. These are in lively contrast with the smoothness of the wider parts of the Lake, which stretch out far in the distance. In this respect, the Narrows is a point of view always regarded as among the most beautiful pictures of the Lake; the mountains rise far up, with lofty peaks, in the distance, their base lined with foliage; while near by is one of the fairy isles with its wild and graceful beauty, reminding of the past and present lords of the waters, dividing the stream with elegance; and the shores on either side are rich in luxurious greenness. In the heat of the early summer day, it gives a delicious coolness to gaze on the beautiful sketch and let imagination loose. O for a sail in one of those fairy boats!

Wordsworth, in an essay on the scenery of the lakes in the north of England, states that there once existed at Lucerne in Switzerland, *a model* of the Alpine country which encompassed the lake of the four Cantons. The spectator ascended a little platform, and saw mountains, lakes, glaciers, rivers, woods, waterfalls and valleys with their cottages, and every other object contained in them, lying at his feet, all things being represented in their appropriate colors. It may be easily conceived," continues the poet, " that this exhibition afforded an exquisite delight to the imagination, which was thus tempted to wander at will from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, through the deepest recesses of the Alps. But it supplied also a more substantial pleasure ; for the sublime and beautiful region with all its hidden treasures, and their bearings and relations to each other, was thereby comprehended and understood at once." We wish that American ingenuity would give us something like this in reference to the region of *our* Lakes; and we should be delighted to present an effort at such a work, in words, from any of our correspondents. Let them make a balloon, rise to the right point, and tell us what they see.

Good men are strangers here, and it is no wonder if dogs bark at strangers. Better be a melancoly saint, than a mad sinner.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

A DAUGHTER'S LOVE.

BY MISS SUSAN M. HATHAWAY.

Of all the tender ties which the beneficent Author of every good has ordained to sweeten life's journey, none, perhaps, is more efficacious than the love of a faithful, affectionate daughter, for her parents. Her's, then, is a sacred mission, and one of no common interest. Upon her depends much of the happiness of those to whom, under her Creator, she owes everything. How then can she find it in her heart to blight, or even damp the hopes of her fond parents for domestic happiness, hopes which had their origin in their first, their earliest love? Let her once consider the debt she owes them, and she must necessarily feel that with all the fond endearments, and tender assiduities which she can lavish upon them, that debt can never be too well paid.

There is no situation in which a daughter may be placed, where she is destitute of opportunities of manifesting her affection for her parents. If crowned with prosperity, their united hopes are naturally concentrated in her, and they will spare no pains to render her virtuous, lovely, and accomplished. Under such circumstances, she can manifest her affection by improving her opportunities, and endeavoring to become all which the hearts of her parents, in their most ambitious moments can desire.

But in the trying hour of affliction alone, can the perfections of this virtue be manifested. Then, all the lovely traits of the character of a faithful, affectionate daughter, are called forth and exhibited. She sees those who are dearer to her than life, close followed by the shafts of adversity, their hopes crushed, their labors rendered unavailing, and they, themselves, neglected by the very circles in which, under other circumstances, they were fitted to move, and even calculated to adorn; and she feels that all her energies are necessary to reconcile and cheer those dear ones. With a self-sacrificing spirit, which would do honor to a patriot, she endeavors to forget her own privations, and robed in smiles of contentment, to find that best of happiness, the bliss of making others blest. At times, no doubt, feelings of regret, desolation, or wounded pride on account of her situation, came over her spirit, but the bitterness of these reflections is soon mitigated by the recol-

lection that she is a blessing to tender parents, to whose domestic happiness she contributes, and in which she can share; and though she may be unnoticed and unknown by those whose hearts are hardened by prosperity, who look only at the exterior, she knows her's to be a satisfaction to which they are strangers, and which all the empty honors of the world cannot confer.

Happy, thrice happy those parents who are blessed with the devotion of such a daughter. Her presence diffuses a spirit of joy and gladness throughout their otherwise lonely habitation; and when the labors of the day are over, in which she cheerfully shares, her sacred influence braces their weary limbs, brightens their dim eyes, shrouds their sorrows in forgetfulness, and lifts their hearts above the vanities of life. Mark the anxious expression of her countenance, as her watchful eye beholds some new inroad made by time, upon the loved persons of her parents.

When age has enfeebled their once noble powers, and nature exhausted sinks as it were to a second state of childhood, patiently she continues her pitying love and care. Last of all, see her like a guardian spirit hovering round their dying pillows, stifling the keen sensibilities of her bursting heart, lest she might disturb their restless slumbers. How earnestly she watches each change and expression, as if she would anticipate their wishes before they were uttered. Hope dies not within her bosom till the last throbbing of life has become extinct, and their eyes are closed to open no more on earthly scenes. Not with the performance of the last sad duty, not with the consignment of fellow clay to kindred earth, does this affection wither. In imagination it follows the spirit as it flies, and enters with it on the untried scenes of eternity. How sacred in its eyes is each memento, and above all the hallowed spot which contains their last remains. There, unseen by earthly eyes, she often lingers, musing on the past, while thousands of sad but satisfactory recollections cluster round her youthful heart. Blest daughter! The approving smile of the orphan's Friend, rests on thy filial attachment, and ministering spirits are commissioned to protect thee, through life, and guide thee at last to a haven of rest, there to share an unchanging, unsullied, eternal friendship with those whom thou didst love and honor on earth.

New-Bedford, Mass., May, 1843.

GERMAN MANNERS.

BY AN AMERICAN TRAVELLER IN GERMANY.

The Germans are an unsuspecting, confiding people. As illustrations among other things take the following:—You see in a suburb, in the little court-yard before the house, sometimes immediately adjoining and exposed to the street, an arbor, a green-house, a little temple with its table and seats, where of a pleasant afternoon sit the ladies sipping tea and talking with a visitor, without drawing or fearing an unfriendly or censorious remark from the passers by. A solitary lady is often seen sitting, bonnetless, on a shaded bench in a garden next the street, occupied with a book, or needle-work. A bereaved family announces the death of one of their number in the newspaper, asking for the sympathy of their friends—a new married couple salute their friends through the same medium. Lovers who have just breathed the promise to each other, announce the fact to their friends by cards, recommending themselves as *betrothed*; and on such an occasion it is common for the parents to give a feast to the young party. A person or party on leaving home, sends a general farewell to friends through the papers—a father announces the birth of a child in the same way; and indeed, the newspaper is sometimes made the medium of private correspondence. All seem to regard all others as having nothing but kind feelings, and as incapable of making unfriendly or censorious remarks.

The Germans have, I think, a great deal of true politeness, that which springs from native goodness of heart, and which without ostentation or compliment, seeks to be agreeable and useful to all. A nobleman will not put on airs when he meets a mere citizen; he makes him forget that he is not his equal. He smiles at the haughty self importance, the arrogant, brow-beating look and manner of the Englishman. I travelled a good deal in the stage-coach; but I never saw the least rudeness of behavior; always the greatest mutual politeness. A foreigner is not expected to know at first the conventional customs of society, and of course, if he commits a blunder, it is over-looked, and concealed from himself, if possible; or if not, explained away with perfect good nature, and a sacred regard to his feelings. This is illustrated every day in regard to a foreigner's attempt at using their language. Nothing is more embarrassing to one who has a share of per-

sonal sensibility, and I may add national pride, than to be stammering in a foreign tongue in a polished and educated company. It is well if he can go on at all at first; but he sees so much attention and sympathy in the listeners, so strong a disposition to comprehend if possible his meaning, and to forget how it was *expressed*, that he soon gains confidence, and of course improves rapidly. They say an Englishman always laughs at a foreigner's mistakes; a Frenchman or German never.

German society is easy, lively, free—never dull and complimentary, because the German goes into society to enjoy himself and indulge his social feelings. Connected with this there is in the German, a warmth and ardor of feeling, and a poetry and sentimentality of character much beyond the temperature of the American. Express to a German friend your esteem, or friendship, or gratitude, and he will seize hold of your hand—he accompanies a friendly sentiment of his own with the same gesture. This may occur half a dozen times in the course of an hour. Let any thing of great interest or importance to either of you occur, and at a meeting, you fall into each other's arms—you weep or rejoice together. Fondness with us is mere affection or friendship; with them of course in the manner and tones, and style of conversation, in earnest preaching, in the romance, tale, play, poem, there are an excitement and an effervescence of passion, which so far from affecting us, would often appear as burlesque. They say the English are cold, ashamed of and therefore repress, passion and feeling—for themselves, so far from looking on these as unmanly, they regard him as hardly a man who is without them. We must not be surprised, then, to find the Germans very much under the influence of fancy and imagination. A fine sentiment, a fanciful idea, a beautiful or pathetic thought can carry them where we on the leaden wings of sober "common sense" cannot follow.

It would not be safe, on meeting an acquaintance in the street, to neglect taking off your hat and making a low bow, or to put it on again before he does his, or at least before you have been begged to do it two or three times. Shaking hands is not so common as it is even in our northern States. A person introduced to you, bows repeatedly at a distance, while professing, perhaps, that he has great pleasure in making your acquaintance. The ceremony at taking leave is all important. The guest on leaving, must present himself im-

mediately before his hostess, and, while going through the requisite number of bows listen to and reciprocate the expressions of the great pleasure received by his acquaintance, and the hope of its continuance. The host must be honored with the same formality. The rest may be bowed to at different distances, according to their relation to your host, or the degree of your acquaintance. No man of good manners will go away without turning and bowing again at the door.

An enumeration of the most common compliments may not be uninteresting. "Good morning," is as universal as with us—"good day," is also common. But toward noon and on till after dinner, the salutation is, "a blessed meal." A company sitting down to table, say to each other the same, or, "a good appetite;" and it ought to be remarked, that even at public tables, where the guests may be strangers to each other, and constantly coming and going, no one sits down or rises, without giving or receiving such a salutation. At a private table, the company on rising, shake hands, bow, pass mutual congratulations, and even sometimes expressions by word and gesture of great endearment. I recollect once, in a simple, pious pastor's family, I was quite put to the blush by the scene before me. Sometimes the salutation before dinner-time is, "may you eat well," i. e. to your benefit; after dinner-time it is, "may you have eaten well." In the evening, the familiar "good evening" is nearly displaced by "may you sleep well." We leave a neighbor's house, or a store, with "I recommend myself to you." Kissing at meeting and parting is as common among males as females. You knock at a door and are answered with, "in hither." In some parts of Germany, on entering a tavern, you are greeted with, "welcome."

If German ladies have great industry, they have also a great deal of curiosity. They sit, it may be granted, all day at their work, but it is at the front window, where they have only to raise their eyes, and by means of a small mirror, fixed outside the window, they see all that is passing in the streets. These gossiping looking-glasses form, of course, a material part in the external appearance of a house, and it is not a little singular to see them forming a regular appendage to the windows along the whole side of the street. In Holland, they are almost universal. The German then seems to have a lively, but not unfriendly curiosity.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

SOMETHING FOR SISTERS.

BY WM. A. ALCOTT.

This world can never be what it should be, till we learn to care more for one another. Not caring for each other, or indeed for any other, not even for God, has constituted the essence—perhaps the sum total—of human depravity, from the days of Cain to the present hour. Few, it is admitted, have been so hardened in any age as to say, directly in the fear of the Ruler of the heavens; "Am I my brother's keeper?" And yet the individual can hardly be found among us, who has acted in all respects, as he would, did he believe himself to be so.

But this responsibility which Cain so anxiously sought to evade, still clung to him, in spite of his efforts, whether he was in full view of the flaming sword, or dwelling in the remote city, which his blood-thirsty hands had reared in the land of Nod. Nay, it has even clung to this hour, to all mankind.

All who have younger brothers and sisters, should feel the responsibility from which Cain shrunk, and endeavor to discharge the high obligations it involves. Nor is it the *brother* alone, who is the younger brother's keeper? It is the *sister*, no less than the brother. She would be regarded by God as little less impious than Cain, who should say with Cain; "am I my brother's keeper?" She is his keeper from the very nature of the case, even though it could be shown that the Scriptures are wholly silent with regard to her responsibility.

On gospel principles, however, all mankind constitute one great family; and all are brothers and sisters. No one, therefore, can hope to evade the general responsibility which has been mentioned. All have younger brethren, whom, if they may not rule as Cain did Abel, they must *keep*, or take care of, at their peril. Not only is he that *hateth* his brother a murderer, but a great or less degree of the same guilt attaches to every neglect of another's well-being. He who admits that we are to love one another's well-being. He who admits that we are to love one another, as Christ loved us, and that the Bible says we ought to lay down our lives for our brethren, will not hesitate to believe that the greater obligation involves the less, and that if we ought to lay down

life for our fellows, should circumstances require it, we ought at least to do all we can to preserve them.

Power over an individual, moreover, always implies obligation. Who does not know the power of example—to say nothing of precept? Who has looked abroad on the face of society—the past or the present—and has not seen how powerful the force of *evil* example has been, how many have been swept away by it? It is not brother and sister alone, according to the law of consanguinity, who have been the means of destroying brother and sister, but brother and sister according to the more general or Christian law of relationship. Man has had the power, (has exercised it, in a most fatal manner,) of destroying his fellow-man, by thousands and by millions—of destroying them, too, both for time and for eternity. But is not his power for *good*, equal to his power for *evil?* And is so much power for good or evil, delegated by the Divine ordinance, without involving corresponding obligation?

The general principle then being assumed, that power, whether of one sex or the other, implies obligation, it follows as a legitimate and even necessary consequence, that every one who is old enough to have that influence over his fellow-creature which constitutes power, is the keeper of that fellow-creature. No matter what the age or the circumstances —moral influence is moral influence still; and that influence is power.

But my present purpose is chiefly to show the influence of sisters, especially elder sisters, over their brothers. Woman, it is often said, rules the world; but it is not one woman who does it, independently of the rest; nor is it one class of women alone; or adult woman alone, who does it. It is woman in the aggregate; or rather it is woman as she should be, in the aggregate. It is adult woman the most, I admit, but it is the young woman also, in a degree. It is the female friend, the wife, the mother; but it is also the daughter and the sister.

It would not be at all difficult to show that man is often what he should not be—the sensual, the vile, the beastly—solely, or at least chiefly for want of right female influence. D. Rush found that nearly every young man who came to him for advice in regard to some of those forms of disease which are the direct punishment of physical transgression,

had been trained up without the influence of sisters. It would be curious to know whether the experience of other medical men who had their eyes open on this subject, but have not recorded their observations, corresponds with that of Dr. Rush. There is little doubt, however, that it does.

It is not the counsel which elder sisters impart that accomplishes the work, though these may have, and probably sometimes do have their influence. It is not solely a fear on the part of young men, of wounding the feelings or injuring the reputation of sisters. It is not any thing that can be well defined. All we can say is, that young men brought up with wise and virtuous sisters are not as a general rule, so likely to travel the downward road to death, of which Solomon and others have spoken, as those who have been brought up solely among boys, and perhaps, also, at a distance from their parents.

I do not mean by this, to assert that such is the influence of all sisters, or even of all families of sisters. Abandoned females, it is well known there are; and it may be that here and there are to be found an abandoned family of sisters. The last, however, from the very nature of the case, must be rare. He who ordained the family and made provision for the right education of brothers through its influence, will not —usually does not—suffer his own institution to be so perverted as to defect its true end and object. Though of a character somewhat mixed as it regards virtue and vice, the tendency of the family is, on the whole, salutary. Still it cannot be denied—it is not desirable it should be denied—that the better and more elevated its character, the better is it for those who come under its influence and for the world.

Sisters should not only know their moral strength and the influence they possess, but they should be early prepared to make their influence felt. It may not be needful to minister to their vanity by pressing a belief we might ourselves honestly hold, that every daughter or sister sustains a position in society, and especially in the government of God, which the highest office of a representative government might well envy, were envy ever admissible. But every female of every age should know that Christianity has so far triumphed that governments have changed masters, and that the individual whose moral force is most felt, or who is at least most influential in society now, is not the monarch on the throne, or the

magistrate in the chair or on the bench, nor yet the individual who grasps the sword most firmly, or wears the most costly jewels.

Let it never be supposed, that a higher standard of intellectual cultivation will render those keepers of the human heart —these most efficient monarchs—what they should be, the mightiest instruments yet seen of conferring blessings on the world. Nor is it by polishing their manners and fitting them by the graces of a captivating exterior, to win, everywhere, but especially at home, golden opinions. What we should aim at is, to transfer them into the image of Christ. They should be educated in such a manner that their light may be continually reflected on those around, and especially on those near them, and that all who behold their walk and conversation may be led by their example to glorify their Father who is in Heaven.

Nor let it be thought as it too often has been, that in order to transform the young—whether sons or daughters—into the image of Christ, they must be rendered dignified or grave, like the adult disciple. The cause of Christ has suffered beyond measure, by the sad but common mistake of supposing that infantile or juvenile piety, must be accompanied by the same modes of thinking, speaking and acting which become those who are older. The infant should not be less an infant or the child less childlike for his piety. No more should the sister be less a sister, or less sprightly or lovely, because she bears the image of the Divine Master. On the contrary, she should be the more so. It would be strange, indeed, if Christianity, in order to bless the young, made them less happy this side the grave. It is not so. The more like the Savior the young are, the more certainly do they win the affections, of those of their own age around them. And if one whole rising generation from the cradle upward, were to be what it should be, and, what one day it ultimately will be, the millenial glory would soon dawn. Mankind would not longer have occasion to say to brethren or sisters, know the Lord; nor would any brother or sister of the great family of man be longer heard to say, like Cain, and in Cain's spirit; "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Dedham, Mass., June, 1843.

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. AUGUST, 1843. NO. 8.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

HOME.

I know not of a more beautiful spot than the home of my childhood. It was a large, old-fashioned, stately house in the country, back at some distance from the road, and almost hidden from view by magnificent elms. My father owned the place, and never seemed to care to leave it, even for a short time. My parents had eight children. We were born in that house, and there we spent the first years of life. Dear old spot! I love the very flag-stones about the door. Almost every inch of flooring in the house has some tale of interest. The pictures from the windows have woven themselves into our characters, like intimate friends. Some of us attached ourselves to the blue mountains, which towered up so high in the distance. Some loved the sunrise and the sunset; others, the quiet, sloping hill and little pond of water; and, one and all, in youth and mature age, we loved our home; no children ever loved it more. It never occurred to me that there was any thing peculiar in my parents' management, to produce this effect, and perhaps there was not; yet, in looking at it more closely, and comparing it with the system of management which is in vogue at the present day, I can see that they are in many particulars unlike.

There were in our family five boys and three girls, and we were all *personally* acquainted with our parents. This sounds curiously; but there certainly was among us, an acquaintance which was something distinct from our relation as parent and child, and which referred to us merely as individuals. I do not think there was any deficiency of reverence for them, for with my father, particularly, we

felt that there was a circle into which the children might not venture; but there was certainly some common ground on which we met as *friends*, so that we actually enjoyed each other's society. Our living so secluded in the country may have had something to do with this result, but it was a most happy one for us. There certainly are points of sympathy between childhood and age, which have nothing to do with their relative positions; and sometimes I think that so much is said and written about the duties of parent and child, and the line now-a-days is so distinctly marked out, that these delicate sympathies are checked in their growth—and that there is no such personal acquaintance between parents and children as there used to be.

When our heads were full of plans, it was our delight to have father alone in the window recess, and tell them over to him; and when our young eyes were dazzled by the brilliant pictures which fancy drew, of life, and our young hearts were swelling with ambitious hopes, we were happy if we could but take him in the boat, and row around the quiet pond, while we talked to him of these things with which childhood is so full. And at more serious times, when religious truth pressed hard and conscience troubled us, we loved to find our place at our mother's knee, and whisper to her our confessions. Such companionship gave our parents an intimate acquaintance with the character of each child. They understood, it seems to me, in an unusual degree, the individual faults of their children, and adapted themselves to them, with a great deal of tact. As a very simple illustration, I will mention this. My brother John was naturally inclined to be selfish, and he was, consequently, almost always chosen to distribute presents among the children, particularly of eatables, when he was obliged, of course, to call into play all the generosity he could muster, with so many little eager eyes upon him. I have often thought how happy was this policy, which, instead of pruning away, day after day at the crooked branch, just turned the other side to the sun. There are some things no books can teach to parents. Nothing can properly relieve them from the labor of exercising their own judgment and common sense.

Among other incidents in those early years, one now occurs to me in this connection, with great vividness. One bright summer morning, several of us children were out with my mother. We had stopped on a bank covered with violets, and were busy making little

nosegays. We were laughing and chatting, and as gay as the birds around us. Our mother was at play with us. A lady who was passing, stopped to speak with her, and I think asked how she could find time in the morning to be out with us. I remember the expression and tone of voice, in which my mother said, as she placed her hand on my little brother's head, "Why, Mrs. J., the longer I live, the more I think of making childhood happy." And well did she accomplish her object. Few there are, who can look back upon as cloudless a morning as can we. She did make us happy, and this is the secret of our love for home, and for the almost idolatry with which we cherish its memory. It was not to us a place of discipline and restraint, but the home where we loved, and were loved in return, and were happy in youth and when we grew up.

There was something in the character of its social intercourse, also, which I recal with much pleasure. My father was a man of literary taste and habits, and knew a great deal more than my mother. The old war times educated her, and they did not give women lessons out of books. This difference, however, was never apparent to us. My father habitually made a *companion* of her. At the table and at the fireside, he conversed with her, or read to her about those things in which he himself was interested. In this way, to a great extent, he supplied early deficiencies, gave an elevated tone to their social intercourse, and increased the respect with which her children, particularly her sons regarded her. At first, I think it must have been with him a simple matter of principle, but in the end it became a source of real enjoyment.

Then, again, *home* seemed the sacred spot where they tried to gather the blossoms and fruit of all things beautiful and good. The young eagle eyes soon saw, that, in the old mansion, there were no *company manners*, and that no strangers were treated with more politeness than each other. This, too, became habitual, and was all the schooling in good manners we ever received. A few lessons like this, fixed the *principles* forever. I recollect that, one day, Richard was very much engaged with his dinner. Mary, who was seated next him at the table, accidentally dropped her fork. My father was talking with a visitor; Richard went on with his dinner without taking any notice of Mary's trouble. She was leaning over the arm of her high chair, trying to look after it, when my father observed

her. He stooped and replaced it. "My son," said he, "I am glad I was here to pick up your little sister's fork." Poor Joseph blushed and looked embarrassed. It was a lesson which lasted him through life. But if I begin to recal these anecdotes of home government, I do not know where I shall stop.

There was a heavy stone arch over our front door, and in the centre of it a marble slab. I have sometimes thought it would have been a good idea, to have had this inscription there, in golden letters—"Love one another." It would have told in three words the spirit which ruled within. This point gained, home is sure of being a happy place. But there is still something more to be done. The children cannot always remain within sound of the parent's call, and amid these green hills. They must leave this sacred enclosure, and go forth into the world.

Now the most important part is, how an abiding religious impression can be made. What is the mysterious influence by which the man can be kept in that same narrow path in which the child travelled? The world is now full of instruction about these things. Books and magazines for fathers and mothers, find their way into every house—good books too, from the best of men. There are more printed in one week, than there were when we were young, in half a year. I have often seen my parents with their white heads and dim eyes, reading over some new and complete system of domestic government, with, as I fancied, something of the feelings of the mariner who had safely crossed the ocean, after having lost his compass, wondering how, with so much ignorance, he had escaped shipwreck. There are none so poor now, but they may learn from some source their whole duty, in all its details. I am not about to find fault with this measure of light and knowledge, with the Libraries, Sabbath Schools and Bible Classes, for I believe, that, on the whole, the world is better for them; for without them, many children would receive no instruction at all, because some parents are so deficient, either in ability, or inclination to do this work for their children. But, even for those who are willing, the work seems to be taken off their hands. They are spared the labor of thinking and judging for themselves. The very cradle songs are printed, ready for use, and the feeling thus springs up that the only means of making a lasting moral impression is through the book-shelf.

Sometimes I think our comparatively small library was a lucky thing for us. It threw our parents back into the right source of influence, which was *their own characters*. They had but one book to study in the administration of their affairs, and this was the *Bible*. To this, they untiringly devoted their efforts, not so much to teach us its precepts, as to have them living in their hearts and breathing in their practice. From this they deduced but one rule—"*what you would wish your children to become, that must you yourselves be.*" They directed their attention and energies first to the elevating and ennobling of their own spirit; for they felt that this would be a teacher to their children, and leave its impress there. They believed this to be the Alpha and Omega of what they could do, to fit them to be useful and good. I believe that the poor, uneducated mother, who is obliged to work incessantly for the comfort of her family, and who, therefore, can do but little for her children, in the way of preceptive instruction, may, nevertheless, by the cultivation of piety in her own heart, have every encouragement to hope that they will grow up also to love what is good and holy. This is the main point of strength, and while this well-spring of holiness within their own heart is kept pure, I believe that green and fruitful will be the plants which are watered therefrom.

My father had a cousin whom he very highly esteemed. She was, for those times, a remarkably well-educated lady. She once published a small book on the education of children, and wrote often for literary magazines. Both herself and husband were christians, and they brought up their family on the system they recommended to others. They had three sons and two daughters. The daughters became valuable members of society, but the sons were, without an exception, idle and almost worthless. My mother once said in her gentle way, "I cannot think how it is that Mrs. G., with all her intelligence, has failed so in bringing up her sons." Neither could I then; but I have since thought she must have fallen into the error which is prevalent at the present day, namely, that of their directing the attention and thoughts to the preceptive education of children, considering this of the most vital importance, while the improvement of their own hearts, as a means of the most direct, personal influence, is quite secondary.

The most deep and healthy religious impressions must be commenced early and by the *mother*. Let her take her child alone, and, while sitting on her knee, as his little heart becomes softened by her gentle tones, tell him of that great Being whom she loves, and teach him that precept, which he will see is the daily practice of her life, namely, that "man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever." For the moral effect of such training we can depend with as much certainty as upon any thing in this world.

TO SENECA LAKE.

BY J. G. PERCIVAL.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
The wild swan spreads his snowy sail,
And round his breast the ripples break,
As down he bears before the gale.

On thy fair bosom, waveless stream,
The dipping paddle echoes far,
And flashes in the moonlight gleam,
And bright reflects the polar star.

The waves along thy pebbly shore,
As blows the north wind, heave their foam,
And curl around the dashing oar,
As late the boatman hies him home.

How sweet, at set of sun, to view
Thy golden mirror spreading wide,
And see the mist of mantling blue,
Float round the distant mountain's side!

At midnight hour, as shines the moon,
A sheet of silver spreads below;
And swift she cuts, at highest noon,
Light clouds, like wreaths of purest snow.

On thy fair bosom, silver lake,
O! could I ever sweep the oar,
When early birds at morning wake,
Or evening tells us toil is o'er!

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

CHEAP PUBLICATIONS.

BY REV. F. P. TRACY.

There can be no doubt of the general utility of any enterprise by which the cost of books can be diminished, and the difficulties in the way of the acquirement of knowledge made fewer; but that must be a movement of extraordinary excellence, which, while it accomplishes so desirable a purpose, does not, at the same time, bring a multitude of evils in its train.

I have rejoiced to see of late, many valuable works issued from the press in a form so cheap, that the humblest and poorest may obtain them, and I cannot doubt that the increased intelligence of the masses will fully prove the desirableness of such a mode of publication for books upon subjects connected with history, the Sciences and Arts, and Travels, and all those matters in which all thinking people are more or less interested. But, at the same time, there is an evil, a most terrible and wide spread evil, already proceeding from this source. I refer to the deluge of bad books, which has burst forth over the whole land, and the corrupting tendency of which ought to cause their publishers to tremble. There are several presses in New York, and I regret to say that there is one or more in Boston, from which the abominably licentious works of Victor Hugo, Paul de Kock, George Sands and other French low novelists, have been sent forth by thousands, while the almost universally condemned novels of Fielding, Smollett and others of that English school who fed the degeneracy of former times, have been freely issued either at New York or Philadelphia.

Beside these, an incredible amount of worse than trash, from both the English and American press, is every day urged upon a credulous and inquisitive public, until the evil has become positively alarming.

In very many of the establishments for the sale of periodical publications, all these works are offered and at so cheap rates, that they inevitably fall into the hands of the young of both sexes, whose mind and morals become insensibly corrupted by them, and there is in consequence, a large class rising up among us, whose notions upon moral subjects are such as prevail in France, and amid the corruptions of the old world.

Nothing can check this influence, but an increased vigilance on the part of the parents and friends of the young—a vigilance which shall expend itself more in supplying good reading, than in direct efforts against the bad; for there are minds to be filled with knowledge, and they will be filled. It should be our work to get beforehand with Evil and preoccupy the ground.

The friends of pureness of mind and pureness of life should unite to frown upon the publications to which I have alluded, and upon those who publish and sell them; and, at the same time, let them seek so to interest the minds of all under their influence in that which is good, that there shall be found no foothold for these pioneers of the worst of vices.

Boston, July, 1843.

LETTER FROM A MOTHER.

To the Editor of the Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend.

DEAR SIR:

It is with much pleasure I am able to state to you, that the Mother's Assistant and Young Lady's Friend is perused in all circles in this place, with much pleasure, and I hope with much profit. The appearance of the May number awakened considerable interest.

The following will show the practical influence this work, and others of a similar character are calculated to exert on the minds of children, as well as mothers. A mother of my acquaintance has an only son, about eight years of age, to whom she reads the many interesting stories with which your work is well stored. When the May number came, she read to him the Prize Article, entitled "*My Early Home.*" That evening, after having gone to bed, he called his mother, and said, "Mother, I would not steal for a hundred watermelons. I don't think that little boy ever stole again; do you, mother?" After a pause of half an hour, or more, when she supposed him to be asleep, he called her again. When she came to him, he apologised for having awaked her, and said, "I have been thinking of that story you read to me last night, about the little boy who was so kind to his sick mother (alluding to an extract from the Factory Boy.) He then observed to his mother, with a heart full of kindness and obedience, that he would do all her errands, and assist her in any

way in his power. Much more of this simple character was said. This incident is sufficient to convince us, that children do reflect and meditate in their hours of retirement upon what they read and hear. With this fact in view, every judicious mother will place in the hands of her children, such books as will furnish proper subjects for contemplation. The mother of whom I have been speaking, has had the happiness to witness the good practical results of reflection in the affections and temper of her only son.

I hope you will persevere in your labors for the benefit of mothers. Your work is very highly appreciated by its readers in this place. I was informed by a lady, a few days since, that it was introduced into their sewing circle and met with a very cordial reception. The story entitled, "*My Early Home*" was read, which called forth the deepest emotions of the heart, and tears from the eyes of many present.

Respectfully, Yours,

———— ————.

G——, Me., July, 1843.

THE IRRELIGIOUS HOME.

If there be one curse more bitter than another to man, it is to be the offspring of an irreligious home—of a home, where the voice of prayer and praise ascends not to God, and where the ties of human affection are not purified and elevated by the refining influences of religious feeling—of a home, to which, if the providence of God shall bring religion to the heart, one cannot turn without bitterness of feeling; without anguish and vexation of spirit. If there be a curse to any country where the truths of religion are known, the deepest and bitterest curse which can be inflicted on it, is a multitude of homes like that which I have supposed! Such homes send forth their sons unchecked in evil thoughts, unhallowed in their habits, and untaught in the love of God—the name and cross of Jesus Christ stamped perhaps on their foreheads, but not written in their hearts—and they send them forth to prey upon the land, and to become its curse and its destruction.

But on the other hand, there is a blessing to the religious home, which no tongue can speak, no language can describe! The home, where in early years the heart is trained to a love of God, and to take pleasure in his worship and service, interweaves with the existence of man, holy affections, which die not with the circumstances which gave them birth; which last long, even though they may be forgotten and neglected—and w[illegible] cise at least, some check on the evil of the human heart, and often, [illegible] monly, recal it to hear again the voice of God, and to return to the paths of holiness and peace.

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.

We make the following extract from "*The Home; or Family Cares and Family Joys;*" by FREDERIKA BREMER a Swedish lady, whose writings have recently been translated into the English, and published in this country in a cheap form.

Miss Bremer's writings are remarkable for great simplicity; her pictures and characters are drawn true to nature; as suits her purpose, she is vivacious or pathetic, and equally happy in both. The moral tendency of her writings, especially of "*Home,*" and "*The Neighbors,*" must be of a salutary character.

We advise our readers to peruse "*Home,*" the price of which is only 12½ cents, though containing 134 large and closely printed pages.—EDITOR.

"Peace be with my little ones! There is not one of them who is not possessed of the material of peculiar virtue and excellence, and yet not also at the same time of the seed of some dangerous vice, which may ruin the good growth of God in him. May the endeavors, both of their father and myself, be blessed in training these plants of heaven aright! But ah, the education of children is no easy thing.

I endeavor as much as possible not to scold. I know how perpetual scolding crushes the free spirit and the innocent joyousness of childhood; and I sincerely believe, that, if one will only sedulously cultivate what is good in the character, and make, in all instances, that which is good, visible and attractive, the bad will, by degrees, fall away of itself.

I sing a great deal to my children. They are brought up with songs; for I wish early to make harmony, as it were, the very element of their souls. Several of them, especially my first born and Eva* are really little enthusiasts in music; and every evening as soon as twilight comes on, the children throng about me, and then I sit down to the piano, and either accompany myself, or play to little songs which they sing. It is my Henrik's reward, when he has been very good for the whole day, that I should sit by his bed, and sing to him till he sleeps. He says that then he has such beautiful dreams. We often sit and talk for an hour instead of singing. The knowledge I have thus obtained of his active and pure spirit, has given me the greatest delight. Whenever he lays out his plans for his future life, he ends thus: "And when I am grown up a man, and have my own house,

* The first-born is Henrik, a boy of eleven years; and Eva is a girl of nine.

then, mother, thou shalt come and live with me, and I will keep so many maids to wait on thee, and thou shalt have so many flowers, and every thing that thou art fond of, and shalt live just like a queen; only in the evening when I go to bed thou shalt sit beside me and sing me asleep; wilt thou not, dear mother?" Often, too, when in the midst of his plans for the future, and my songs, he has dropped asleep, I remain sitting still by the bed, with my heart overflowing with joy and pride in my boy.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE SILENT PLEADER.

BY MRS. L. A. HOLDICH.

A young lady who had been religiously educated, being thrown into scenes of dissipation, at a distance from her home, was awakened to serious reflection, one night upon her return from a ball, by the sight of a bible lying on her dressing-table. It was the parting gift of a pious mother.

She stood with sad and mournful air
Before her mirror bright;
Her cheek had lost its vivid hue,
Her eye its joyous light.
Yet she, the brightest star, had beamed
In yonder stately hall,
When floating through the mazy dance,
She graced the festive ball.

In contrast with the studied dress,
Is the dejected air
With which she takes the rosy wreath
From her luxuriant hair.
Her bosom heaves as she unclasps
A bracelet, rich and rare,
From off an arm which to the eye
Was as the snow-flake fair.

But why that sad, desponding mien?
Her beauty all admired,
And she, amid the glittering throng
Had all her heart desired.
On her, approving eyes were turned,
And she did almost seem,
Like those delightful forms which gild
The poet's holy dream.

Ah yes! but 'mid that giddy scene,
No thought might dare intrude

To pale her cheek's triumphant glow,
Or damp her joyous mood.
But now, within her lonely room,
Reflection comes to cast
A shadow o'er her spirit's light
And whisper of the past.

Amid the toilet's trappings vain,
A silent pleader lies;
It was a mother's parting gift,
And home remembrance flies;
To every dear, familiar scene
Her busy thoughts returned,
And one most consecrated spot
Her mental eye discerned.

A room, with casement curtained o'er
By rich glycena wreaths,
While from a cultured plot below
A rose's incense breathes.
The past returned! The hallowed hour
With richest blessings fraught,
When on his children's future course
Her sire, a blessing sought.

All—all returned! again she feels
The soft and placid beam,
Which on her childhood's happy days
Poured forth a ray serene.
The quiet of that early home,
That consecrated hearth;
O, what a contrast it presents
To scenes of giddy mirth!

From that sweet home, unceasing prayer
For her had heavenward flown;
And now, awakes the buried seed
A Mother's hand hath strown.
O Christian Mother! holy gifts
And mighty power are thine;
Tremble and joy that in thee lies
An influence so divine!

Middletown, Ct., July, 1843.

LIFE OF WASHINGTON. The publishers, namely, Tappan & Dennet, 114, Washington Street, have issued numbers 12 and 13 of this highly interesting and popular work. Number 12 contains an engraving of the Encampment at Valley Forge in 1778, and number 13, an Engraving of the Battle of Germantown in 1777. These two numbers carry the history down from April 1793, to December 1799.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE MORAL POWER OF WOMAN.

BY REV. J. D. BRIDGE.

We frequently hear this remark—"*the Ladies rule the world;*" and though it may not be literally correct, yet we cannot deny that it embodies a large amount of truth. It is true, woman has been degraded, undervalued, abused, and thrown from her legitimate sphere in the barbarism of former ages; and even now, in the most heathen countries, in many parts of Europe, and in some portions of South America, she is cruelly doomed to suffer a rigorous privation of her indisputable rights. Still, in the refined and cultivated portions of civilized society, she occupies her natural position, her appropriate rank, and perhaps *more;* for in a majority of the relations of life her sway is resistless, particularly as a social companion, a wife, and a mother. Here is her dominion, and she holds it with the best of titles, and with far better *security* than the sword or artillery of the monarch. Whatever she desires she resolves to possess; and by her smiles, or tears, eloquence, or untiring perseverance, she executes her purpose. In enlightened and polished society, she has long since led captive the stronger sex, and now, without let or hindrance, stretches her sceptre over the proud inheritance of man's heart. The gentlemen live and labor, travel and stay at home, study, read, write, legislate, forego personal bliss and encounter the most appalling danger, laugh and then look sad, *all* on account of the *Ladies!* Nor is this service *wrung* from them by a tyrant's power, but flows in spontaneous obedience to *woman's will!* The destinies of the nations are in her hands; and if she will rightly direct the moral power with

which she is invested, she can, in a little while, restore to the world its Eden character; or, she can say to the raven-wing of night, "still deepen the shades in which the star of the hope of milllions is lost!"

But there must be certain facts, or traits in woman's character in which this moral power consists; and what they are, it is worth our while to inquire. We do so, and think we find a ready and satisfactory answer to the question. The moral power of woman consists,

1. In the *delicacy* of her nature. Though an essential and tender part of man, yet she is dissimilar to him in many respects. He, her head and lord, is made of "sterner stuff"—of coarser material—physically at least. His body is strong, athletic and vigorous, and capable of enduring great hardship and abundant labor. His arm is strong and sinewy, competent to protracted and powerful effort, so that he can smile at danger, grapple with peril, and wrestle with the whirlwind of misfortune. His physical structure and physiognomy show, beyond doubt, that his Maker designed him for the "heavy end"—the rough part of life, but it is not so with woman. The comparative feebleness of her physical frame, the tender finish and beamings of her countenance, and her evident incapacity for out-of-door labors, indicate the will of God in reference to her station in the world. It is *social* and *domestic*. He is every way fitted for the bustle of commerce, the political arena, or the onerous and complex duties of legislation, the tremendous responsibilities of the judiciary, or, if necessary, the alarms and terrors of the battle field! Not so with woman. Her physical, mental and moral nature instinctively recoil from these civil and political burdens, and seeks the sweet repose and soothing quiet of the family and of *home*. Here her tender and delicate nature finds a welcome circle in which to move, and an appropriate field of action, which, when rightly cultivated, always yields an abundant harvest of kindly influences and good fruits. And woman loves this allotment. She feels that it is peculiarly hers, and here she delights to dwell in the enjoyment of so rich a patrimony. Man loves her *here;* not because she is a *slave*, but because she is his equal, and charmingly occupies a position which he has no capacity to fill, and in the occupancy of this position, she acquires a power over man which stamps his character for good or evil.

2. The peculiar structure of her mind and temper gives her an ascendency in society, and enables her in a great measure to influence

the "lords of creation" in their course of life. We by no means assume the intellectual inferiority of females, or intimate it. We do not believe it, and we pity the cynical "old bachelor" who does, and wish him a speedy riddance of his Turkish notions. But while we admit mental equality between the sexes, we are certain of material difference in mental character. The mind of man, like his body, is masculine, and exactly adapted to his circumstances. But woman's mind, like the "earthly house" in which it dwells, is delicately constructed, possessing a natural polish and beauty of which men cannot boast. It has strength, too, and quickness of perception, and an amount of ingenuity which enables her to make the best of every circumstance. Her *temper*, also, widely differs from ours. It is generally mild, tender and sympathetic, evincing that the soul is a fountain of kindness and good will. Generally, there is more equanimity to woman's temper than there is to man's; and implacability and revenge seldom enter into its composition. But it is not so with man. He is proud, irascible, headstrong and stubborn; and by his precipitant disposition, involves himself in a thousand troubles which woman, by her care and patience, avoids.

3. Personal *beauty* invests woman with great influence, whether she desires it or not. All the ladies are not *handsome*, it is true, but they are *women;* and there is something in woman's countenance which never fails to command the homage of gentlemen. The symmetry of her person, her sparkling eyes, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips, possess irresistible charms, particularly so, when these embellishments of nature are blended with the virtues of the heart. In this simple fact of her existence, therefore, lies a large share of the immense influence which she wields over the heart of man.

4. The *purity* of her affections and the depth of her devotion. The disparity between man and woman, in this respect, borders on the infinite. Man loves, and feels emotions of friendship, but not with that fervid intensity, that enduring attachment which distinguishes woman. He vows fidelity and constancy of affection to the object of his adoration; but time, distance, new scenes, objects, interests and motives, frequently change his purposes, and make him loathe his previous choice; and merely to gratify a principle of unmingled selfishness, he will dissever the most sacred ties, and blight the fondest hopes. Many instances might be recited in which he has re-

morselessly crushed the confiding heart of woman by his false faith and infidelity; and there are wretches, wearing the form of man, who glory in these heartless deeds of unutterable infamy! Nor do we deny that fearful specimens of depravity and guilt may be found among the "softer sex;" but these, we confidently submit, are exceptions to woman's *general character*; and it is of this we are speaking. Look at her in the relation of *wife!* How strong is her affection; how ardent her *love* for the husband of her choice and youth! Many waters cannot quench it, nor can floods drown it. If he is intelligent, high-minded, moral, upright, useful and respected, with what inexpressible delight does she regard him! The unintermitting love which she feels for him, is poured forth spontaneously from the deep fountain of her soul. It approximates idolatry! She almost "lives, moves and has her being" in the welfare of her husband. If we reverse the picture, and suppose the husband becomes vicious, and unworthy the confidence and devotion of his wife—we will even suppose he becomes an intolerable sinner, and roams the community an outcast, excluded from the peaceful walks of virtuous society, abandoned by relatives and former friends;—he may even, by debauchery be changed into a brute, and in the delirium of intoxication assault and abuse the gentle creature he adored and loved in his brighter and holier days;—he may reduce her to penury; beggar her precious, helpless babes or turn herself and them upon the mercy of the wild winter storm, and scream his maniac curse after them;—yet *she* forsakes him not. *She loves him still*, and she will love him, despite his horrid habits, and accumulated guilt. This is not fancy. The world is full of instances which illustrate these thoughts. There is not a city, town or village in the nation, where we may not find them.

As a *mother*, her affectionate nature is exhibited in luxuriant fondness for her children, and the keenest solicitude for their welfare. How careful, how watchful, how tender of her infant; and how assiduous to supply its wants, and meet its thousand necessities! And as the swift years pass away, and she sees half-a-dozen images of herself standing around her, full of innocent glee and gaiety, how fervently she prays for their preservation from the numerous evils and contaminations of the world. How carefully she instructs them in

their social and moral relations and duties, and with what affectionate adroitness she *bends* the tender *twig* so as to *incline* the future *tree.*

When others, and even the father grow *weary* in looking after the interests of the rising progeny, the mother faints not! Her hands are yet ready to labor, and her feet swift to meet the demands of her family. Her children grow up, and perhaps become prodigals—strong and valiant sinners—and by shameful deeds and many crimes, heap untold sorrows upon her weary head, causing her heart to bleed without intermission. Still she clings to her offspring, and weeps, prays and labors for their reformation and salvation. Nor is a *sister's* love scarcely less ardent and abiding. It will follow a brother to the haunts of infamy, nor leave him until he takes his last leap into destruction. O there is music in that word—SISTER, and the young man who has a virtuous, devoted *sister*, may easily escape one half this world's calamities.

5. And, finally, the moral power of woman may frequently consist in the mellow and melting tones of her voice, and the persuasive eloquence of her words. We need not expatiate. The sweet voice of woman, without echoing authoritative words, speaks to the passionate storm in man's heart like the mandate of Jesus to the winds which blew upon the waters of Gallilee—"*Peace!*"—and a calm ensues. The music of the viol and the harp is not half so soothing and satisfying as the rich cadence of woman's voice when she speaks in behalf of virtue, humanity, and religion. But when she is herself, the subject of wrong and suffering, and cries from the depth of sorrows—the place of woes—that heart must be strangely callous which cannot feel, and that arm certainly withered which does not reach forth, if it be possible, abundant help.

In *one* or *all* of these facts, it is conceived, may be found the secret of woman's power. If these qualities and abilities are devoted to the service of *sin*, how dreadful she becomes! A monster in crime, leading thousands to the chambers of death! But if they are consecrated to virtue and religion, they will be equally successful. Woman, through grace which sanctifies and gives fresh loveliness to her abilities, can bless the world, and wipe the tears from millions of weeping eyes! Heaven bless *her*, while she is blessing *others.*

Saugus, Mass.

The following sprightly and beautiful lines are by HURDIS. "His father, who was a gentleman of small fortune, died when the poet was a boy, and left the charge of his education to his mother. He was worthy of the care she bestowed upon him; she lived to see him admired and beloved, and to find that when worldly honors most crowded on him, he was most mindful of her who had laid the ground work of his distinction."

NATURE'S LESSONS.

But mark with what peculiar grace yon wood,
Which clothes the weary steep, waves in the breeze
Her sea of leaves. Thither we turn our steps,
And as we pass attend the cheerful sound
Of woodland harmony, which ever fills
The merry vale between. How sweet the song
Day's harbinger performs! I have not heard
Such elegant divisions drawn from art.
And what is he who wins our admiration?
A little speck which floats upon the sunbeam.
What vast perfection cannot nature crowd
Into a puny point! The nightingale,
Her solo anthem sung, and all who heard
Content, joins in the chorus of the day.
She, gentle heart, thinks it no pains to please,
Nor, like the moody songsters of the world,
Displays her talent, pleases, takes affront,
And locks it up in envy.

* * * *

I love to see the little goldfinch pluck
The groundsel's feathered seed, and twit and twit,
And soon in bower of apple blossoms perched,
Trim his gay suit and pay us with a song.
I would not hold him prisoner for the world.
The chimney-hunting swallow too, my eye
And ear, well pleases. I delight to see
How suddenly he skims the glassy pool,
How quaintly dips, and with a bullet's speed
Whisks by. I love to be awake, and hear
His morning song twittered to dawning day.
But most of all it wins my admiration,
To view the structure of that little work,
A bird's nest. Mark it well within, without.
No tool had he who wrought; no knife to cut;
No nail to fix; no bodkin to insert;
No glue to join; his little beak was all.
And yet how neatly finished! What nice hand,
With every implement and means of art,
And twenty years apprenticeship to boot,
Could make me such another? Fondly, then,
We boast of excellence, whose noblest skill
Instructive genius foils.

The bee observe;
She too an artist is, and laughs at man,
Who calls on rules the sightly hexagon
With truth to form; a cunning architect,
Who at the roof begins her golden work,
And builds without foundation. How she toils,
And still from bud to bud, from flower to flower,
Travels the live-long day. Ye idle drones,
Who rather pilfer than your bread obtain
By honest means like these, behold and learn
How good, how fair, how honorable 'tis
To live by industry.

FLOWER UPON THE GREEN HILL-SIDE.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

Flower upon the green hill side,
Thou, to shun the threatening blast,
In the grass thy head dost hide,
By the tempest overpast.
Then to greet the azure skies,
And to feel the soothing sun,
Brighter, sweeter thou dost rise;
Tell me, flower, how this is done.

I will tell thee, as thy friend,
Artless, timid, whispering low;
To the blast 'tis good to bend;
He who made me taught me so!
While His teaching I obey,
I but fall to rise and stand
Brighter for the stormy day,
Leaning on His viewless hand.

When to Him I've lowly bowed,
He with freshness fills my cup
From the angry, scowling cloud,
Then He gently lifts me up.
So I fall, and so I rise;
In the dark and sunny hour,
Minding Him who rules the skies!
He's my God, and I'm His flower!

MEMORY OF THE DEAD. Melancholy arising from the loss of those we love, however it may unfit the mind for the public business in the world, will generally be found to fill it with a happy benevolence in private life. There is no time when you could induce a man to do more for a living friend than when his heart is filled with the memory of the dead.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE BEST STYLE OF MANNERS.

BY MISS A. L. MORTON.

My dear friends,—

You must, to some extent, be aware of the charm and influence attached to good manners—to amiable, attractive manners. This is the unfading adornment which sets off to the best advantage, mental as well as personal beauty, and recommends even the piety and virtues of the christian. If the truth of this be not already evident to you, experience, that useful teacher, will one day render it so, from the knowledge it seldom fails to impart, whether beneficially received or not. Those pursuits which tend to cultivate the mind, to mend the heart, and to regulate the feelings, must be the best guides for forming the manners, before they receive their finishing polish by good society. In refining the character from its defects, its selfish wanderings from the required standard, it produces an elevation of sentiment at variance with all which has a tendency to render the general manner abrupt, sullen, imperious, negligent, familiar, or artificial. Wherever an uniform, upright principle of action is strictly adhered to, it requires no great penetration to perceive it in the general address, even though it fail to render it polished or attractive. This is seldom effected but under prosperous, or peculiar circumstances. But if the the mind be well regulated, the self-possession attendant upon it, will prevent any of the irregularities of manner which offend the polished and fastidious.

One great security for a generally acceptable manner is, to *keep true to nature in its cultivated refinement.* It is not only a wearing employment to be always acting, to which a high-toned mind could not submit, but it is paying too dearly, in every point of view, for human estimation, and, after all, it defeats the very purpose for which artificial manners are formed. If we look round us, we shall readily perceive that it is not the artificial who stand highest in public opinion. It is not in the nature of things for an artificial person to inspire confidence in any of sufficient discernment to penetrate the veil of hypocrisy through which it is sought. And wherever public confidence is wanting, after a fair trial, the character cannot be entitled to much esteem. Those who have a *prepared* smile for every address, soon lose their influence with

people of good taste. They can never acquire the ascendency at which they aim. The manner should be free from servility as well as *hauteur*. We had better, if we seek to please—and indeed upon every principle—endeavor to conduct in society as though in the retirement of our own fireside, with no emotion opposed to the refined ease of a well-disciplined mind. All nervous sensations, the consequence of *mauvaise haute*, or self-conceit, may be thus conquered. There can be no surer way of putting our associates at their ease in our society than to appear so ourselves. In order to appear so, it is only necessary to cultivate the dispositions which tend to render us *really* so. If we do not, few will be disposed to approach, or to befriend us. The christian benignity which warms the heart, even if it do not illumine the countenance or soften the manner, will be evident in some points of the character, or conduct, and inspire confidence and respect. The conviction of this may act as a sort of charm upon the manner which will not probably fail of its due effect.

The bad manners of one influential member of a domestic circle, may cause that of others, who act more from impulse than reflection. Human nature is too defective not to yield its better part when roused to indignation by unaccustomed bad manners, even where a religious principle should soften every expression for harmony and good will. But few, alas, are disposed to seek to turn asperity into love. Were all to bear in mind to treat others with uniform benignity, there would be little left to lament of the selfish want of courteousness, which impedes the beneficial exercise of many exalted virtues. Policy often gives an exterior for the public eye, which is not preserved in domestic life. The selfishness of the human heart causes a deficiency in christian courteousness in the daily intercourse of social life, where it is most needed. But a perfectly well-bred individual cannot neglect any of the courtesies of social, any more than those of, what is termed, polite life. Whatever be our calling, the disregard of them can only indicate that we hold ourselves either above or below them. That we presumptuously consider ourselves from an imagined superiority (that in such an instance must be remote from the fact) exempt from an adherence to accustomed forms, or that we are of too little importance in the eyes of others to render them necessary. But this can never be the case while we have the right to be received in religious, or any well-regulated soci-

eties. And although we should avoid every species of hypocrisy as we would "the pestilence which destroyeth," yet we should cherish courteousness even though assumed by the hypocrite, whom it can never adorn as it does the christian, who feels it to be the natural result of right views of religion and morality. For in its most engaging character, it is christian loveliness, enjoined by christianity itself. "Let your speech be always with grace," says Paul. I have seldom met with a true christian, who was so in heart, spirit, and usefulness, who was deficient in courteous benignity of address. His knowledge of the infirmity of human nature produces a compassionate tenderness, which leads to those considerate attentions, which a christian only can feel and express so as to reach the heart.

We can have no right to show a disregard toward any unoffending individual. Even the most unworthy claim, upon a christian principle, more of compassion than any other feeling. The bitterness which poisons a worse than useless life, added to the known invariable termination of depravity under every form, demands the charity which "rejoiceth not in iniquity," but meets it as a sorrow to the heart.

Those who are too self-willed, or heartless, to use the grace of speech recommended by Paul, are liable to be either slighted or involved in a sort of petty warfare, in their intercourse with their fellow-creatures, inconsistent with christian professions. It is at variance with the self-respect we should preserve as a shield to our virtues, and the independence which should keep at a distance all assaults that may offend, and render them unavailable. For we may be persuaded true independence is to be found in uniform good-breeding; which cannot descend to useless contests, though it may make no concessions that can compromise religious or moral obligation. It is a mere safeguard from giving or taking offence. The apparent tranquillity it produces is one of the graces of good breeding, and may prevent many a shaft's being aimed at its possessor which might pierce the heart, whether guarded or not. I do not mean a selfish apathy of feeling which heeds nothing, nor any who do not administer to some luxurious indulgence, but an amiable, gracious tranquillity, originating from a well-disciplined mind, where it may exist in the manner even amid the internal warfare of the feelings. Yet it is the polish rather than the virtue of good manners—freeing

them from all embarrassment, and giving them a sweetness which embarrassed, or familiar manners seldom have—since both are apt to proceed from a false, or imperfect appreciation of our qualifications for consideration.

There is such an endless variety in the character and address of individuals, that, in order to meet the variety as becomes christians, we should sedulously guard against any defect in our own address. There are too many excellent results of good-breeding for the preservation of order, and harmony, to render any admonitions on the subject, unncessary —and there is too glaring a defect in the manners of many of every class at the present day, offensive to *good taste*, to say the least, not to sanction every effort for a reformation. We might well inquire what has become of the sweetness, gracious dignity, and cheerful propriety which graced our well-bred ancestors. Alas, we fear buried with them, and not to be restored until wiser and better modes direct public taste.

It is to be regretted that the term *good manners* is not more fully understood, in order to produce a balm for every wound, when springing from a heavenly-mindedness which changes the bitter into sweet, and often allays the anguish of a bleeding heart. If we were better christians, actuated alone by the unvarying feelings, and principles of Christianity, in our intercourse with each other, the result would appear in every form which tends to lessen human suffering, as well as to prepare the character to meet the purity and love which are to be the ultimate reward of such a preparation.

South Boston, Mass.

SONNET.

A dreamy whisper from the sweet South-west,
Borne on the just-awakened Zephyr's wing,
Comes to our ear with stories of the Spring,
And bids the heart in her return be blest.
Joy to the Earth!—for Spring with breeze and song,
Leaflet and bud, comes jocundly along,
While in her breath the trees are blossoming.
And see! the greenness of the tender grass
Where her light footstep airily doth pass—
The clear-voiced birds, and streams, and fountains sing
A woven melody to greet her coming,
And voices low and musical are humming
A song of welcome—and the earth rejoices,
And praises God with multitudinous voices.—*W. H. Burleigh.*

THE VOICES OF NATURE.

The voice of the mountain, The voice of the grove,
Finis.
The stream and the foun - tain are voices of love.
The flower in its sweetness, The bird in his lays,
D. C.
The wind in its fleet - ness, Are ut-ter-ing praise.

2 The spring, in her freshness
Of verdure and bloom,—
And summer, all incense,
And breathing perfume,—
Gray autumn, low bending
With fruits richly given,—
Are each in turn sending
Warm praises to Heaven.
The voice, &c.

3 The day with its duties,
The night with its rest,
The stars in their beauty,
So beaming and blessed,—
The sun in his glory,
The moon in her race,
Are telling the story
Of love and of grace.
The voice, &c.

4 All laden with treasures,
All glowing with smiles,
To serve for our pleasures,
Or sorrows beguile,—
Creation and nature
Are speaking God's praise.
Let every glad creature
The deep chorus raise.
The voice, &c.

WM. CUTTER.

AN EARLY WALK.

The morning is the most favourable season for exercising the female, as well as for making useful impressions on the mind and heart.

9.

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THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. SEPTEMBER, 1843. NO. 9.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

ESSENTIALS TO RIGHT GOVERNMENT.

BY MRS. M. S. WEST.

A deep and ever-abiding consciousness of accountability to God, for the manner in which you may discharge your maternal obligations, is the first essential to the right training of a family. Nothing but this will insure your faithfulness to yourselves, or your children.

Who are these young beings, clustering round your hearts and your hearth-stones? Are they not immortal spirits destined to live forever? And have you considered that that eternal existence, now but just begun, you may influence for good by the faithful performance of duty, or for evil by your neglect or indifference?

Let no mother think that the only object of her anxiety should be, to fit her children to fill reputably high and honorable stations in the eye of the world. Her object should be far higher than this; for whether she recognizes the fact or not, she is training souls for eternity. She is modifying and impressing, almost as she pleases, the beings committed to her keeping, and who, as far as her influence has extended, He, who judgeth the world, will require at her hands.

Mothers, cherish a true sense of the greatness of your mission, and the power God has given you to impress the yielding minds of childhood. This sense of responsibility will humble pride, and strengthen faith; and who can need the christian graces and christian hopes, more than a mother?

Next to this sense of responsibility, a true and rational affection for your children is essential. Perhaps some may say, "What folly

to advise a mother to love her child. Do not all mothers love their children?" No; much which passes for parental affection is but the manifestation of that instinctive love of our offspring, implanted for most wise purposes in the human breast, and which, even those whose moral natures are unenlightened may minister to the physical necessities of helpless infancy and childhood. Neither is that a just and discriminating affection which palliates faults, instead of correcting them. Much of this kind of affection might be more justly termed parental selfishness; for those, who, through a mistaken tenderness cannot administer needful discipline, or deny hurtful indulgences, in reality gratify their own selfish love of ease and temporary quiet, to the neglect, or positive injury of the physical and moral natures of their children. But the purest and highest degree of parental affection, is that which unites tenderness and firmness; which looks only to the real good, physical and spiritual of its object, which never degenerates into weak indulgence, and hesitates not to restrain by discipline, and correct with due severity, whenever an emergency demands it. This affection cannot exist where a mother does not possess much self-command. Destitute of this important virtue, she cannot practice always a steady adherence to the right, unbiassed by passion, prejudice, or her affections. She should strive to attain this power of self-command; for in family government, firmness should always walk hand in hand with affection; that affection which will always gratify every proper demand, and that firmness which will command implicit subordination. Affection without firmness, always degenerates into culpable weakness; firmness without affection, cannot enkindle the warmth of filial love and reverence.

Undue severity is often quite as fatal to the right training of youth, as unreasonable indulgence, and far more withering in its influence upon the heart. How pure the affections of children. How warm their impulses, when they have been cherished; when ridicule or severity has not chilled, or silenced their free and joyous expression. Sad it is, that the first lessons in dissimulation and coldness, are so often learned by the parental fireside, simply because the irrepressible glee of childhood, sometimes interferes with the clock-work regularity of some notable housekeepers, or disquiets the nerves of some querulous mother, or aunt, or interrupts the calculations of a business-devoted father. I have seen a confiding child shrink away, his ex-

pressive countenance overcast with premature disappointment, and his heart full, from not having received the sympathy which he had anticipated. When will parents remember, that things, which in themselves are trifles, are of as much importance in the estimation of children, as the widest plans are to those in mature life? When they can adapt their sympathies to the joys and sorrows of childhood, they will draw the band of filial affection more closely round the hearts of their children, and may thus render their own influence doubly powerful.

But, mothers, ever remember, that your own example is by far the surest, the most unfailing educator of childhood. Many parents abound in direct instruction, but their own example neutralizes all they attempt in the training of their children.

Do you wish your child to be good-tempered? Then bear about with you, under all the cares of life, the ornament of a quiet spirit. Children are exact imitators. Speak to a bright, intelligent child, as soon as he is able to understand language, in a tone of anger, or impatience, and he will immediately respond in the same tone, and seem instantly to imbibe, as if by an electric communication, the same spirit; but speak in a tone of gentleness, and, in most cases, you will see anger disarmed, and its expression greatly modified, if not quite removed. In our intercourse with the young, we shall generally find, that "a soft answer turneth away wrath."

Would you guard your child against a censorious spirit? Then never indulge yourself in the expression of anything harsh, or uncharitable, in your comments upon others. Cultivate in yourself and in your children, that charity which never faileth.

In some families the censorious spirit descends as regularly as the name, from the mere force of example; a most undesirable heirloom, indeed, and one which we should be careful our children do not inherit.

Example will ever be found thus powerful, in the formation of habits and the mode of thinking; and if powerful for evil, why not also for good?

Would you teach your children the beauty of holiness? Would you be, indeed, the spiritual mother of your beloved ones? Then you must be in heart and in life, a true christian. You must always manifest in your daily and hourly deportment, a consistent christian

character. Cultivate not only the christian principles, but the christian graces also; and add "whatsoever things are lovely," to those which are of "good report," and let the light of your faith and hope so shine, that you may win the young to the love of Christ. The time has passed for austerity and gloom to be considered the necessary accompaniments of high attainments in piety. The idea now savors of monkish superstition; and who should be cheerful, who happy, if not the heir of immortality—the consistent, trusting disciple of Jesus? Endeavor both by instruction and example to exert the best influence upon your children, and for the rest, trust in God. Paul may plant, Apollos water, but God alone giveth the increase.

One most important requisite to the right performance of maternal duty, and without which a mother can do nothing, is prayer. Pray for your children, and teach them the privilege of prayer for themselves. Keep alive the spirit of prayer. The mother who neglects this duty, may be a fond, but she cannot be truly a christian mother; for how can she trust in God? How can she love her children, and not bring them to the mercy-seat? Prayer has well been called the "mother's panoply." By prayer she must seek for wisdom to perceive her duties, and strength to aid her in their performance; for patience to bear all things; for faith to hope all things, and for entire and unreserved acquiescence in the will of God. Does any mother doubt that the fervent prayer of *faith* will be answered? Remember the Savior's promise, "Ask and it shall be given you, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Haverhill, Mass.

INSTRUCTION OF CHILDREN.—The Jewish Rabbies observed a very strict method in the instruction of children. At five years old they were called "sons of the law," to read it; at thirteen they were called "sons of the precept," to understand it; (then they received the Passover) at fifteen years of age they were instructed in the deeper points of the law. Thus did the Jews. And let no Christian lag behind them in propagating the truths of Jesus Christ their Master. Let children be well instructed and principled in the fundamental doctrines of the Christian religion; for without cathechising, "the people perish for lack of knowledge." The Papists confess that all the ground we have gotten of them is by *Catechism*. In a word, catechising is as well a family duty as a church duty. Were but the family well instructed, there would not be so many unstable Christians, as now are to be found amongst us.—*From Dr. Donne's Sermon at St Paul's*, 1621.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

ADVANTAGES OF MATERNAL ASSOCIATIONS.

BY REV. HARVEY NEWCOMB.

It is believed that few mothers have an adequate sense of the importance and responsibility of the position which they occupy in society. It is no uncommon thing, indeed, for them to lament over their limited sphere of usefulness, and to complain that they are so much confined by the constant care of their little flock, as to be unable to do any thing in society. Yet, there is nothing else which they could do, if ever so much at liberty, half so important as the training of their little charge. No wonder, then, that Paul should require the aged women to teach the young women (i. e. the young married women, Tit. ii. 5,) to be "keepers at home." Not, indeed, that they should be always at home; but that this is the place where they have a charge to keep—where their main duty lies. It is doubtless true, that the character of the next generation depends more upon the young mothers of the present day, than upon all other influences combined. *The destiny of the church and state is, to a great extent, in the hands of mothers.* It is believed that the majority of children receive impressions during the tender age when they are chiefly under the discipline and influence of their mothers, which give direction to their future character; and it is an undoubted fact, that good, wholesome, family government is indispensable to the interests of society, both in church and state; for the individual who was never controlled in childhood, will always be a troublesome member of society. Yet, good family government so far depends upon the mother, that it is generally in her power to secure it, without the cooperation of the father; while she may defeat the best of his endeavors to the same end. If these views are correct, it will be admitted that mothers ought to avail themselves of every means within their power to qualify themselves for a station of such importance and responsibility; and we should suppose they would need no urging to do it. Yet, as a matter of fact, it is true, that very few, comparatively, avail themselves of the privileges of an institution designed for this express purpose. The *Maternal Association* is one of those excellent institutions to which the philanthropy of this age has given birth. Though silent and unobtrusive in its operation, yet, if generally observed by the mothers in our land,

it would go very far toward restoring the thorough family discipline of our puritan fathers, without so much of its severity as to render it repulsive. In commending this institution to the attention of those mothers who have not been accustomed to avail themselves of it, I shall enumerate four advantages which they might expect from it.

1. *Instruction.* No mother, who is in any good degree sensible of her responsibilities, will fail to feel that she needs much wisdom, and much more than she possesses, to enable her to fulfil the trust committed to her. But, it seems to me, that no better plan could be devised, to secure the general instruction of mothers, in regard to their maternal duties, than the Maternal Association. If carried out, according to its design, it will embrace the mothers of a particular vicinity, or of a particular society, who will meet statedly, and spend a portion of their time while assembled, in conversing about their peculiar duties; so that all the wisdom possessed by them will be thrown into a common stock, and every mother will possess the same knowledge, in regard to the training and management of children, as the aggregate possessed by the whole; and such conversation will be likely to correct the errors prevalent among them. But, in addition to this, they will naturally, and almost necessarily, be led by this means, to read, and thereby improve their knowledge of maternal duty and responsibility. They will, at least, be led to subscribe for some magazine, devoted to their instruction; and in many associations, a small library is obtained, and kept in constant circulation, consisting of works designed especially for parents. And there are few, who, on an examination, would not be surprised to discover how many books of this class have been published. There are enough of them lying on the shelves of the booksellers to form a very respectable library; and those, too, of a most interesting character. In addition to this, if the young ladies are permitted to attend, (as they certainly should be,) the Maternal Association will prove a most profitable school, in which they may learn the principles of family government, and the best ways and means of managing children; which will be of great use to them should they become mothers, or should they be engaged in the most interesting and useful employment of "teaching the young idea how to shoot."

2. Another advantage of the Maternal Association, is *united prayer.* It is to be presumed that every good mother feels

deeply her need of help from above, that she may be able to control herself, exhibit the christian temper before her offspring, and discharge her maternal duties faithfully. She will feel deeply, also, if she is a *pious mother*, in behalf of the immortal interests of her children. She will, therefore, be often at the throne of grace, pleading earnestly for grace herself, and for divine influences upon the hearts of her children. But there are special promises to *united and social* prayer; and by meeting together, and uniting their sympathies and prayers, they may be helpers to each other in prayer. So, likewise, mingling their prayers together will tend to excite, to cultivate, and to preserve the spirit of prayer among them, in behalf of the objects of their tenderest solicitude. This is, in fact, one of the leading objects of this institution; and if there were no others, this would be sufficient to bring them often together before the throne of grace.

3. Another advantage is the influence of the social principle, in awakening a sense of responsibility, and stirring them up to faithfulness in their maternal duties. A father wrote to his little boy, urging him to attend to the subject of religion, who replied, "My dear father, I want to become a Christian, but *I forget—I forget.*" This language is emphatic and touchingly descriptive, of the experience of us all. And what parent is there who will not feel its force, in regard to the desires which he has cherished, and the resolutions which he has formed, in regard to the discharge of parental duty? How prone we are to forget the good impressions we have received from the perusal of a book on parental duty and obligations. But, let those who can deeply sympathize with each other, in regard to the trials and difficulties incident to the parental relation, statedly meet together for conversation and prayer, and it will serve to keep alive these impressions, and awaken new interests in their peculiar and trying duties. Moreover, they will receive comfort and strength from these interviews; and though they may serve to deepen their sense of personal deficiency, yet they will preserve them from discouragement, by showing that their trials are not peculiar to themselves, but especially that their own children are not, as they are sometimes tempted to suppose, "the worst children in the world."

4. Another advantage of the maternal association is, that the members obligate themselves to become mothers to each other's children, in case of the decease of any one of them. It is a great consolation to a christian mother, on her dying

AN EARLY WALK.

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sic of her voice. He viewed with interest the drawings sketched by her hand; admired her painting and embroidery; and, in various ways, known only to a lover, expressed his admiration of her.

Inez would often sit with Edgar, and listen with delight to the selections he loved to read. Her sweetest, plaintive song was sung to soothe his spirit, and he often declared that his sad heart was cheered by the delightful influences of her sweet notes. If a scene of sorrow presented itself before the charity of Inez, Edgar was her companion to the lowly cot. He advised, and his judgment was generally owned superior. Such was the state of affairs, when, nearly at the same time, the young gentlemen both declared their love, and both sought the heart and the hand of Inez.

Edgar, with a trembling hand wrote the tale of love which breathed the feelings of his bosom, and, with a sigh, placed it at parting in the hand of Inez. Albert declared his admiration, and told how ardently and how sincerely he loved. Far different were the motives which actuated their bosoms. Albert wished Inez might shine as the belle of beauty and fashion, and adorn his fashionable dwelling with her ease and grace. Along with the homage of his heart, he offered his wealth. Edgar could offer nothing but a true, devoted heart. He sighed that she might become his companion through the path of life. He knew well, the christian graces which adorned the character of Inez, and as a follower of the meek and lowly Son of God, as a messenger of his gospel, he wished for one like her, to walk with him in the ways of truth, and to shed the gentle influences of her spirit over him.

What now must she do? Her happiness depended upon the choice, and which should she choose? Her brother had whispered *his choice* in her ear; it was that she should become the wife of his friend Albert.

But to return. Inez wept long, for her tears were the gushing of suppressed sadness and of painful suspense. The tear of sympathy filled her parent's eye, for well she knew the struggle in her daughter's bosom; but she spoke not, till the flood of tears was dried from Inez's cheek, for she knew her feelings would be more calm, and her aching heart would be relieved. "Inez, it is not right that I should decide for you," said her mother; "let your intercession at the throne of mercy, bring heavenly guidance to your aid. I would

have you select the one you love; the one who would strive to let his and your light shine to the glory of God, and devote the lives God has given you, to his service. Remember, my daughter, that upon your present choice depends, in a great degree, your earthly happiness, your eternal destiny. You decide not only for to-day, but for life."

"O, mother, when I think of these considerations, I know to whom I turn. But I think of my father and Edward." "Your father, my dear, wishes you to do as God would have you do; and your brother's preference in a friend, should be no motive against your own happiness."

"Go now, my daughter, with me, to walk in the garden, and strive to forget, while viewing the works of God, the names of Edgar and Albert; and when your excited thoughts are calmed, go to your chamber and seek wisdom from the oracles of God, and guidance from his Spirit." In about half an hour Mrs. Stanley and Inez returned to the house; each retired to her chamber, for each bore a burdened heart; one to ask God's blessing on her dearly loved and only daughter, that she might be led in useful paths, and be rendered a blessing to herself, and to those connected with her. The other to follow her mother's advice, and, in communion with her heavenly Father, to seek his guidance and blessing. Long and earnestly did the mother wrestle with God, that her beloved Inez might decide aright; that the feelings of her heart might be directed by the influences of the Holy Spirit. She arose with a calm and trusting heart, firm in the anticipation of the Spirit's answer, and taking the word of God, she perused its sacred pages, and found his word as a "lamp unto her feet, and a light unto her path." Inez invoked God's blessing upon herself, and the aid of his Spirit to assist her in understanding the precious book she was about to read. She had ever loved to peruse the writings of Paul, especially when sad at heart, and at this hour she turned almost instinctively to his second epistle to the Corinthians. She read the first chapter, and there found God to be her comfort. In the second, she saw the power and success of the word of his grace. She continued reading, until she reached the 14th verse of the 6th chapter. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." She paused, and said to herself, "am I a follower of Christ, and a believer in his name? Yes, I profess to be; I am." "And what concord hath Christ with Belial? Or what part hath he

that believeth with an infidel?" This was enough. She closed the book, and sat with upraised eyes and clasped hands. "O how estranged has my heart been from the Creator of all good, that I should doubt the dictation of his Spirit. My selfish, worldly considerations have passed, and God has heard my prayer. I have sinned, but God in mercy has overlooked my transgressions, and will lead me aright." With these thoughts and feelings, she passed to her mother's room, but found it empty. She then entered the sitting parlor, and resuming her needlework, awaited her mother's entrance. Soon her footsteps were hailed with delight by Inez, and rising to meet her parent, she placed her own hand within that of her mother's, and pressed it to her lips. Mrs. Stanley drew her to her bosom, and affectionately embraced and kissed her. "I think the struggle in my Inez's heart has passed," said her mother, "for the light of her eye tells me of peace within, and her wonted, happy countenance, speaks to me of joy" "Mother, God has decided for me," said Inez, "pointing to the passages which had, like the voice of God, so impressed her spirit. My life is his, and it shall be devoted to his cause. If *I* am a temple for the indwelling of God's Spirit, I will not unite my interests with the followers of mammon, but God shall be my father, and I will be his child."

"My dear child, God is a hearer of prayer. Give him the praise."

Years have rolled on in their course, and Inez, the gentle Inez, is the wife of Edgar Washburn. The mother, whose counsels had ever blessed the footsteps of her children, now lies sleeping in the grave; but, although dead, she often speaks to their hearts; her examples have been followed, her pious influences have been blest. Inez and Edgar often refer to the hour, and bless its memory, too, when a mother's hand directed, and a heavenly Father's voice, decided in the choice.

Boston, August, 1843.

A TEMPERANCE GIRL.—A few weeks since a young lady, with a horse and wagon, was driving from Norwalk to Westport, Ct. She overtook a young man going the same way, and, as her horse became rather unmanageable, she requested him to jump in and drive for her. As he was getting into the wagon, "My," said she, "you have been drinking rum!" and pushing him, she put whip to the horse, and dashed off. The young man afterward declared that she must be one of the *Smelling Committee*, for it had been an hour since he had drank anything.—*Organ.*

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

EVENING THOUGHTS.

BY MISS H. J. WOODMAN.

The long day's toil is done,
And now thy wearied child, Almighty Sire,
Would close with prayer, the day with prayer begun,
And feel anew devotion's warming fire!

Grief mingles with her prayer,
At the remembrance of her hours mispent,
And the vain burden of misguided care
To which the spirit in its toils hath bent!

And each ungracious word,
And wish unhallowed by a thought of Thee,
And the world's voices in my spirit heard—
All come unbidden and refuse to flee.

Sadly in memory's train
Such thoughts are blended, till her eyes are dim,
And the heart sinks with weariness and pain,
While hope seems breathing her funereal hymn!

But haste, look up, my soul!
The cloud is scattered—faith's white wing appears,
And love bends o'er thee with her soft control,
To calm thy sorrows and dispel thy fears!

Thy voice, Almighty Friend!
Heard where the wildest billows madly roll,
Bids light unshadowed on my path descend,
And strength from Heaven my weakness to control!

No weariness or pain—
No dark ingratitude, or deep despair,
Can bid thy goodness all its love retain,
Or shut from Heaven the penitential prayer!

Boston, Mass., Aug., 1843.

A SMILE.—Who can tell the value of a smile? It costs the giver nothing, but is beyond price to the erring and relenting, the sad and cheerless, the lost and forsaken. It disarms malice—subdues temper; turns hatred to love—revenge to kindness, and paves the darkest paths with gems of sunlight. A smile on the brow betrays a kind heart, a pleasant friend, an affectionate brother, a dutiful son, and a happy husband. It adds charm to beauty, decorates the face of the deformed, and makes lovely woman resemble the angel of Paradise. Who will refuse to smile?

PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

The vegetable kingdom in the West, appears to differ from that of the timber, almost as much as that of the animal race. Each variation of soil has its own species of grass and herbs, although some are common over the whole region.

From May until late in the Fall, the prairie is one vast bed of flowers; which, enjoying so much sun, are painted in the brightest colors. In the sea of green verdure, those of every hue of the rainbow, sparkle like so many gems. In the midst of all this variety, however, each floral period, which lasts about a month, has its own favorite and reigning flower, though thousands of others are interspersed in small quantities. No sooner does one species begin to fade, than another commences to unfold its fresh and radiant glories. And thus does every moon, during the long flowering season, shine upon a different succession of these verdant beauties.

The whole vegetable kingdom here, like the race of animals, is of a very innocent character. You may wade up to your shoulders in grass for a week, and you will not encounter a burr. No scent, either fetid or odorous, ever salutes the nostrils. There are no bitter or nauseous herbs which the cattle refuse to eat. Amid all the endless variety of vegetables, I question whether there is a single poisonous herb. Thus, the peaceful tribes of these abodes enjoy all the sweets of vegetation without any of its alloy, and all its beauties without any mixture of deformity. And it is the perfect innocence of their inhabitation, I conjecture, that renders them innocent too. No dizzy heights or yawning depths ever affright them; no rough crags or frowning precipices habituate their eyes to the sight of blood and suffering, or their ears to the terrifying but intoxicating draughts of screams and moans or pains; no rough or uneven breaks in the ground around them, ever mingle with their perceptions of the beauties of nature, but they are as ignorant of all these things as they are of language or thought. Born in the season of flowers, and cradled in the softest lap of nature, their fiercest propensities are early soothed by the circumstances which surround them. During their whole existence their skies are the brightest—their suns the most gorgeous. The surface over which they move is as regular and unbroken as if levelled by the roller; and the morning opens to them a firmament above,

and a kingdom below, upon which spring yearly lavishes his most charming embellishments, and autumn, from his golden horn, ushers a profusion of sweets.

In such an element of things, how could any creature be vicious, unless its nature were totally so? How could darkness dwell under so much light; or an evil disposition under so much loveliness and joy?

BIRDS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

O, the sunny summer time!
O, the leafy summer time!
Merry is the bird's life,
When the year is in its prime!
Birds are by the water-falls,
Dashing in the rainbow spray;
Every where, every where,
Light and lovely there are they!
Birds are in the forest old,
Building in each hoary tree;
Birds are on the green hills;
Birds are by the sea!

On the moor and in the fen,
'Mong the whortleberries green;
In the yellow furze-bush,
Where the sparkling waters chime;
In the heather, on the hill;
All among the mountain thyme;
By the little brook-sides,
Where the sparkling waters chime;
In the crag; and on the peak,
Splintered, savage, wild, and bare,
There the bird with wild wing,
Wheeleth through the air.

Wheeleth through the breezy air,
Singing, screaming, in his flight,
Calling to his bird-mate,
In a troubleless delight;
In the green and leafy wood,
Where the branching ferns up-curl,
Soon as is the dawning,
Wakes the mavis and the merle;
Wakes the cuckoo on the bough;
Wakes the jay with ruddy breast;
Wakes the mother ring-dove,
Brooding on her nest!

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE REVENGE.

BY MISS BETSY A. TIDD.

The light wreaths of smoke curled peacefully to the bright autumnal sky, from a lone wigwam in the border of a copse which skirted one of those miniature lakes that form one of the loveliest features in the lovely scenery of New England.

The light rippling of the moonlit waters, with the plaintive song of the whippo-will on the opposite shore, made sweet music in that lovely spot, but it fell unheeded on the ear of the dusky son of the forest, who dwelt there, secluded and alone.

He stood at the entrance of his rude dwelling in thoughtful attitude, and, to a careless observer, might have seemed contemplating the beauty of the evening, whose deepening shadows were mantling his native forests, yet untouched by the "despoiling hand" of art, and flourishing in all the luxuriance of primeval beauty and grandeur.

But the restless flashing of his keen dark eye, and the fearful scowl which flitted now and then across his muscular features, told that his thoughts were far away from the peaceful scene before him. A circumstance had that day occurred, which had rekindled in his bosom the smothered fire of a passion which had slept for years. Many years before, when a mere youth, he had quarrelled with one of his tribe near his own age, and had received an insult, for which he had vowed revenge on his enemy, who immediately sought refuge from his fury with a distant tribe.

Years passed away, and the remembrance of their childish quarrel was nearly effaced from the mind of the fugitive, who, with all the wild recklessness of the untutored savage, still cherished feelings of strong attachment for his native valley.

How powerful is the charm thrown around the human heart by the remembrance of childhood's home, and the thousand pleasant associations which cluster around it; an emotion so closely linked with the finer feelings of human nature, when found even in the breast of the savage, that it seems like a delicate flower blooming in native fragrance amid the sterile wastes of the desert.

It was a feeling like this which prompted the wanderer to return to his tribe, and meet with one whose fearful threat he

supposed was long since forgotten; but in this he was mistaken.

His enemy no sooner recognized him, than he formed the fiendish purpose of assuming the guise of friendship, and apparent forgetfulness of the past, that he might find better opportunity to satiate his passion for revenge. Accordingly, on the day following the reappearance of the wanderer, his pretended friend proposed that they should join in a fishing excursion on the lake.

The proposal was accepted; and as the light canoe, like a "thing of life," darted from the shore, the heart of the wily native bounded for joy at the thought that his long sought victim was now fully in his power. Strange feeling to find a home in a human breast! And stranger still was the feeling of satisfaction which stole over his mind, when he composed himself to rest that night, and thought that the storm which swept round his dwelling was lashing into fury the dark deep waters of the lake, beneath which lay the lifeless form of his murdered victim! Tradition says that the spirit of the murdered one still haunts the spot, and may be seen in the dim twilight hovering near on airy wing, and mingling its plaintive song with the night wind.

Be this as it may, when the dark-eyed daughters of the tribe paddled their light canoes over the starlit waters, they instinctively avoided the spot; and long years after, when all traces of their ill-fated nation had vanished at the approach of the white man, and instead of the smoke from the wigwam fire, the church spire there rose to heaven, and the delightful sound of the academy bell had taken the place of the shrill war-whoop, the children of the village would pass the spot with quickened pace in the twilight; and once it was affirmed that an airy form was seen gliding on noiseless wing above the spot where the waters once parted to receive the ill-fated victim of the Indian's revenge.

August, 1843.

AN AWKWARD DILEMMA.—Some caution is required in passing our opinions upon strangers; a caution, however, which few of us adopt. At a public levee, at the court of St. James, a gentleman said to Lord Chesterfield, "Pray, my Lord, who is that tall, awkward woman yonder?" "That lady, sir, is my sister!" The gentleman reddened with confusion, and stammered out, "No, no, my Lord, I beg your pardon, I meant that very ugly woman who stands next to the queen." "That lady, sir," answered Lord Chesterfield, calmly, "is my wife!"

☞ The following "Advice to a Daughter, was written by James Hogg or, as he is generally denominated, "*The Ettrick Shepherd*," a Scotch pastoral poet of considerable notoriety, who was born in 1772, and died in 1835.—Ed.

THE SCOTCHMAN'S ADVICE TO HIS DAUGHTER.

ON LEAVING HOME FOR A BOARDING SCHOOL.

Now, daughter, ye hae just four things to learn in Edinburg:—ye hae to learn to manage your head, your hands, your feet, and your heart. Your head will require a little redding up, baith outside and inside. It's no the bobs and curls, the ribbons and the rose nots, the gildet kames, and the toppings o' weel-sleek it-up hair, that are to stand the test for life; and yet these are a' becoming in their places. But there is something else required. Ye maun learn to think for yoursel, and act for yoursel, for you canna always have your mother and me to think and act for you. Ye maun learn to calculate and weigh, not only your own actions, but your motives of action, as well as the actions and apparent motives of those with whom you have to deal; and stick aye by that, my child, of which you are sure never to be ashamed, either in this world, or in the one that's to come.

If ever ye be spared to be a wife, there will be mair depend on your head than your hands; and yet you are nae the waur o' being able to cook your family a neat dinner, and make yoursel a new gown at orra time, or a frock to a bit wee ane.

But now for the heart, daughter; that is what requires the maist care and the maist watching o'er of all, and there's nought else that I am sae unqualified to gie advice in. Keep it aye free or malice, rancor, and deceit, and as to the forming of any improper connections, or youthful partialities, it is sae dangerous at your time o' life that no advice or guardianship can countervail. I maun therefore leave it entirely to your own discretion and good sense.

I might have mentioned the management of the tongue, as another and a separate point of attention; but it is a mere machine, and acts only in subordination to the head and the heart; and if these are kept in proper order, the other winna rin far wrang. But dinna be ower the matter punctual about catching the snappy English pronunciation. It looks rather affected in a country girl to be always snapping at the English, and at the same time popping in an auld Scot's phrase that she learned in the nursery; for it is impossible to get quit o' them. But mind aye this, my child—that good sense is well-faured and becoming, in whatever dialect it be spoken; and ane's mother tongue suits always the lips of either a bonny lass, or an auld carl the best.

Time.—Spend your time in nothing which you know must be repented of. Spend it in nothing on which you might not pray for the blessing of God. Spend it in nothing which you could not review with a quiet conscience on your dying bed. Spend it in nothing which you might not safely and properly be found doing if death should surprise you in the act.—*Baxter.*

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

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[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

HOW TO MAKE HOME PLEASANT TO CHILDREN.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

The proneness of children to wander from home and spend their leisure hours abroad, has been observed by many an anxious parent with deep concern. How to correct the evil has, therefore, been a question of long and sober consideration. Much has been said and written upon the subject, not indeed without success, but without furnishing a satisfactory solution. The question therefore returns with commanding importance, and light is solicited on every hand.

Another evil intimately connected with this, is the propensity of children to do, in the absence of their parents, what they know to be wrong, and what would exceedingly afflict the parents were they present. The existence of this evil lies at the foundation, and has given rise to the untiring vigilance of the parties concerned,—of the parents to detect the faults of their children, and of the children to escape detection. The former complain of the mischievousness of the latter, and the latter that they are constantly watched; and both rejoice in the prospect of being delivered from the incumbrance. To create such a sense of love and reverence in the minds of children for their parents, and such regard for the claims of God and their own interest, as to restrain this propensity and fortify them against the seductions of vice, when not immediately under parental inspection, is an object of immense concern. But how to do this is a difficult question to solve. Some, perhaps, think otherwise; but those who have added close observation and personal experience to deep and patient investigation, cannot doubt. Were all minds of the same bias and

temperament, it would be different. But, as it is, no specific rule of conduct can be made which will apply to all cases. We must content ourselves with general principles, and such assistance as may be derived from the operation of specific rules, in given cases. With these aids and the blessing of God, which every parent ought earnestly to seek, we may hope to secure the object contemplated.

Upon these questions, I propose to offer a few suggestions, with such illustrations as may seem appropriate. That I shall furnish an unexceptionable solution, is not presumed; but if I can add one ray to the light which has been emitted by the productions of others, I may congratulate myself in having done important service to the community. Parents I am sure will commend the effort, though they may be compelled to lament its failure.

To counteract the tendency in children to wander abroad and to attach them to their home, it is indispensable to make that home *pleasant* and *agreeable*. This, as a general rule, is incontrovertible. We are constituted with a desire to be happy. This is manifest in every child at an early period. Whatever may be the excuse of children for wishing to rove, it is resolvable into this. This is their highest ambition, and it will not allow them to rest till it is gratified. When, therefore, home is the agreeable and happy place it should be, it is the centre of attraction, and the child as naturally inclines to it, as, under other circumstances, he inclines to wander. Parents should, therefore, endeavor to throw around home as many and as powerful attractions as possible. Let the flame of domestic happiness burn high and clear on their own hearth, and home will be an object of desire rather than of aversion,—it will be sought, rather than forsaken.

But how may this be done? Here is the difficulty. How far we may go in parental indulgence is hard to determine. To maintain a just, scriptural equilibrium between the two extremes, is a nice point. Too much indulgence tends to licentiousness,—too little to disaffection and wandering. Peculiar wisdom is necessary to point out the line of demarcation. If I may venture a thought upon this topic, I would suggest,

1. *That parents should never indulge their children in what is wrong in its nature.* To this they have frequent temptations. The children earnestly desire it, their companions are indulged, and human expediency seems to require it. But in no case

should they yield. To do evil that good may come is inadmissible. To suffer our children to sin in order to attach them to us and to home, is as inexpedient as it is wicked, and will counteract its own object. It is putting the sweetened poison to the lips of innocence, to correct an appetite which it can but inflame. Every indulgence in wrong-doing, instead of satisfying, increases the passion and makes its subject more clamorous and unyielding. It may at first elicit expressions of strong attachment and affection from the child, but this will only lay the foundation for deeper prejudice, when his increasing demands for wicked indulgences are refused. The penniless inebriate will be attached to him who freely puts the intoxicating bowl to his parched and quivering lips, but it is a morbid affection. It will run parallel only with the indulgence, and then terminate in denunciation and settled enmity. Parents should, therefore, guard this point with the utmost care. I would not be understood, that they should do this in an authoritative and lordly manner, by mere force of parental law. The *manner* is another thing altogether; but what I say is, that they should never indulge their children in pleasures of a sinful character under any circumstances, or on any conditions. Its tendency is evil, only evil, and that continually. But while I insist on this, I would suggest,

2. *That they indulge them in all such innocent amusements as they may practice consistently with their circumstances.* Much of the time of children should be employed in intellectual and moral cultivation. This may be rendered highly interesting to them, if care is taken to procure suitable books and teachers. But they must have time for recreation. There is no period in one's life when this can be safely neglected. It is during these hours that children are particularly liable to contract habits of dissipation. Take care of these, and make them interesting at home, and there will be but little temptation to go abroad. To accomplish this, some sacrifice will be necessary. Children love to run and jump, and their health really requires this, and they must have room. If they have a play-ground, which they may regard as their own, it is very well. If not, they will perhaps sometimes run in the way of danger, over the garden, into the mud, &c. These improprieties ought indeed to be corrected, but in doing this, parents must be careful not to make too much complaint, or entirely forbid play. Run they must, and if they are not allowed to

do it at home without being reprimanded, they will naturally incline to rove. It is better to let them run into some little unintentional mischief, than not run at all, or to contract a distaste for home.

Beside, it will be necessary to be at some expense. It has been thought that all expense incurred for the amusement of children, is needless and extravagant. But this is a mistake. It is difficult for children to amuse themselves without playthings. If they have none at home, they will wish to go where they can find them. I would say, then, let Edward have a wagon for the summer, and a sled for the winter, with a spade and hoe, horse and barn, &c., as circumstances will permit. Let little Ellen have her doll, cradle, bedsted and bedding, cups and saucers, and such other articles as may be necessary. It is true, these will cost something, but when we consider how many hours of innocent pleasure they will afford, which otherwise might be spent in contracting bad habits abroad, who will say it is not a good investment? As they advance in years and intelligence, improve upon the stock. Add, if you please, a harp, an accordion, a flute, organ or piano, as their tastes may seem to require. These, accompanied with suitable books, instructions, and other attentions, will beguile many a tedious hour at home, which, without them, would hang heavily upon their hands, beside contributing essentially to intellectual, physical, scientific and social improvement.

We are social beings. The love of society is an instinctive principle of our nature, which developes itself at an early period, and ought to be indulged. Not certainly without limitation. Indiscriminate intercourse would be disastrous. In this matter children have not the necessary wisdom to direct. Hence the danger of allowing them to roam, and the necessity of prohibiting their association with some, whose company they incautiously seek. This they will often regard as an affliction. By indulging them however, occasionally in having company themselves, the privation will be cheerfully endured, and the difficulty overcome. This will also occasion some little trouble and expense, but then home will be rendered the scene of a joyful interview, and be the more pleasant for many weeks. Beside, the ceremony of receiving and entertaining their little guests, waiting on them at the table, and giving them the parting salutation, under the supervision of an interested and affable mother,

will early teach them the courtesies of good society, and qualify them for their graceful observance in after life. And to this we may add, that the fond endeavor to promote the happiness of the children, will beget a corresponding disposition in the children toward their benefactors, and strengthen the ties which bind them to their parents and their home.

3. *It is equally important, that parents take an interest in the other* AMUSEMENTS *of their children.* What I mean is, that they take *notice* of them and participate in their pleasure. Much of their enjoyment depends on being noticed. When William mounts his little, rude horse, which he has taken from the wood-pile, or selected with care from the forest, it is to display his activity. So it is, also, when he is engaged in his little agricultural pursuits, in the building of houses, and in his other amusements. The same disposition will attend him in riper years, as he blows the flute, or fingers the organ. And with whose attention and participation can he be more pleased than that of his parents? The joy is incomplete, till the performance is noticed and commended. But to this it is objected, that it will impair parental authority. It may indeed be so, if that authority consists in *sour looks*, and arbitrary laws, in which case the sooner impaired the better. But if it be the authority of paternal love and filial affection, it will but increase it. When Mr. A. used to spend a leisure hour with his children, making himself and them exceedingly happy by the part he took in their youthful sports, his mother would exclaim with a very sorrowful air, "My son, you will ruin your children." She had heard her minister say, perhaps the hundredth time, with a most authoritative emphasis, "He that spareth the rod destroyeth the soul of a child." But the result proved the contrary. The familiarity but strengthened the ties, by which they were united, and threw new charms into the domestic circle.

Here I close, proposing to notice some things good and bad in family government, in another communication.

Lynn, Mass., Sept., 1843.

IMPORTANCE OF FIRESIDE FDUCATION.—The fireside is a seminary of infinite importance. It is important because it is universal, and because the education it bestows, being woven in the woof of childhood, gives form and color to the whole texture of life. There are few who can receive the honors of a college, but all are graduates of the hearth.

INFLUENCE OF KINDNESS.

[For Children.]

In Philadelphia there was a physician, belonging to the society of Friends, who was very benevolent, and much beloved by the poor. One day, this good doctor, attempting to ride through a narrow and crowded street, was stopped by a dray, which stood in such a manner that he could not possibly get along. He asked the driver if he would be good enough to move a little out of the way; but the man was ill-natured and answered, in violent language, that he would not stir till he was ready. The doctor replied, with the utmost gentleness, "Well, friend, thou wilt not move to oblige me; but if thou shouldst be ill, or any of thy family in distress, send for Doctor P., and he will come and do all he can to assist thee." This mild answer gained the drayman's heart and made him thoroughly ashamed of his bad temper. He asked pardon for the language he had used, and immediately made room for the doctor to pass.

There is hardly anybody in the world so rough and violent as to resist, for any length of time, the soothing influence of kindness. Even the most ferocious animals are tamed by it. In this way, a man, by name, John Austin, in London, has trained animals of totally opposite natures to live together in love and peace. He is careful to keep them well fed; caresses them a great deal, and accustoms them to each other's society at a very early age. The cat, the mouse, the owl, rabbit, hawk, pigeon, starling and the sparrow, all frolic together in the same cage. The owl allows the sparrow to eat from the same dish, without offering to devour him; while the mice caper directly under pussy's paws, and the starling perches on her head.

From these facts, little girls and boys can learn a useful lesson, concerning their treatment to younger brothers and sisters. When little ones are fretful, do not take hold of them hard, and pull them along, and speak cross words to them. This will only serve to spoil their tempers and injure your own; but speak gently, and try to comfort them, and tell them some simple story, to make them forget their little troubles. In this way, they will soon become as docile as little lambs; and when they are unhappy they will come to you, as their kindest protector and best friend. A gentle and patient temper is a twofold blessing; it equally blesses those who possess it, and those who come under its influence. While we are striving to do good to others, we find our reward in the quiet happiness with which our own hearts are filled.

GREAT INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.—"My mother's maiden name was Newton; she was a very charitable and fine woman, and I am indebted to her (I mention it with filial piety) for imbuing my young mind with principles of religion, which have never forsaken me. Erasmus, in his little treatise entitled *Antibarbarorum*, says that the safety of the states depends on these things,—upon the proper or improper education of the prince, upon public preachers and upon schoolmasters; and he might with equal reason have added, upon mothers; for the care of the mother precedes that of the schoolmaster, and may stamp on the infant mind, characters of virtue and religon, which no time can efface."—*Bishop Watson's Anecdotes of his own Life.*

LIGHT.

"And God said, let there be Light, and there was Light."—Gen. i. 3.

BY REV. J. N. BROWN.

When o'er the new-born world,
The Spirit, like a dove,
With wings of heavenly beauty furled,
Sat in his brooding love,—

Darkness was on the deep,
In its unbroken might;
Till, breaking Nature's gloomy sleep,
God said, "Let there be light."

With that Almighty word,
At once a glory shone;
Primeval darkness disappeared,
Earth put her beauty on.

O Thou! whose goodness smiled
Upon creation's birth,
Look down upon my precious child,
Here on this sinful earth.

Dark is his infant mind,
In thine all-saving truth;
To every holy beauty blind,
And "evil from his youth."

O let thy Spirit move,
Upon his nature's night;
O Father! speak in pitying love,
And say, "Let there be Light."

New Hampton, N. H., Aug., 1843.

A Delightful Reminiscence.—During the late session of the Massachusetts General Association, at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, the Rev. Mr. Brigham, a member of the Association, said he trusted he should be pardoned for mentioning what was to him an interesting reminiscence. He could recollect the time within a few years, when, of a family circle, consisting of a father, mother, and twelve children, only the mother was found at the communion table. Now, the father, the mother, the children, and some of the grand-children, were at the table of the Lord, and of that number he was one! He said he mentioned it in gratitude to God, and that mothers might be encouraged to persevere in faithfulness, although they might stand alone, and in the midst of discouragements.—*N. Y. Observer.*

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

SOMETHING FOR HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

BY MRS. J. R. EMERY.

How happy were the first married pair in Eden! Their hearts beat in unison each with the other, and in unison with the heart of God. Their intercourse, like a skilful musical performance, was perfectly harmonious. Calm and delightful was every rising morning—serene the setting in of every evening. But sin marred this perfect enjoyment and has disturbed every such connection since.

The marriage relation, to accomplish the object of its great Author and prove the happiest on earth, must be founded on right principles. True love must have *respect* for its foundation, or it cannot endure. Previous to marriage there must be nothing suited to diminish the respect for the character of the loved one, or of one's own character. Anything short of perfection here, lays the foundation for future unhappiness. If a gentleman's conduct toward a lady be such as to diminish her respect for him whatever may be her obligation to him, she would in my opinion do right and find it for her happiness to break off all connection with him. Here probably is the rock on which much domestic happiness is wrecked.

In the marriage relation, our comfort and felicity are in proportion to our efforts to make our companion happy. As Jeanie Deans once said to England's queen, "It is not what we have done for *ourselves*, but what we have done for *others* of which we think most pleasantly."

Connubial affection, like a harp, must not be harshly touched. No, softly, softly move your fingers over its chords, for they will vibrate to the slightest pressure.

How beautiful, even where there is so much to mar its beauty, is the marriage relation. When it has been entered into aright, an assimilation of character is constantly going on, so that the enjoyment arising from the relation will be constantly increasing. The little misunderstandings arising in the first years of marriage from want of perfect knowledge of the character, will gradually pass away, and often will the husband exclaim, "Unto me, thy deep, pure love has been a softener and a balm to melt and heal," while the wife may have equal occasion to rejoice in the strength her character has gained in her intercourse with him. Still difficulties will arise, and how shall they be met? Multitudes of rules have been laid down

to regulate the conduct of husbands and wives. While I think the obligation of the husband to make his wife happy is as binding as her's to him, I have thought less of the minutiæ of his duties than of hers, as with the latter I am more practically concerned. But to a husband I would say,

Be considerate of the circumstances and feelings of her you have vowed to "love and cherish." But a little while ago, you were the *lover*. You anticipated her wishes.

You watched her eye and reciprocated every look of affection and treated her with the most considerate attention. Did her head ache, or her heart? How freely was your sympathy given, and how dear to her heart. Think you she forgets or needs it less now, when her cares and anxieties are increased? No! without it, the void in her heart can be filled in no other way and by no other being.

Be patient. You may have great trials and perplexities in your business, and in your intercourse with the world; but do not, therefore, carry to your home a clouded or contracted brow. Your wife may have had trials, which though of less magnitude, may have been as hard to bear. Do not increase her difficulties. A kind, conciliating word, a tender look, will do wonders in chasing from her brow all clouds and gloom. You encounter your difficulties in the open air, fanned by heaven's cool breezes, but your wife is often shut in from these healthful influences, and her health fails, and her spirits lose their elasticity. But O, bear with her, she has trials and sorrows to which you are a stranger, but which your tenderness can deprive of all their keenness.

Notice kindly her little attentions and efforts to promote your comfort. Do not take them all as *matters of course*, and pass them by, at the same time being very sure to observe any omission of what you may consider her duty to you. Do not treat her with indifference, if you would not sear and palsy a heart, which, watered by gentleness and kindness, would, to the latest day of your existence, throb with sincere and constant affection.

Sometimes yield *your* wishes to *hers*. She has preferences as strong as you, and it may be just as trying to her to yield her choice, as to you. Do you find it *hard* to yield *sometimes?* Think you it is not difficult for her to give up *always?* If you never yield to her wishes, there is danger that she will

feel you are selfish and care only for yourself, and with such a feeling she *cannot* love you as she ought. Again,

Show yourself *manly*, so that your wife can *look up* to you and feel that you will act nobly, and that she can confide in your judgment.

To a wife, I would say,

Be *cheerful*. True, it is difficult to wear a brow calm and unruffled as the summer sea, when the spirit is borne down by care or sickness; but to a husband there is an irresistible charm about cheerfulness. Some one has said, that, so far as earthly happiness is concerned, good temper comes even before piety, and I almost believe it. If a person speaks with a doleful voice and wears a doleful countenance, the listener is tempted to turn away.

Be submissive to your husband. There must be a head, and God has wisely vested the authority in the husband. Let him see in you a gentle and submissive spirit; a willingness to give up to him, so that he shall have no fear of losing his authority, and you will find that here lies a wife's great power over her husband.

Interest yourself in the things in which he is interested. If, in some branch of science or of morals his feelings are warmly enlisted, make yourself intelligent and intelligible on that subject. He will be less likely to seek a kindred spirit elsewhere.

Interest yourself in the people in whom he is interested; especially, if these are those to whom he is bound by ties of relationship or gratitude. Even if they should not suit your taste, cultivate and manifest gentle and kindly feelings toward them.

Make him your confidant and your *only* confidant in matters where he is concerned. Let your face be a true index of your heart, so that he can read all which is written there. Be open as the day to his inspection, and never make an effort to conceal from him aught which it is proper he should know.

Be free to acknowledge it if you have done wrong, or said what was suited to wound his feelings. Even if he is more blame-worthy than yourself, do not listen to pride when it whispers, "*He* ought to make the *first* confession." Your own peace requires that you should confess your fault, whether he does or not. Little alienations may corrode and grow into

serious matters. Make it a principle never to let these *little* things go, hoping they will heal themselves. O never lean your head on the bosom you have wounded, till the wound is healed—till all has been explained and forgiven.

In reference to pecuniary matters, be considerate of the business and situation of your husband—of the demands on his purse, and be willing to live within your means. In *dress*, if he is suited, your great point is gained. Of how little importance to you, are the tastes or opinions of all the rest of the world.

Make home the pleasantest place in the world to him. And now, if by this little effort I have done aught suited to render *one* family circle happier, or remove *one* shadow of doubt or care from a clouded brow, I am amply repaid.

Bedford, Mass., Sept., 1843.

MOTHERS CAN DO GREAT THINGS.—In these days we have the rich privilege of excellent seminaries of learning, where our youth can go and sit at the feet of wise and holy men, to learn the word of God and seek preparation for the gospel ministry. But who train these young men for these seminaries? Enter them and ask each student by whose influence he was led to consecrate himself to the service of Christ. Of every *ten* candidates for the ministry, you will probably find that *seven*, at least, are the sons of pious mothers. Perhaps they were converted in revivals of religion; perhaps far away from home; perhaps they are reclaimed prodigals; but they remember maternal counsels, tears and prayers. Those were the "last links" which were broken when they went astray; those were the first memories awakened when the Holy Spirit commenced the work of their recal. "Mothers can do great things" in training up ministers of the gospel, and the church is under deep indebtedness to them, for many who are now burning and shining lights on the high places of Zion.

The retired mother in the country, or the unknown mother in a great city, with a little group of children round her knees, may not feel the truth that there is in her hand the power which may move the world. But the impulse of her heart *may* be felt all over the earth; overturning thrones, reforming nations, dispelling error, spreading knowledge, and converting souls. She ought to feel this truth, and whenever she imprints a kiss on her infant's cheek, send to heaven a prayer that that child may be an angel of mercy to a perishing world.—*Rev. S. J. Prime.*

A Missionary says: "I recollect once, in particular, my mother's coming and standing by me, as I sat in the door; and while she tenderly and solemnly talked to me of God, and my soul's concerns, the tears dropped upon my head,—*that* made me a Missionary."

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

BABES BURIED IN ONE GRAVE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

O, sad and fair!—Two infant forms
Prepared for death's cold shade,—
The youngest on her sister's arm,
In loving meekness laid,—

And o'er their marble breasts, the flowers
In fading beauty shed,
Which cheered them 'mid the hour of pain
Upon their fever-bed.

The youngest and the last are they
Of four,* whose blooming grace
Did make the dwelling of their birth
A bright and joyous place.

So,—bid ye not the parent's eye
From flowing tears refrain,—
For Jesus shared such sweet relief
Amid the mourning train.

And bid ye not, their smitten hearts
Unmoved, this grief to bear;
But closer cling to Him who makes
Their darling babes his care.

Yes,—gird their souls with words of hope,
Those cherub brows to kiss,
Where fear of parting ne'er shall mar
The eternity of bliss.

* These afflicted parents had been called, within a few years, to part with all their children. The two last had died within two hours of each other. The youngest was laid on the arm of the other, and their beautiful faces resting on the same death-pillow, were like sculptured marble. They had taken notice throughout their short and severe sickness, of flowers; and some which had cheered them, and were just beginning to fade, were clasped in their little hands and scattered upon their bosoms. The parents were comforted in this hour of trial by faith in that blessed Book, which promises that their dead shall rise again.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[PRIZE ESSAY.]

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

DUTY OF THE CHRISTIAN TO CULTIVATE THE INTELLECT.

BY MRS. E. C. WHEELER.

If the cultivation of the mental faculties has not been frequently considered as opposed to the progress of piety, it has been looked upon as something altogether disconnected with it. We often hear the process of mental cultivation and the close pursuit of knowledge spoken of as exerting a chilling influence on the devotional feelings of the student; and, in the view of many, the christian who makes it an object in an uncommon degree, to expand the intellect and cultivate the taste, is looked upon as at best but a doubtful character. Nor are these feelings altogether without foundation. There is too often a cold and chilling form of piety combined with the glow of intellectual enthusiasm, and the christian graces are too often eclipsed by the brilliancy of imagination and poetry. But there is in fact no necessary disconnection between mental cultivation and the progress of moral feeling, and so far from this, it may be shown that the christian is urged by peculiar motives, and assisted by special opportunities in the cultivation of the intellect.

One among the many inducements which should urge to this, is, that it is a great means of gaining ascendency over other minds. Influence is a *talent* in the view of every one; but in the view of the christian it should be a *tenfold* talent. He should consider himself as solemnly bound to possess every possible qualification which will increase or extend his control over other minds. The influence exerted by means of the intellect is the most powerful and efficient. The opinions of a strong and richly-furnished mind command more

respect from the world, than opinions from any other source, and such an one is enabled to present truth in a more forcible manner, both to the refined and the illiterate..

The character of a thing, in the minds of a majority of mankind, depends very much on the nature of its associations. Now if contraction of intellect and want of refinement of taste should be uniformly associated with the christian character, they will, by a certain class at least, be looked upon as the necessary results of the creed. But if, on the contrary, the intellect of christians becomes, as a general thing, expanded and enlightened—should every christian church make it an object, in proportion to its means, to become as distinguished for mental as for moral attainments—should they become the chief sources of intelligence and exert the greatest amount of intellectual influence, the character of the associations thrown around religion would become infinitely more attractive. The influence of this principle should not be despised. Every person is bound by personal obligation, as the promoter of piety, so far as he is concerned, to associate with religion all which is elevated and noble.

Another motive which should stimulate the christian to intellectual improvement, is a desire to gain the approbation of that Being whose love is the highest reward of his existence. With paternal care, God has endowed man with an intellect formed in his own image and perfect in all its capacities. He has given him susceptibilities which involuntarily wake into admiration at the sight of what is beautiful, and powers of comprehensive thought, of investigation and of reason. These faculties are his highest and noblest gifts, and as He sustains toward us the relation of a parent, we may not suppose He is an indifferent spectator of their development. And it is not unreasonable to suppose that as a father feels a greater regard for a son of general superiority of character, so the Father of the christian looks with peculiar complacency on a mind, to which is added to moral excellence, the expansion of the intellect and the cultivation of all the finer powers; for the more qualities any one possesses calculated to inspire interest and affection, the higher is he elevated in the scale of intelligence, and the greater object of divine regard we might suppose him to be. The christian might be stimulated to the cultivation of his intellect, by the desire to become fully acquainted with the character of the Being to whom he has devoted himself. This character is unfold-

ed and displayed in new lights in every investigation of science, and the more extensively they are perused, the more clearly will this character be developed.

History shows us that the world is governed by means of influence obtained over mind. *Philosophy* teaches us that the laws of matter are not the effect of chance, but the result of infinite wisdom harmonised with a love of perfect order and beauty. *Chemistry* proves that the divine mind exerts a power, not only in the vast and elevated, but that for the convenience and comfort of man, he has produced combinations and effects as minute as they are astonishing.

The *Philosophy of the mind* unseals to us the fountain of all our other enjoyments. It unlocks a casket of gems of untold worth—gems which sparkle with the brightness of a glorious original, and are destined forever to reflect this glory. It reveals to us the laws by which God governs minds, and the intimate connection of happiness with their conformity to these laws, in reference to the will of Him who formed them. In this light, this subject is one of primary importance to the christian; one which he should understand that he may regulate his desires and affections, by the rules of Him who formed them, and whose laws from the very nature of the mind are safeguards for happiness.

Another motive which should urge the christian to the cultivation of his intellectual powers, is the desire to resemble God. For although his moral attributes constitute his highest excellence, yet the investigation of his works shows Him to be a being possessed of vast intellectual as well as moral endowments.

What but surpassing intelligence could implant in man the wonderful powers of reason, and furnish him with capacities so stamped with the impress of immortality? If, then, the perfections of the eternal Being include infinite intellect, is it not the duty of the christian to imitate Him in his intellectual as well as moral glories? And is there no inducement to this? Is there a quality so great, so exalting, so ennobling, yet unattained, and shall he whose hopes centre in perfection, put forth no energies for its attainment?

Nor less do the works of God testify the existence in the divine mind of those finer susceptibilities which we denominate *taste*. All the forms of beauty and grandeur in creation are the emanations of a

mind as harmonious as it is benevolent. This material world would be equally *useful*, without this prodigality of beauty. Why then are all these images of beauty spread round us? Why do the sun, moon and stars, the changing seasons and the revolving year, unfold to us such varied conceptions of harmony and grandeur? Who framed the laws of music and created the hidden soul of melody? Who gave to the poet the magic to call from the "burial places of memory" sweet associations and happy recollections, and to gather round us forms of unearthly brightness and glory? Who taught the painter to kindle into life the canvas and clothe it with the pride of other lands, and to bring before us the fleeting forms of imagination? Is not the mind which formed all these susceptibilities—the mind which organised so perfectly these living images of beauty—which implanted in man the faculty of enjoying them, and so harmoniously adjusted it, a mind possessed of *taste* in its highest perfection?

Faintly as the human mind can estimate this attribute of the Deity, it seems not to have occurred to the christian that this trait is of sufficient consequence to make it an object of imitation. But if it be the object of the christian to be like this Being, can he neglect to cultivate a beauty of character so conspicuous, a refinement so desirable, a source of pleasure so exquisite, a glory so elevated?

And if it be the duty of the christian to cultivate his intellect and refine his taste, he possesses superior means for effecting it, such as are open to no one beside. Daily observation shows us that a mind, by associating with another mind of elevated intellect and refined taste, involuntarily catches a similarity and is moulded by its influence. If this be the influence of one *human* mind upon another, how can we estimate the influence which may be drawn from daily communing with an intellect of infinite expansion? The Being who created mind has not relinquished his control over the spirits he has made, but possesses the same power to increase and expand which he did to create; and his desire toward us still is, "be ye perfect." Let the christian, then, make this a specific object in his communion with the divine Being. Let him in the intellectual habits he would form, in the course of study he would pursue, seek his assistance to enlarge and expand his mind. Let him study science in communion with the Being who organised the laws of science and adapted them to those of mind, and what may he not expect in the way of intellectual improvements?

The heart of the philosopher chills within him as he contemplates the extinction of knowledge, the interruption of his plans and discoveries, the breaking up of all his sources of enjoyment, the tomb of oblivion to which all his acquirements must be assigned. The poet saddens at the reflection that all the fairy visions of his creating are to be clouded, that the star of his glory is to set in darkness forever. But the christian begins on earth a course of intellectual improvement, which he can still pursue in the invisible world. He need not complain of limited faculties; he need not fear the extinction of hope, or the privation of intellectual enjoyment. On the contrary, at some future time, he may penetrate with a glance the mysteries of all knowledge; new creations of beauty, loveliness and grandeur may constantly revolve before him, and celestial glories gratify the eye of a taste forever expanding in visions of new and undying wonders.

Danvers, Mass.

THE DOMESTIC ANGELS. Women have been called angels, in love tales and sonnets, till we have almost learned to think of angels as little better than women. Yet a man who knows a woman thoroughly, and loves her truly—and there are women who have been so known and loved—will find, after a few years, that his relish for the grosser pleasures is lessened, and that he has grown into the fondness for the intellectual and refined without an effort, and almost unawares. He has been led on to virtue through his pleasures; and the delights of the eye, and the gentle play of that passion which is the most inward in our nature, and which keeps much of its character amid the concerns of life, have held him in a kind of spiritualized existence; he shares his very being with one who, a creature of this world, and with something of the world's frailties, is

> ——'yet a spirit still, and bright
> With something of an angel light.'
>
> WORDSWORTH.

With all the sincerity of a companionship of feeling, cares, sorrows and enjoyments, her presence is as the presence of a purer being, and there is that in her nature which seems to bring him nearer to a better world. She is, as it were, linked to angels; and, in his exalted moments, he feels himself held by the same tie.—*Richard H. Dana.*

You cannot associate with a bad person one hour without receiving some injury. The atmosphere round him is impure; it is more fatal than disease.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

BY J. E. SANBORN.

I love the silent twilight hour,
That with a deep and holy power,
Steals o'er each feeling of my breast,
And makes each human impulse blest.
It comes with soul-enchanting spell,
And he who feels it knows full well,
The ardent joys its deep thrills roll,
Upon the sympathetic soul.

How calm is twilight—when the day
Bathes in deep shade each glowing ray;
When the great sun's bold sheen of light,
So sweetly vanishes in night.
Thus, when soft beams of richest dye,
Hang quivering in the western sky,
How calm an hour for retrospection.
How fit the time for sweet reflection!

How peaceful, twilight—then the close
Of day brings nature sweet repose;
Exulting in the azure light,
The birds chirp forth their fond "good night,"
And gentle shade, o'er hill and dale,
Droops down her dark and mystic veil;
The moon shines forth, and bright stars vie
The gorgeous scene to beautify.

How lovely, twilight—it would seem,
As if each rainbow-cinctured beam,
Were sent right quickly from afar,
By the pure spirits of each star,
To bear bright messages of love,
And lisp of joys which reign above.
O! could we read that magic tale,
What flowers might bloom in life's sad vale!

How sad is twilight—then the shade,
Which like a pall, rests on each glade—
The hoarse wind's moan—the dismal gloom,
All tell us of the narrow tomb.
The sun goes down. Light fades away,
And vanishes each sign of day.
Thus man shall die. His feeble breath
Will soon be lost in silent death.

Thus twilight tells of death. O, learn
Its silent lesson ne'er to spurn.
Possess thyself of VIRTUE's gem,
Worth more than brightest diadem.
Then shall thy days glide sweetly on,
And as the calm-descending sun,
All glory-clad, sinks in the west,
So shalt *thou* go, to thy long rest.

Wesleyan University, Sept., 1843.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

FLIRTING.

BY MRS. HELEN C. C. KNIGHT.

"Is he not splendid–Grant Thorn? Such manners! So handsome!"

"The most elegant man in town, decidedly; and then he compliments so delightfully! I declare he has made Mary Lee think herself handsome, in spite of her mirror," was the sympathizing reply of an interesting young female to her companion.

'O, yes! and did you see him at the Millers? All the time he was so gravely talking to old Mrs. Miller, he was secretly laughing at her. I was so amused with the comic gravity of his expressions"—and the lady laughed heartily.

"The beaux are really jealous of him, he is such a favorite of the ladies—just to see James Hastings treat him with such marked dislike! Why he won't let his sister have a word to say to him."

"Well, I do not suppose he *would* let his sister marry Grant Thorn, but he does so well to flirt with!"

"Yes, just the person to flirt with. No woman in her senses would ever think of marrying a man of his character."

I learned from this conversation two distinct classes of opinions entertained by the visiting young ladies, regarding one Grant Thorn. They were of a somewhat opposite nature, implying characteristics and the want of characteristics, in the gentleman of a very different nature and tendency. He was evidently an object of no small degree of interest. Handsome he was allowed to be, of fascinating manners and address, and yet gentlemen with sisters avoided him, and even his warmest admirers would instantly dismiss the idea of intimate companionship. I was curious to inquire more about him, and oppor-

tunity soon gratified my wishes. What was my surprise, when I found that he concealed beneath this splendid exterior, habits of a most profligate and sensual character; and yet, not concealed, for they were generally known and often commented upon. Still he could go from scenes of riot and debauchery to the drawing-rooms of high and respected families, and receive the welcome smiles of ladies, distinguished for refinement, education and virtuous sensibility! What a ruinous influence do females exert when they admit to their society and bestow their attentions upon men of such a character; and yet there are a degree of moral blindness and a want of moral firmness among ladies upon this subject, which is both amazing and alarming.

While flirting *may* denote a harmless and playful intercourse with gentlemen, it is too often the manifestation of principles, bordering on the extremest verge which a woman can go and be safe. It is not often ventured upon with the plain, honest and sincere, but with men who would not hesitate in return to trifle with the confidence and love of woman. It originates in a love of admiration, which becomes so wanton in its exercise, that any expedient will be resorted to, to secure its gratification. A lady must depart from that truthful dealing which should ever characterize her intercourse; sincerity is sacrificed and impartial judgments compromised, by the cravings of vanity on one side and the voice of flattery on the other. She lives in social excitements, unhealthy, nay even *destructive* to the finest adjustment of her moral and intellectual powers. With unsteady desires and low and unworthy aims, her highest energies become weakened from such perversion of their original destiny and high capabilities; at the same time, that clear and keen perception of right and wrong, which woman ought *emphatically* to possess, becomes blunted; and she discerns no rules so binding, as the artificial distinctions and the factitious morality, which fashion has made and imposed upon society. Let every woman fear there is something wrong in her moral principles, whenever she permits herself to yield to the seductive attentions of any one upon whose character is stamped the marks of profligacy—agreeable as he may be in general society, and possessing as he may, by chance, some amiable qualities; yet he is indulging habits, which must strike at the root of every generous impulse within his bosom, and destroy all which is pure and exalted in principle.

Not only upon themselves, do women inflict severe injury, when they flirt thus, but do they know the extent of the vast moral evils which they perpetuate in society? They are evils, *vices*, which no legislation can affect, no regulations, however severe, can restrain. So cunning and dark is their nature, that they evade the precepts of morality as easily as the interference of civil law. It is only the clear, uncompromising, omnipotent authority of public opinion, among *mothers*, *wives* and *sisters*, which can enforce correct moral principle, with a majesty and a severity, which men shall not *dare* to tamper with or disregard. Not in the pulpit alone must a distinction be made among men; not in the theories of ethics and the truths of religion; but in a clear and broad outline by ladies in the drawing-room and at the fire-side. *There* let vice, in however agreeable garb, be forever and unhesitatingly excluded; and let none be admitted to the delightful sympathies of social and intellectual communion, but those who can exhibit that unsullied purity of character, which commands respect, while it seeks to please. Let no brilliancy of talent, or elegance of manner, pervert the judgment and dazzle the senses. Let it be considered no grand achievement, worthy of unusual decoration, to draw such into the train of a lady's admirers, if he be reckless or vicious in his principles. Let him know there can be no passport to *her* favor, like high, moral rectitude; without which, he must live apart from the refinements and delicacy of woman's friendship, or woman's love. There can she alone become the guardian of her sex. There will she live up to the high trusts of her sex. There alone does she exert an influence worthy of her sex. Fashionable vices will no longer be deemed fashionable, tolerated and perpetuated now, because public opinion winks at their exercise and connives at their allurements. Veiled beneath amiable names, they are freely spoken of, and intelligent and virtuous females are not shocked at imputations upon the lives of their associates, which, if keenly scrutinized as they should be, and private life laid bare to the clear vision of moral purity, they would shrink abashed from such companionship. She carefully excludes from her society, one of her own sex, who becomes in any degree reckless in her principles, and it is well. Were opinion less severe, society would be less secure. But she must *also*, no less faithfully, no less promptly, no less severely, exclude those of the other

sex, thus guilty. Then would be placed those strong barriers round "well doing" which young men would find less facility and less inclination to trample down, while they would receive every encouragement which woman can give, to tread firmly and steadily the path of rectitude. Flirting in any degree should be carefully avoided by every female, who would preserve her own self-respect and the respect of all those whose high opinion is worth possessing. Let simplicity and sincerity grace her speech, while she regards good sense and correct judgment of infinitely more value than the elegant compliment or witty repartee. Who does not admire the dignified and simple elegance which characterizes the intercourse of Jeanie Deans with her friend Butler? And who would not prefer the tried and true affections of a heart like hers, regulated and elevated by the purest and sternest sense of rectitude and purity, to the seeming affections and unsteady aims of a woman used in the language of flirting?

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept., 1843.

A TOUCHING STORY. Richard Bennet, when mortally wounded, in one of Nelson's great battles, had requested that a miniature, and a lock of his hair, should be given by Lieut. P. to his sweetheart, Susette, in Scotland. The gallant Lieut. thus describes the interview:—

It was at the close of day, when a bright July sun was on the point of setting, that I arrived at the very pretty cottage of Susette's mother. I tremulously stated who I was to the most respectable looking matron I ever saw, of French extraction. In broken and bitter accents of heartfelt grief, she told me that her daughter's death was daily looked for, and requested time to prepare her to see me. At last Susette expressed a wish to see the friend of Richard Bennet; and I was admitted to the fairest daughter of Eve that ever found this world unequal to her tender blossoms. She was propped up with pillows, near the open lattice of her bed-room, which was clustered with roses. Her white dress, and the drappery of the room accorded with the angelic vision, who now turned her lustrous orbs on me, veiled in long fringed eyelids. She held out her transparent hand, and gently pressed mine, as I knelt to kiss it; and as she felt my tears drop on it, softly murmured, "I wish I could weep. How it would relieve my poor heart." She gasped for breath, and respired with great difficulty. "The lock of hair—quickly, while I can see it," said she. She caught at it, wildly pressed it to her lips and heart, and fell back. Her mother and I thought she had fainted; but the pure and innocent soul had returned to God who gave it.—*Nelsonian Reminiscences.*

ELLEN, OR THE VISIT OF THE ROD.

BY CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH.

This narrative paints in true colors, the evils of the union of a believer, with an unbeliever. Her entrance into the married state is thus described:—

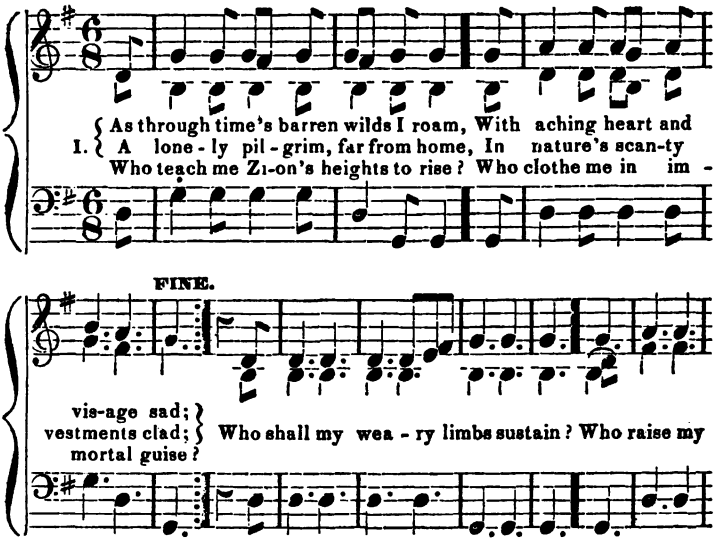
"She thought that nothing was deficient in him to form an exalted character but true religion, of which she felt conscious he knew nothing. Yet there was such a pliancy and gentleness, such a tendency to all which is good, that she thought, "May I not be the means of winning him over to the things of God?" Still the word of God, with which she was well acquainted, clearly forbade the union. "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," &c., was a barrier which her mind could not surmount. She knew that others had violated it and yet were thought christians still. She mused and hesitated; conscience told her she ought to break off the acquaintance, but the conflict had now begun with inclination. She could not pray as before, with the simple desire to know and follow the will of God, and the inward tumult made the attempt irksome. She relaxed in the endeavor; and though she ceased not to pray, yet it was now with a confusion and formality which sometimes told her all was not well within. The parley with temptation advanced till her own affections became entangled; and what with the assiduity of her admirer, and the urgent pressing of her aunt, and other connexions, the affair was hastily concluded, and Ellen became the wife of Mr R., before she well thought what she was doing.

"Ellen R——, as we must now call her, was soon undeceived as to the hopes with which she had quieted conscience before her marriage. Her house, which she had fondly thought to preserve like the dwelling of Lazarus, Martha and Mary, where Jesus oft resorted with his disciples, presented no token of being graced with his presence, or of being ennobled with his blessing. There was no public altar for God, where the morning and evening sacrifices of prayer and praise were offered by the inmates. Family prayer was out of the question with a master who was insensible of its duty, and undesirous of its accompanying influence—who thought this delightful service to belong only to the ministers of religion. The day began as if they had nothing to do with God; so it passed throughout, and so it closed. Ellen sometimes mentioned it with desire to her husband, but every allusion to the holy practice was answered with some general evasion, some playful banter on "the nun-like purity, and the recluse habits which the gentle devotee had received in her solitude, and which should now be exchanged for conformity with the practices of social life." When she sought to discourse more seriously on these topics, she found the subject was irksome to her husband, and was obliged to suffer the conversation to be diverted into some other channel; indeed, on all other points it was so interesting, that before she was aware, her mind was engaged on matters more congenial with his taste, and the subject dropped. Thus repeatedly foiled in the attempt to engage his thoughts on religion, the effort was more seldom renewed, and at length it ceased for awhile altogether, in a kind of understood, though not expressed arrangement, that each was to pursue unmolested, the course most agreeable to inclination."

THE CONSOLATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND,

BY S. HUBBARD.


1. As through time's barren wilds I roam, With aching heart and
A lone-ly pil-grim, far from home, In nature's scan-ty
Who teach me Zi-on's heights to rise? Who clothe me in im-
FINE.
vis-age sad;
vestments clad;
mortal guise?
Who shall my wea-ry limbs sustain? Who raise my
D. C.
head, or soothe my pain?

2

When fearful poverty enthrals,
When hate annoys, and friendship fails,
When danger's vengeful frown appalls,
When faint despondency prevails,
Who shall unfading riches give?
Who aid and counsel while I live?
Who my eternal refuge prove?
Who raise my hopes to joys above?

3

When disappointments sink my soul,
When pain and languor seize my frame,
When care's oppressive billows roll,
When sin and sorrow boast their claim,
Whose hand shall bind the broken heart?
Who life and saving health impart?
Who hush the storm to heavenly peace?
And speak my pardon and release?

4

My Savior—God! with thee the power,
These mortal trials to remove,
Or pluck from earth hope's fading flower,
And bid it bloom in climes above.
Before thy altar, low! I bow,
To thee renew my sacred vow;
Renounce the world, thy counsel prize,
And upward lift my wailing eyes.

Drawn by [illegible] Stanfield

Engraved by J. B. Neale

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THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

VOL. III. NOVEMBER, 1843. NO. 11.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THINGS GOOD AND BAD IN FAMILY MANAGEMENT.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

The *love of approbation* is natural to all, and its indulgence agreeable. Hence we love those best who love and commend us most. This suggests the importance of parents *commending* in their children all which is commendable. This will render the complaints of parents, which are generally too numerous, the more successful, and create a new stimulus to well-doing. Mrs. Sharp did not so understand the subject. According to her creed, applause only fostered pride and self-righteousness, and was, therefore, to be avoided as an evil. She reduced the principle to practice; and, as she supposed, found sufficient fault to convince the children that to please their mother was very difficult, if indeed, possible. The result was, she lost their affection, or perhaps, I should say, never gained it. Finding that it made but little difference whether they were good or bad, they of course followed their stronger propensities, and were often in mischief. This but excited the mother to louder and more frequent complaints, and rendered her almost a perfect scold. The suggestion of a friend, however, corrected the mistake. She immediately changed her policy, complained less and commended more. Now their little eyes began to sparkle, hope revived, and each strove in joyful competition with the others, for a mother's smile and blessing. The whole aspect of the family was changed. The children loved their parents with filial fondness, and were never more happy than when in their presence. Obedience became a luxury, and the once

discordant and cheerless home, the abode of mutual joy and reciprocal love.

Says Mr. Abbott, in his "*Mother at Home*," "very much may be done by encouraging children when they do well. Be even more careful to express your approbation of good conduct, than your disapprobation of bad. Nothing can more discourage a child than a spirit of incessant fault-finding on the part of its parents. And hardly any thing can exert a more injurious influence upon the disposition, both of the parents and the child. There are two great motives influencing human actions; hope and fear. Both of these are at times necessary. But who would not prefer to have her child influenced to good conduct by the desire of pleasing, rather than by the fear of offending? If a mother never expreses her gratification when her children do well, and is always censuring when she sees any thing amiss, they are discouraged and unhappy. They feel that there is no use in trying to please. Their dispositions become hardened and soured by this ceaseless fretting. At last, finding that whether they do well or ill, they are equally found fault with, they relinquish all efforts to please, and become heedless of reproaches.

"But let a mother approve of her child's conduct whenever she can. Let her show that his good behavior makes her sincerely happy. Let her reward him for his efforts to please, by smiles and affection. In this way she will cherish in her child's heart some of the noblest and most desirable feelings of our nature. She will cultivate in him an amiable disposition and a cheerful spirit. Your child has been during the day, very pleasant and obedient. Just before putting him to sleep for the night, you take him by the hand and say, 'My son, you have been a very good boy to-day. It makes me very happy to see you so kind and obedient. God loves little children, who are dutiful to their parents, and he promises to make them happy.' This approbation from his mother is, to him, a great reward. And when, with a more than ordinarily affectionate tone, you say, 'Good night, my dear son,' he leaves the room with his little heart full of feeling. And when he closes his eyes to sleep, he is happy, and resolves that he will always try to do his duty."

It is not less important to our object, *for parents to cultivate a particular fondness in their children for each other.* This is as essential to the endearments of home, as that children should

love their parents, or the parents their children. A sister's love has saved many a brother from degradation and ruin. How lovely to see the little family group bound together by the strong ties of affection. What can render home more agreeable, or furnish a better safe-guard against dissipation?

Cornelia, was an amiable girl. At an early period, her father died and left her and an only brother, younger than herself, to the care of an afflicted mother. Her attachment to that brother was very strong. She was conscious of his exposure to the seductions of vice, and was deeply concerned for his safety. Her watch-care over him corresponded with her affection. It was critical and enduring. Her ingenuity was always at work to make home attractive. In this she happily succeeded. He would have loved it, had it possessed no other charms than her affection and sisterly kindnesses. When he became a young man and could go where he would, there was no place like home. While others spent their leisure hours in idle gossip, he was at home with his mother and sister, reading some useful and interesting book, or otherwise engaged to enhance the pleasure of domestic life. At length he married a respectable young lady and located in another part of the town, at least one mile distant from the old homestead. His sister soon after became ill, and exhibited alarming symptoms of decay. They were but too true. Disease gradually advanced upon her delicate frame, and after more than six months decline, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus. A summer's sun never sat more gently. The beauties of holiness irradiated her dying brow, and the sweet smiles of God sat upon her hectic cheek, as the insignia of triumph and glory. But where was that brother? He was there. Where else could he be? He stood by her to the last, reciprocating her attentions and listening to her dying counsels. Just before the spirit fled, after the power of speech had gone, drawing him to her bedside, by an earnest look, she embraced him in her arms, and attempted to speak, as though she would whisper another kind word to his heart. But it was too late. He wept and seemed to say, I will meet you, my sister, in heaven. This was the parting of friends—the rending of hearts. I saw the mother a few days after, and learned, that, though her son had been married a full year, scarcely a single day had passed during which he had not visited his sister. How much does that brother owe to a sister's love? It screen-

ed him from the ensnaring wiles of sin, and planted in his youthful heart those moral principles which may lead to his eternal salvation. Brothers and sisters should never forget that they have much to do with each other's welfare. The course they pursue has an important influence on the character of home. By studying to contribute to each other's happiness they may render it as the Eden of love.

Other particulars might be specified, but these must suffice. Would my limits permit, I might greatly amplify, perhaps with profit. I will, however, merely add a brief sketch of family management, drawn from actual observation, as an illustration of what has been said.

Mr. E. lived on the sunny banks of an Atlantic bay. He was a man of settled religious habits, of an industrious turn, and withal strongly attached to his family. His wife, like himself, was from the common walks of life,—naturally inclined to retirement, experimentally pious, and every way suited to her situation. They were favored with a number of children, say some six or eight, varying in their ages from one to seventeen years. To manage so many was no trifling task. Almost any disorder might have found ample apology in their number. But a more quiet and happy home was seldom seen. Each in his place, all cheerful and pleasant, and the whole machinery of domestic duties in full play. I visited them early on a cold winter's morning, and found the mother and oldest daughter actively engaged in preparing breakfast. The father with the youngest child on his knee, occupied one corner, and the children arranged round the stove according to their respective ages, forming something like a semicircle, all in the happiest mood conceivable. Reading, singing, and conversation, occupied the time till the ringing of the bell, when each was in his place at the table, awaiting the blessing. As in the morning, so it was through the day, orderly to a charm. If any chanced to get out of his place, he was restored by a word or look, and all went on again as before. Now the father would be engaged in relating some interesting event; now listening to the adventures and discoveries of his children; now again ranging the fields with them and joining in their pastimes, correcting their errors, commending their virtues, and storing their minds with useful knowledge. To facilitate this work, the house was furnished with suitable books, pictures and toys. All

participated in the exercises, and contributed to the general joy; and all found *that* home, humble indeed in some respects, the *brightest spot* on the green earth.

By pursuing the course suggested, an important point in effectual moral training is gained, namely, *the love and confidence of the children.* This is of more consequence than is generally supposed. A very useful preacher was once asked, how it was, that he succeeded so well. He replied, that "when he went to a new place, he first made the people *love him* and then he was enabled to make them love his Master." This is sound philosophy. He who begins his labors by taking a course to disgust, and thus to create prejudice against himself, will have occasion to lament his want of success, when it is too late to remedy the mistake. The result of a course calculated to impair, or destroy confidence in his moral integrity will be the same. But the course recommended has no such tendency. Wrong in every case is to be scrupulously avoided. The recreations are all innocent in themselves, and tend to no bad results. The objects aimed at, namely, improvement, mutual love and joy at *home*, are all consistent with the highest state of moral excellence. Children never suspect the piety of their parents, merely because they strive to make them happy. They rather regard it as one proof of their goodness, and are, therefore, the more attentive and confiding. Beside giving them the stimulus of affection to regard parental advice, it impels them by a sense of obligation. They feel that the efforts of their parents to please, have imposed on them an obligation to obey and please their parents. Instruction given under these circumstances will be remembered as long as the love that prompts it, or the feelings with which it is received. And, more, it will be remembered with respect and veneration. The youth who calls to mind instructions he was forced by arbitrary authority to practice, while at home, will be apt to say, "now that I am free, I will do as I please." But he who cannot think of those instructions, without at the same time being impressed with the love which inspired and accompanied them, and the pleasure with which they were received, will be affected very differently. He can but feel distressed with a sense of his ingratitude, in having trampled them under his feet, and compelled by the sweet force of love and veneration contracted in earlier days, to return to the paths of virtue, from which he may have departed.

For parents to acquire and maintain this position in reference to their children, requires much effort. It is important in the outset to have the most perfect self-control. If they suffer their passions to rule them, they will do many things detrimental both to their influence and object. Too much fault-finding, undeserved and unreasonable punishments, and ill-tempered and irreverent children, will be the inevitable results.

But who is sufficient for these things? What parent is able by dint of mere resolution to maintain the equanimity and deliberation requisite to endure the numerous trials and vexations incident to his situation? Not one. This power cometh from God alone. The situation of parents, of mothers especially, is one of the most trying. Ordinary grace is not sufficient. Unless they have an abiding consciousness of the divine presence and blessing, they will often find themselves wanting. They need, therefore, the deepest devotion, the most entire consecration practicable. This is also necessary in the religious education of their children. The remarks of Mr. Abbott to parents, on this point, are very appropriate. He says, "It is certainly vain to hope that you can induce your children to fix their affections upon another world, while yours are fixed upon this. Your example will counteract all the influence of your instructions. Unless christian feelings animate your heart, it is folly to expect, that you can instil those principles into the hearts of your children. They will imitate your example. They confide in your guidance. That little child which God has given you and which is so happy in your affection, feels safe in cherishing those feelings which he sees you are cherishing.

To accomplish much in any pursuit there must be a mind for the work. But without a lively sense of spiritual things, no one can have this. Therefore if parents would control themselves and be successful in the religious training of their children, they must cultivate the spirit of piety and devotion in their own hearts.

Lynn, Mass., Oct., 1843.

DISCIPLINE.—Take that forward child in hand, at once, or you will soon have to be his suppliant rather than his guide. The old way was perhaps too rugged, where every thing was accomplished by mere dint of authority; but the new way is as bad on the other side; no man is reduced to the necessity of choosing an extreme.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE FAMILY SCHOOL.

BY CHARLES HOLDEN.

Passing through one of our streets at twilight, a few evenings since, I met a child of about six years weeping bitterly. I turned, and asked him the cause. As well as he could for grief, he told me that he had just been home, and could not find his mother there; and he had come into the street to weep and to bewail his loss! I tried to convince the little fellow that she would return no doubt in a few minutes, but "he would not be comforted." His mother was his world; and he knew not where she was.

As I passed on, I reflected on the wonderful power a mother has over her child, up to the age of six or eight years. The manifestations of this love, may not always be so boisterous as in the case mentioned, but the mother is to the child his hope and his refuge. With this power over his heart—to which no one beside can approach, or none can obliterate—does it not often occur to the mother, that she can mould the mind of her child as she pleases? If it does not, it should. I well remember when a child myself, that the severest punishment I suffered was, when my mother kept me at home without her presence.

With this full possession of the unpledged affections of her offspring, the mother, if she be judicious, may fashion her child after her own heart. It requires thought—sober, prayerful thought, to know how best to lead captive and subdue the wayward passions of youth. But what more noble and pleasing employment can a mother assume than this? To say nothing of the duty—which is so imperative that no one can innocently escape it—how great is the pleasure of taking innocent, lovely children to your side, and, by asking them simple, pertinent questions, to lead them on to truth and knowledge.

Said a mother to her son—when he was committing an offence—"My child, God sees you and will not love you, if you do thus; it is wrong." "Mother, said the artless little one, "I shall go into the closet and do it. It is dark there, and God cannot see me." The mother smiled, thought the remark was a witty one, and made no reply. But how erroneous was this in the mother. What an opportunity was lost, to have reasoned with that little fellow (for he evidently could reason, and chil-

dren can do so much earlier in life than many think)—and in a familiar lesson to have taught him what he would never forget—the leading features of God's omnipotence. The child already well knew that he could not see objects in the dark, and gave God no higher power than himself in this respect. The subject was easily opened for interesting and instructive conversation.

"Mother, how do flies walk on the wall?" said a child. Here was an opportunity to teach him the power of insects—and from that to pass pleasantly to other subjects. "What makes it rain to-day?" was another inquiry. What an interesting subject for a child. It need not interrupt a mother's necessary avocations to talk to him—but it would rather lighten them to be so nobly employed. How easy to inform it, in simple language, of the exhalation of vapor and its formation into clouds, which, when they become so heavy as to fall near the earth, would come down in large drops upon it—and also of its utility. Sometimes the mother might hear questions which she could not well answer; but such questions would have their use. They would induce her to read, as opportunity offered, that she might be prepared to gratify the thirst for knowledge manifested by her child. How much the mother would learn by thus communing with him. But, it is too often the case, that she thoughtlessly exclaims, when her child begins to make inquiries—"Don't plague me with questions now—don't you see how busy I am?" As though the questions of your own child, should ever be deemed a plague.

Talk of sending children to school at four years of age. Where is the school to be found—(with only its long benches, and its pupils placed upright upon them, except when they are taken out to puzzle over their letters, or be punished for some childish freak)—like the school-house at home, with the tender mother as the mistress, whom the little scholars may question and confide in? He will really learn more in one day, in such a situation, properly managed, than during months in a school-room, at that age. Mothers should think of this, and attach great importance to it. The child, of course, should not be pressed into the business—but should be led to it gently, under the belief that it is a high privilege to ask questions, and comment on the answers.

What a noble sentiment was that of JOHN ADAMS, which he conveyed to his wife, when public duties for a time separat-

ed him from his family. Said he—"The education of our children is never out of my mind. Train them to virtue—habituate them to industry, activity and spirit. Make them consider every vice as shameful and unmanly. Fire them with ambition to be useful. Make them disdain to be destitute of any useful knowledge."

What a valuable lesson is this—coming as it does from a man who had reached the highest summit of human greatness! Every parent should treasure it up, and keep it constantly in the mind. If all of us who are parents, would make this sentiment true, so far as we are concerned, what a lovely face would society present—"*The education of my children is never out of my mind.*"

Portland, Me., Oct., 1843.

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

TO A RELIGIOUS PAIR, MANY YEARS UNITED.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

This transient life the sages say,
At best is but a wintry day;
Yet when two hearts with courage true,
Combine to dare its tempests through,
Their love an inward light can lend,
When clouds grow dark, and rains descend.

Yea, more,— if with united breast,
On Bethlehem's star their hopes do rest,
Unscathed the troubled waves they ride,
With faith their friend, and Heaven their guide.
This glorious Star, hath been your stay
While months and seasons fled away,
And may it form your bliss on high,
Where years and storms and time shall die.

Hartford, Ct., Oct., 1843.

DAUGHTERS.—On account of the few lucrative employments which are left to the female sex, and consequently the little opportunity they have of adding to their income, *daughters* ought to be the *particular* objects of a parent's *care* and *foresight*; and as an option of marriage, from which they can reasonably expect happiness, is not presented to every woman who deserves it, especially in times in which a licentious celibacy is in fashion with men, a father should endeavor to enable his daughters to lead a single life with *independence* and *decorum*, even though he subtract more for that purpose from the portions of his sons, than is agreeable to modern usage, or than they expect.—*Dr. Paley.*

[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

BY WM. A. ALCOTT.

Is it a misapplication of the prophet's inquiry—much less a profanation of holy writ—to take for a motto, the complaint; "For who hath despised the day of small things?" I do not so regard it.

The following is a family anecdote, with the writer's inferences and comments.

"Mother," says a child of five, of his sister of two and a half, Emilia has a stick, and I am afraid she will break the window." "Well, she ought not to have it," said the mother. But the stick is retained. No measures are taken to remove it. The first child has made a report, and the report was accepted. It may be that no unnatural or improper habit of making reports is encouraged; it is even possible that to the first child no direct injury is done. He has only witnessed a neglect on the parent's part to do what it was confessed ought to be done. He does not feel aggrieved; he is only encouraged to do what he has seen his mother do, namely, neglect and undervalue justice.

But how is it with Emilia? She does what her mother says ought not to be done, and what her own rising consciousness —if it responds as by this time it ought to the mother's—tells her she ought not to do. Is the effect good? It cannot be. She is injured. It is indeed a small thing, but it is wrong.

I wish mothers—and not mothers alone but fathers, too—would be more careful about the very small things, of which this is a specimen. They are constantly recurring. Great things not so often. Character is moulded by the latter far less than we are wont to suppose; by little things far more. It is the frequent saying of a judicious writer on education, that we should always keep our word with children, and the remark is most just. But we should do more. We should act up to our decisions, especially in regard to our own duty. Better that no decision should be made than that we should make it, and not abide by it. Better, did I say? It is a thousand times better.

First, because the child who is really doing a wrong, should be set right. Especially should this be the case when the example of wrong is likely to be repeated or followed.

Secondly, because if the correction of a fault, or the prevention of a wrong which is acknowledged to be a wrong, is neglected, the child is led, from this very fact to undervalue justice. How can he value as he ought that which, in practice, the parent undervalues?

Thirdly; the parent who says a thing ought not to be done by a child, and yet pays no farther attention to the subject, is likely to do so again and again, till a habit in this respect is acquired; and such a habit will be likely to extend to the large as well as small concerns of life. Especially will this be so, where the wrong which has been committed, or which is feared is not very inconvenient to the parent, or the parent is hard pressed at the time with employment.

It is a great and most important truth—one which can hardly be too often repeated—that human character at all ages, but particularly in infancy and childhood, is formed much more from the little things of life than the great ones. The knowledge and just application of this single principle in the education of a child, would be worth more than the possession of millions—I had almost said millions of worlds.

Hartford, Ct., Oct., 1843.

WOMAN.—In the recent work from the pen of Rev. Justin Perkins, entitled Residence in Persia, the author bears the following testimony to the value of woman in the missionary enterprise:

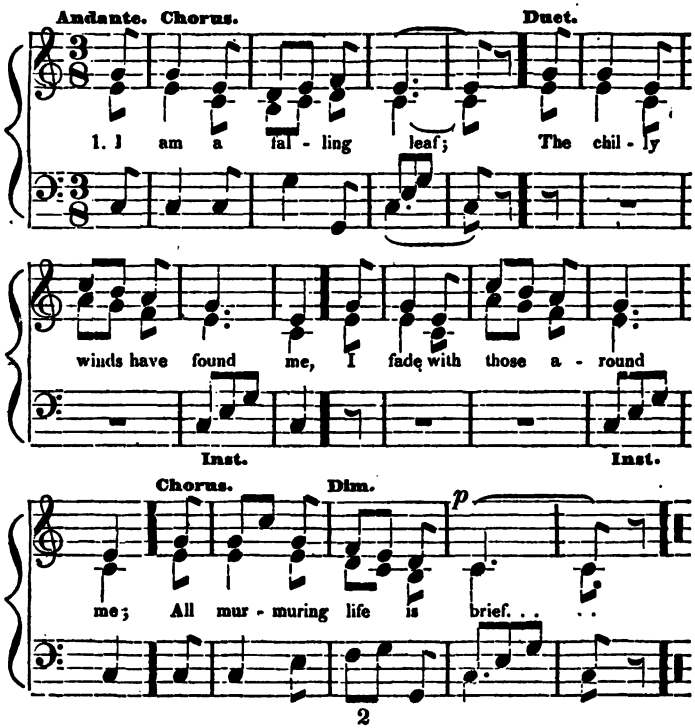
"In connection with our exposures and sufferings, on the way to our field, it were grateful to offer a passing tribute to female fortitude in the missionary enterprise, might a husband be allowed to do it. I may at least be pardoned, for saying in general, that we witness, in many females sent out by our churches, not only the devotion which was 'last at the cross and first at the sepulchre,' but also a *heroism*, which is able calmly to meet and cheerfully sustain the trying emergencies that often almost crush our own sterner energies. It is pre-eminently on missionary ground that woman is a help-meet for man."

THE PICTORIAL BIBLE.—We have received numbers 10, 11 and 12 of this splendid publication. These three numbers include that portion of the Old Testament from the 47th chapter of Ezekiel to the close of Malachi, and contain 95 engravings which throw important light upon the topography, costumes, antiquities and various eastern monuments, alluded to in the scriptures.

Saxton, Pierce & Co., Boston.

THE FADING LEAF.

BOSTON SCHOOL SONG BOOK.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Duet.
1. I am a fal - ling leaf; The chil - ly
winds have found me, I fade with those a - round
Inst.
Inst.
Chorus.
Dim.
p
me; All mur - muring life is brief. . .

2

I saw the sky so blue,
The birds were singing o'er me,
The flowers sprung up before me,
Of every changing hue.

3

The pleasant breeze was here,
It whispered every hour,
And held me in its power,
Light tossing in the air.

4

We fade as all else must;
No more the birds are calling,
The flowers and leaves are falling;
To-morrow we are dust.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

THE DUEL.

BY REV. A. STEVENS.

The Rev. Mr. M—— was a veteran itinerant preacher of the West. He related many incidents of his itinerant life. Among them was the following, which I give as much in his own words as possible.

About four miles from N——, is an extensive grove, well known as the scene of several fatal duels. As I passed it one morning on my way to my appointment in that town, I perceived a horse and vehicle among the trees, guarded by a solitary man, who appeared to be the driver. My suspicions were immediately excited, but I rode on. About a mile beyond, I met another carriage, containing four persons beside the driver, and hastening with all speed. My fears were confirmed, and I could scarcely doubt that another scene of blood was about to be enacted in those quiet solitudes. What was my duty in the case? I knew too well the tenacity of those fictitious and absurd sentiments of honor which prevailed in that section of the country, and which gave to the duel a character of exalted chivalry, to suppose that my interference could be successful, yet I thought it was my duty to rebuke the sin if I could not prevent it; and in the name of the Lord I would do it. I immediately wheeled about and returned with the utmost speed to the grove.

The second carriage had arrived and was fastened to a tree. I rode up to it, attached my horse near it, and throwing the driver a piece of silver, requested him to guard him. While threading my way into the forest, my thoughts were intensely agitated to know how to present myself most successfully. The occasion admitted of no delay. I hastened on and soon emerged into an oval space surrounded on all sides by dense woods.

At the opposite extremity stood the principals, their boots drawn over their pantaloons, their coats, vests and hats off, handkerchiefs tied over their heads and tightly belting their waists. A friend and a surgeon were conversing with each while the seconds were about midway between them, arranging the dreadful conflict. One of the principals, the challenged, appeared but about twenty years of age. His countenance was singularly expressive of sensibility, but also of cool determination. The other had a stout, ruffian-like bearing—a countenance easy, but sinister and heartless, and he seemed impatient to wreak his vengeance on his antagonist.

I advanced immediately to the seconds and declared at once my character and my object. "Gentlemen," said I, "excuse my intrusion. I am a minister of the gospel. I know not the merits of this quarrel, but both my heart and my office require me to bring about a reconciliation between the parties, if possible."

"Sir," replied one of them, "the utmost has been done to effect, it without success, and this is no place to make further attempts."

"Under any circumstances, in any place, gentlemen," I replied, "it is appropriate to prevent murder; and such, in the sight of God, is the deed you are aiding. It must not be, gentlemen. In the name of the law which prohibits it—in name of your friends, the principals—in the name of God who looks down upon you in this solitary place—I beseech you prevent it at once; at least, wash your own hands from the blood of these men. Retire from the field and refuse to to assist in their mutual murder."

My emphatic remonstrance had a momentary effect. They seemed not indisposed to come to terms, if I could get the concurrence of the principals.

I passed immediately to the oldest of them. His countenance became more repulsive as I approached him. It was deeply pitted with the small pox, and there was upon it the most cold-blooded leer I ever saw on a human face. He had given the challenge. I besought him by every consideration of humanity and morality to recall it. I referred to the youth and inexperience of his antagonist—the conciliatory disposition of the seconds—the fearful consequences to his soul if he should fall, and the withering remorse which must ever follow him if he should kill the young man. He evidently

thirsted for the blood of his antagonist, but observing that his friend and the surgeon seconded my reasoning, he replied, with undissembled reluctance, that he gave the challenge for sufficient reasons, and that, if these reasons were removed, he might recall it, but not otherwise.

I passed to the other. I admonished him of the sin he was about to perpetrate. I referred to his probable domestic relations, and the allusion touched his heart. He suddenly wiped a tear from his eye. "Yes, sir," said he, "there are hearts which would break if they knew I was here." I referred to my conversation with the seconds and the other principal, and remarked that nothing was now necessary to effect a reconciliation but a retraction of the language which had offended his antagonist. "Sir," replied he, planting his foot firmly on the ground, and assuming a look which would have been sublime in a better cause, "Sir, I have uttered nothing but the truth respecting that man, and though I sink into the grave, I will not sanction his villainous character by a retraction." I reasoned with increased vehemence, but no appeal to his judgment or his heart, could shake his desperate firmness. My heart bled over this young man, and I left him with tears which I have no doubt he would have shared under other circumstances. What could I do further? I appealed again to the first principal, but he spurned me with a cool smile. I flew to the seconds and entreated them on any terms to adjust the matter and save the shedding of blood. But they had already measured the ground and were ready to place the principals. "Gentlemen," said I, "the blood of this dreadful deed be upon your souls. I have acquitted myself of it." I then proceeded from the area toward my horse.

What were my emotions as I turned away in despair? What! thought I, must the duel proceed? Is there no expedient to prevent it? In a few minutes, one or both of these men may be in eternity, accursed forever with blood-guiltiness! Can I not pluck them as brands from the burning! My spirit was in a tumult of anxiety; in a moment, and, just as the principals were taking their positions, I was again on the ground. Standing on the line between them, I exclaimed, "In the name of God I adjure you stop this murderous work. It must not, it cannot proceed." "Knock him down," cried the elder duellist, with a fearful imprecation. "Sir," exclaim-

ed the younger, "I appreciate your motives, but I demand of you to interfere no more with our arrangements." The seconds seized me by the arms and compelled me to retire. But I warned them at every step. Never before did I feel so deeply the value and hazard of the human soul. My remarks were without effect, except on one of the friends of the younger principal. "This is a horrible place," said he, "I cannot endure it," and he turned with me away from the scene.

"Now then for it," cried one of the seconds, as they returned. "Take your places." Shudderingly I hastened my pace to escape the result.

"One—two"—and the next sound was lost in the explosion of the pistols! "O God," shrieked a voice of agony! I turned round. The younger principal with his hand to his face shrieked again, quivered, and fell to the ground! I rushed to him. With one hand he clung to the earth, the fingers penetrating the sod, while with the other, he grasped his left jaw, which was shattered with a horrid wound! I turned with faintness from the sight. The charge had passed through the left side of the mouth, crossing the teeth, severing the jugular and passing out at the back part of the head, laying open entirely one side of the face and neck! In this ghastly wound, amid blood and shattered teeth, had he fixed his grasp with a tenacity which could not be moved. Bleeding profusely and convulsive with agony, he lay for several minutes, the most frightful spectacle I had ever witnessed. The countenances of the spectators expressed a conscious relief when it was announced by the surgeon that death had ended the scene. Meanwhile the murderer with his party had left the ground.

One of the company was despatched on my horse to communicate the dreadful news to the family. The dead young man was cleansed from his blood and borne immediately to his carriage. I accompanied it. It stopped before a small but elegant house. The driver ran to the door and rapped. An elderly lady opened, with frantic agitation, at the instant when we were lifting the ghastly remains from the carriage. She gazed for a moment, as if thunder-struck, and fell fainting in the door-way. A servant removed her into the parlor, and, as we passed with the corpse into a rear room, I observed her extended on a sofa, as pale as her hapless son. We

placed the corpse on a table, with the stiffened hand still grasping the wound, when a young lady, neatly attired in white, and with a face delicately beautiful, rushed frantically into the room and threw her arms round, weeping with uncontrollable emotion, and exclaiming with an agony of feeling, "My brother! My dear, dear brother! Can it be, O can it be?" The attendants tore her away. I shall never forget the look of utter wretchedness she wore, as they led her away—her eyes dissolving in tears, and her bosom stained with her brother's blood!

This unfortunate young man was of New England origin. He had settled in the town of N——, where his business prospered so well, that he had invited his mother and sister to reside with him. His home, endeared by gentleness and love and every temporal comfort, was a scene of unalloyed happiness; but in an evil hour he yielded to a local and absurd prejudice—a sentiment of honor falsely so called, which his education should have taught him to despise. He was less excusable than his malicious murderer, for he had more light and better sentiments. This one step ruined him and his happy family. He was interred the next day with the regrets of the whole community. His poor mother never left the house till she was carried to her grave, to be laid by the side of her son! She died after a delirious fever of two weeks' duration, throughout which she ceased not to implore the attendants, with tears, to preserve her hapless son from the hands of assassins, who, she imagined, kept him concealed for their murderous purpose. His sister still lives, but poor and broken-hearted. Her beauty and energies have been wasted by sorrow, and she is dependent on others for her daily bread. I have heard some uncertain reports of his antagonist, the most probable of which is, that he died three years after, of the yellow fever, at New Orleans, raging with the horrors of remorse! Such was the local estimation of this bloody deed, that scarcely an effort was made to bring him to justice. Alas, for the influence of fashionable opinion! It can silence by its dictates, the laws of man and of God, and exalt murder to the glory of chivalry!

When we consider how many hearts of mothers, sisters and wives have been made to bleed by this cruel and deadly custom, shall we not awake to the influence of woman to abolish it? It rests upon an accidental state of public opin-

ion, a fictitious sentiment of honor; whose influence is more effectual in correcting or promoting such sentiments, than woman's? Human laws have failed to correct it, but her influence can do it. Let her, then, disdain the duellist, as stained with blood. Let her repel him from her society as one who has wrongly escaped the gallows. Let her exert all the benign influence of her virtues and her charms to bring into disgrace the murderous sentiment which tolerates him, and it cannot be long before the distinction between the duellist and the assassin will cease.

Boston, Mass., Oct., 1843.

FADING STILL FADING.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's path still lingers the pall.

Joy for the youthful,
Fill high to the brim—
Ere it be tasted
Pale death enters in.
Bright flowers unfold
At the dawning of light;
Where are those flowers
At the coming of night?

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Beauty like sunlight,
Gleams out for a breath,
Glittering with gems
For the bridal of death.
The warrior in mail
To the battle speeds on;
Death is the victor!
The battle is won.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.
Fame sound thy trumpet,
And fill the broad skies.
Fame! 'tis a meteor,
The echo replies.
Grave it in marble,
The deeds of the past;
'Tis written in dust—
Swept away by the blast.

Fading, still fading, is written on all;
Over life's pathway still lingers the pall.

MARRIAGES IN PERSIA.

Marriages in Persia are contracted by the parents, and the betrothment takes place at a very early age. The bridegroom is consequently spared the wooing and the winning, since this is ill done for him by parental kindness. The courtship is performed by proxy; so also is the marriage ceremony. I was curious to learn how the contract was entered into, since the groom is never permitted to see his bride until three days after marriage. She is reported to him by some female negotiator to be "more blooming than the rose, more odoriferous than the violet and better formed than Hebe," at which description "his heart becomes a coal, and his liver is dried up." He then contracts with her parents for the dower which he is to bestow on his wife. The contract being settled, a moolah signs it, and the ceremony soon after takes place, each party being within hearing at the time, but not visible. The service is short and simple. "I. N., the authorized proxy for you, M., do take L., to be his perpetual wife, for such dower as you have agreed upon." The other replies, "I. M., the authorized proxy for you, L., do take her for his perpetual wife upon conditions of the dower agreed upon by both parties." Some prayers are then read by the moolah, and he inquires of each of the invisible persons whether they agree to the contract. They answer in the affirmative, and he then declares them to be lawful man and wife. When the ceremony is at an end, the veil is thrown over the bride which is brought for her by the groom; she is furnished with some aromatic seeds, which she must eat on arrival at the house of her husband, in order to have a sweet breath in his presence; and a little camphor of rose water is given her. The bride sets out on horseback for her new residence, accompanied by all her relations, who carry with them presents of sweetmeats. She then begins her poetic invocation:

"Holy Prophet, grant, I pray,
On this happy nuptial day,
That my husband and his mother,
Cousin, sister, uncle, brother,
Sanction, without stint or measure,
Every thing which gives me pleasure."

The feasting then begins, and continues for three days. With some great men it continues thirty or forty days, but with the poorest person never less than three days. The grade

or society is much known by the time of keeping up this festival. Some extravagant and reckless persons have even spent their all on this festive occasion. The occasional disappointment in this blindfold bargain reminds one of Rachel and Leah. No Persian would marry a woman who had been subjected to the gaze of other men. I knew an instance of a khan that offered as much as a thousand tomauns to her father, to be allowed to see his bride elect, which was refused. It is deemed absolute pollution. But under this veiled mystification, mistakes have sometimes occurred of marrying the wrong woman.—*Three Years in Persia.*

BEAUTIFUL EXPERIMENT.—The following beautiful chemical experiment may easily be performed by a lady, to the great astonishment of the circle of her tea party.

Take two or three blades of red cabbage, cut or tear them into small bits, put them into a basin, and pour a pint of boiling water on them; let it stand an hour, and then decant the liquid into a glass bottle; it will be a fine violet color. Then take four wine glasses; into one put two or three drops of sulphuric acid, or five or six drops of strong vinegar; into another, put five or six drops of solution of alum; into a third put a few drops of solution of soda, and let the fourth glass remain empty. Fill the glasses from the bottle, and the liquid poured into the glass containing the acid will quickly change color, and become a beautiful red; that into the glass containing soda a fine green, and that containing the alum a fine purple, while that poured into the empty one will of course remain unchanged. By adding a little vinegar to the green, it will immediately change to red; and by adding a little of the solution of the soda to the red, it will assume a fine green, thus showing the effect of acids and alkalis on vegetable blues.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

SYRACUSE.

(See plate.)

Sicily is an island of the Mediterranean, and is situated at the southern extremity of Italy. Syracuse was a famous city of this island, and was founded by a Corinthian colony about 732 years before Christ.

So rapidly did this young colony grow, that when Xerxes, about 500 years B. C., with his innumerable armies and fleets was about to invade Greece a deputation was sent to Gelon, governor of Syracuse, to ask his assistance to withstand the mighty mass of barbaric power. Gelon offered Greece, a fleet, 20,000 heavy armed infantry, 2000 cavalry and 6000 archers,

provided he should be placed in command. The haughty Greeks replied, "we want warriors; generals we have at home."

Soon after this, Xerxes stirred up the Carthaginians to attack and subjugate the Greek colonies upon the coasts of Sicily and Italy. Gelon went to the succor of these brave people when they had been reduced to great distress, with an army of 50,000 infantry and 8000 cavalry. He attacked the army of the Carthaginians, although it was four times as numerous as his own, and commanded by generals of great reputation, and destroyed it in one of the greatest battles, which, till that time, had ever been fought in Europe. *One hundred and fifty thousand* Carthaginians were killed, and the remainder of the army, 60,000 men, cut off from their resources and vanquished by hunger, gave themselves up as prisoners. The fleet of 1400 vessels was destroyed by fire. On the very same day on which this victory was obtained, Leonidas, with 300 Spartans, poured out their blood at the pass of Thermopylae, a voluntary sacrifice for their country.

In peace, Gelon turned his whole attention to the increase in wealth and happiness of his people. He drained the marshes, and thus changed them to fertile land, and encouraged the people to turn their attention to agriculture and not to war. Toward the close of his life, he called a meeting of the people, and, going to it unarmed and without attendants, called upon any one who could accuse him of an unjust action, to take vengeance on him. He died in a good old age greatly beloved and reverenced, and was succeeded by Hiero, his younger brother, whose court was adorned by Simonides, Pindar and the most celebrated poets and philosophers of the times.

Hiero was succeeded by the tyrant Thrasybulus, but was dethroned by the people, who restored the republic and preserved their liberty for sixty years. The city flourished in increasing splendor. At this time Athens attempted to humble the pride of Syracuse, which aspired to rival the ancient city. Under Alcibiades they besieged Syracuse with a large army for several years. At length the plague broke out in the Athenian army and destroyed two-thirds of it. One of the battles cost them 18,000 lives, and 7,000, including the generals, were taken prisoners and sold as slaves. In this enterprize 250,000 men perished.

Although rid of the Athenians, Syracuse did not enjoy rest. Internal disputes unceasingly turned the streets into battle fields. Seventy years passed in this way, when Dionysius obtained the reigns of government. This was 406 B. C. Syracuse at this time, was equal in greatness and riches to Rome, Athens and Carthage, divided into four different cities separated by bastions and trenches, their walls were ten hours in circumference and embraced 150,000 buildings. The population exceeded a million, and the soldiers were more than 200,000.

Dionysius, who established his throne by treason and popular influence, was the son of a fisherman, a man of great ability, of high ambition and well qualified to rule. The Carthaginians made war against him three times, during which, more than fifty flourishing cities were destroyed and more than two millions of men were sacrificed.

Dionysius was succeeded by his son, Dionysius. It was during his reign that Plato flourished. He was for a season, a member of the court. Carthage renewed the war against Syracuse. At the request of Syracuse, Greece sent Timoleon with 60,000 men, who defeated the Carthaginians with great slaughter.

About 335 B. C., Sosistratus seized the supreme power. He was an aristocrat and a traitor to his country. He was followed by Agathocles who was a reckless and bloody tyrant. He killed 4,000 of the nobility and principal men, and by the confiscation of their estates obtained the means of supporting himself permanently on his throne. *Thirty thousand* Syracusians at one time died by his order, under the hands of the executioner. He at length died by the hands of his wicked grandson. Tyrant after tyrant succeeded for the space of 150 years, when Hiero, a descendant of Gelon, was made king and reigned fifty-four years. He was a wise and good ruler, and during his administration great prosperity prevailed and Syracuse became more beautiful than ever—the first city of the world.

In the year 212 B. C., Syracuse, after a siege of three years, fell into the hands of the Romans. The Syracusians defended themselves with great bravery and skill, being assisted by Archimedes, the celebrated *mathematician*, who invented ingenious and successful engines of war which hurled destruction upon the Romans. He was killed by a common soldier, while intent upon his studies, by which Marcellus was much grieved. The conquest of this city cost the lives of half a million of men. The whole island became a Roman province. Many efforts were made by different emperors to restore Syracuse to its former magnificence, but they all failed.

In A. D., 1086, Roger, the Norman, count of Sicily, rescued it from the infidels.

Formerly, Syracuse had more inhabitants than the whole island now has. Notwithstanding its immense population, it sent corn to Rome, and was the granary of the metropolis of the ancient world.

The harbor of Syracuse, which was the most beautiful in the world, and capable of containing the fleets and armaments of all Europe, is now empty and partly filled up. Except a few fishing boats, vessels seldom visit it unless driven by distress of weather.

Paul, in his voyage to Rome, landed at Syracuse and tarried three days. See Acts, 28 chap. 12 verse.

LADY JANE GREY.

From a notice in one of the English magazines, of a work, which if well executed must from its nature be very interesting, we extract the following beautifully written, and—when her fate is remembered—affecting dialogue between Lady Jane Gray and Roger Ascham.

The work of which this is an extract, is called "Imaginary Conversations between Literary Men and Statesmen," by Walter S. Landor.

Ascham.—"Thou art going, my dear young lady, into a most awful state. Thou art passing into matrimony and great wealth. God hath willed it so—submit in thankfulness.

"Thy affections are rightly placed and well distributed. Love is a secondary passion in those who love most—a primary in those who love least. He who is inspired by it in a great degree, is inspired by honor in a greater. It never reaches its plenitude of growth and perfection, but in the most exalted minds—alas! alas!"

Jane.—"What aileth my virtuous Ascham? What is amiss? Why do I tremble?

Ascham.—"I see perils on perils which thou dost not see although thou art wiser than thy poor old master. And it is not because love hath blinded thee, for that surpasseth his supposed omnipotence, but it is, because thy tender heart, having always leaned affectionately on good, hath felt and known nothing of evil.

"I once persuaded thee to reflect much. Let me now persuade thee to avoid the habitude of reflection; to lay aside books; and to gaze carefully and steadfastly on what is under and before thee."

Jane.—"I have well bethought me of all my duties O how extensive they are! What a goodly and fair inheritance! But, tell me, wouldst thou command me never more to read Cicero and Epictetus and Polybus? The others I do resign unto thee. They are good for the arbor and for the gravel walk. But leave unto me, I beseech thee my friend and father, leave unto me for my fireside and for my pillow, truth, eloquence, courage, constancy."

Ascham.—"Read them on thy marriage bed; on thy childbed; on thy deathbed! Thou spotless, undrooping lily, they have fenced thee right well! These are the bright and blessed creatures, O Jane, whom God, one day, shall cause to smile upon thy chaste bosom. Mind thou thy husband."

Jane—"I sincerely love the youth who hath espoused me. I love him with the fondest, the most solicitous affection. I

pray to the Almighty for his goodness and his happiness, and do forget at times—unworthy supplicant, the prayers I should have offered for myself. O never fear that I will disparage my kind religious teacher by disobedience to my husband, in the most trying duties."

Ascham.—"Gentle is he, gentle and virtuous, but time will harden him; time must harden even thee, sweet Jane! Do thou complacently and indirectly, lead him from ambition."

Jane.—"He is contented with me and with home."

Ascham.—"Ah Jane, Jane! men of high estate grow tired of contentedness."

Jane.—"He told me he never liked books, unless I read them to him every evening. I will open new worlds to him, richer than those discovered by the Spaniards. I will conduct him to treasures! O what treasures—on which he may sleep in innocence and peace."

Ascham.—"Rather do thou walk with him; ride with him; play with him; be his fairy, his page, his every thing that love and poetry have invented; but watch him well; sport with his fancies; turn them about like the ringlets around his cheeks; and if ever he meditate on power, go toss up thy baby to his brow, and bring back his thoughts into his heart by the music of thy discourse."

"Teach him to live unto God and unto thee; and he will discover that woman, like the plants in the woods, derives her softness and tenderness from the shade."

SAD REVERSE OF FORTUNE. In the small town of Maxweltown, on the banks of the Nith, Kircudbrightshire, may be seen a poor, feeble, old woman, destitute and distressed, who picks up a scanty subsistence by washing clothes. This was one of Burns's loveliest heroines, the daughter of a highly respectable gentleman in Nithsdale. Of her the poet sung—

O lovely Polly Stewart!
O charming Polly Stewart!
There 's not a flower that blooms in May
That 's half so fair as thou art.
The flower it blows, it fades, and fa's,
And art can ne'er renew it;
But worth and truth eternal youth
Will give to Polly Stewart.

Poor Polly Stewart forgot her "worth and truth," and has sunk from the highest circles of fashion to her present abject state. Such reverses feelingly remind us of the sad vicissitudes of life. The fine gold has become dim, and the colors of poesy, romance, and beauty have faded into darkness and desolation!—*Inverness Courier.*

THE

MOTHER'S ASSISTANT.

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[Written for the Mother's Assistant.]

THE RELIGIOUS TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

BY REV. JAMES PORTER.

The following is appended, as an appropriate conclusion to my remarks in the last two numbers:—

In the religious education of children, much depends on commencing at the proper time. The sentiment, that nothing of this nature should be said till they are advanced to youth or manhood, has ruined its thousands. The seeds of vice vegetate early, and should receive early attention. As soon as children are old enough to be governed, it is time to begin. As in government, so in education, little can be done at first. But that little is essential to the end desired. It may give character and tone to the whole life. "As the twig is bent the tree is inclined." The simple rudiments of religious knowledge communicated by parents to their children at an early period in their career, exert a most powerful influence. If the work be faithfully followed up, and every mental development be accompanied with appropriate instruction, it cannot be in vain.

But care should be taken to present the subject in its true light. Many dwell so much upon the terrors of the law, and so little upon the promises of the gospel, and give the subject such an aspect of *gloominess*, that it is forbidding. The idea that religion is a sad and cheerless thing, implanted in the mind of a child, will cleave to him through his whole life; or, till corrected by happy experience. The course proposed to be taken in the amusements of children, will have a tendency to counteract this; but still, if, when we call attention to the subject, we put on a sad and gloomy countenance, and

appear wretched ourselves, and especially if we dwell upon the awful and alarming, the impression will be made, and prove an almost insuperable impediment. Children, as I have said, desire to be cheerful and happy. To dwell among the tombs, so to speak, is not agreeable to their feelings. Nor is it necessary. Religion is really a cheerful thing. It is designed to make us happy here, and hereafter. "Its ways are ways of pleasantness and all its paths are peace." In this light it should be presented, both by our instructions and example. The law is important, and should not be neglected, for by it "is the knowledge of sin." But the gospel is equally so. Its love, joy, hope, peace, dying triumph, resurrection and eternal life, are all subjects of thrilling interest. These should be exhibited in the most attractive and agreeable manner possible. The motives which they present, especially when illustrated and enforced by living, consistent and charming piety in the parents, are nearly irresistible. Religion, when thus presented in its own proper light, is lovely and inviting; and though it may be neglected for a season, such is its hold upon the mind, that it will command attention. An impression is made, which "changes of season or place," cannot obliterate. It will prove an impregnable barrier against the wiles of infidelity and sin, and ere-long lead the "weary and heavy laden" spirit to the arms of Jesus.

Efforts to instruct and save our children should be judicious as to *time*. There is a proper time to do every thing which is proper to be done. Children are sometimes excited with anger and other passions, and are not capable of appreciating instruction of any kind. There are times, too, when their consciences are tender and their sensibilities awake. This is our opportunity. When the fallow ground is broken up, we should sow the seed. Special providences, such as sickness and death in the community, are favorable occasions for our work. They should be seized with avidity, and improved to the best advantage.

Parents should be especially careful not to introduce the subject of religion to their children before company, particularly after they have become young men and women. What I mean is, that they should not address them *individually* and *personally*, and make a *direct* appeal to their hearts. Good is seldom the result,—prejudice and hardness of heart almost always. I had no sooner exchanged the salutations of the

day, and taken my seat in the family circle, than Mrs. G. exclaimed, "I wish you would talk to my children. I have talked and talked to them, and prayed for them, but it seems to do no good. They are so hard I know not what to do with them." The children looked at each other and smiled. And what a smile! Words could not have been more expressive. My mouth was shut. I need not say, that those children contracted a most hearty disgust for the whining and injudicious religion of their mother, and no sooner left her roof, than they left her church, and adopted sentiments subversive of the whole christian system. None are more exposed to this indiscretion than the deeply pious. They feel so anxious to train up their children for God, and have them early converted, that they are often indiscreet in their measures and frustrate their good designs. They are not "wise to win souls."

These remarks are not to be understood as standing in opposition to parents letting their children know that they are deeply interested for their conversion. By no means. Children ought to be assured of this beyond a doubt. Neither, as in opposition to frequent allusions to the subject. Indeed, parents ought to embrace every favorable opportunity to instruct their children concerning all matters relating to their spiritual interests. I would have moral and religious instruction intermingled with their amusements and pleasures from their earliest childhood to mature age. I would have this so done as to make a part of the pleasure itself. Then it will be remembered. If proper care is taken to improve every occasion, as did the Savior, there will be no lack of opportunities. The storm, the calm, the darkness and the light, the mansion and the cottage, indeed almost every thing we see, or hear, will suggest some interesting moral lesson, which may be introduced with equal pleasure and profit. But an attempt to probe and subdue the hearts of children in the presence of company is injudicious, inasmuch as it tends to excite a combination of feelings in direct hostility to our object. This is a noble work, and ought not to be neglected; but let it be done in retirement,—on sober occasions,—when the heart is tender, and the mind tranquil. Let it be done with kindness and love; with parental prayers and tears; that the children may feel that it is the overflowing of affection.

Thus educated, home will be the centre of attraction, obedience a pleasure, and religion an object, at least, of reverence

and desire. The recollection of childhood scenes,—of parental fondness and solicitude, will come over the soul in after days, and in foreign climes, like the living voice, quickening the conscience, inspiring desire, animating hope, and reforming the whole man. Such recollections have softened the heart of many a poor prodigal, and brought him back to his father's house, and his father's God.

Lynn, Mass., Nov., 1843.

(From the Knickerbocker.)

DEATH OF THE YOUNG.

Sleep, little one! The summer winds are breathing
A gentle hymn, to lull thy quiet rest;
Around thy tomb, in mournful beauty wreathing,
The ivy creeps, in freshening verdure dressed.

Sleep on, my love! The summer flowers are springing
In holy peace above thy mouldering head,
To guard thy dust, and from their bosoms flinging
A mingled sweetness o'er thy silent bed.

We miss thee, love! Thy joyous face once blushing
With rosy light, death-shades have overcast;
But ah; how oft these heart-felt tears are gushing,
To think our eyes on thee have looked their last.

We miss those hours, when through our hearts was stealing
The merry music of thy fairy feet;
We miss those hours, when every pulse of feeling
Thrilled quick and warm thy trusting eyes to greet.

We miss our babe, when evening gathers round us;
Thy place is vacant on thy mother's breast!
We wake no more, to feel the spell which bound us;
When once to ours, thy infant lips were pressed!

Where art thou now? The soul which once was pouring,
Through this cold dust, a warm and thrilling glow,
Lives *somewhere* yet; it vanished, heaven-ward soaring,
Far from all pain, or blight, or earthly wo!

Where dost thou dwell? It *must* be thou art wearing
A radiant light on thy enfranchised soul;
In some bright world thy part with angels bearing,
Where hymns of holy joy forever roll.

To that deep life, God's love hath surely borne thee,
Dear cherished babe!—Nor seek we to reclaim;
How much we love, how much we miss and mourn thee,
He knows alone, and blessed be his name!

DOMESTIC JOYS.

BY ROBERT MORRIS, ESQ.

No subject perhaps is more trite than Home and its enjoyments. People are constantly discussing the blessings of domestic life, and the happiness to be found within the limits of a well-regulated family circle. And yet we fear the multitude pay little attention to the essential elements of home life, to the thousand apparently unimportant acts of kindness and good-will, the examples of temper, language and propriety, which, in the aggregate, constitute the true beauty and real blessings of home. The infirmities of temper are a great draw-back upon domestic happiness. We have known a calm and cheerful circle engaged in pleasant and instructive conversation, disturbed and excited in a moment, as it were, by the unhappy introduction of some forbidden topic, and the consequent irritation produced in some morbid, prejudiced and irritable mind. Pleasure has instantly been converted into pain, and however confused or abashed the authors of the evil, they have found themselves unable for the time to repair the error. The "domestic demon," as the foul fiend of an unquiet disposition has been forcibly termed, is perhaps the source of a greater amount of infelicity than any other evil. The worst feelings of our nature are called into play by fits of peevishness, perverseness and anger, which mere trifles will sometimes produce, and the influence of which is felt for weeks and months.

The home which is annoyed by this evil spirit, resembles any thing but an earthly paradise. We have a case in our mind at the present time, in which an almost perpetual condition of misery is kept up, by a disposition to domineer and control on the one hand, and to resist on the other. Arguments and quarrels are constant; the passions are frequently inflamed and excited, and under the influence of these things, language is uttered and threats are made of the most revolting kind, as examples for children. The parties, as is usual in such cases, charge each other with originating the trouble, and thus frequently, after burying the hatchet, get up a new feud in their efforts to find out who was really wrong in the first place.

How many a man has been driven from his home, and from all the endearments of domestic life, by the Xantippe-like tongue of a perpetual scold! How many a drunkard has

been induced to visit the tavern in the first place, in order to escape the troubled atmosphere of his own dwelling, and the constant reproaches, merited perhaps, but not the less galling, of a too irritable and too vindictive partner! On the other hand, how many a gentle spirit has been crushed and broken, by the brutal and ruffian remarks of some tyrant husband! How gradually, but with a change far too rapid, has the idol object of "Love's first dream," degenerated into a cold, selfish and indifferent husband. In these cases, home soon loses its charm, and instead of being a haven from the cares and vicissitudes of the out-door world, it becomes the scene of bitter recriminations, painful and deplorable contentions. Well and forcibly has it been observed, by one who has studied human nature thoroughly, that "the multitude of our smiles and kindly feelings should be kept for the inmates of home, while the world should receive those only which could be spared without serious loss." "The great end of prudence," observes another, "is to give cheerfulness to those hours which splendor cannot gild, and acclamation cannot exhilarate; those soft intervals of unbended amusement in which a man shrinks to his natural dimensions, and throws aside the ornaments or disguise which he feels in privacy to be useless incumbrances, and to lose all effect when they become familiar. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts prosecution. It is indeed a theme by which every man must be known by those who would make a just estimate of his virtue or felicity, for smiles or embroidery are alike occasional, and the mind is often dressed for show in painted honor and fictitious benevolence."

We may be certain, therefore, that there is something wrong in the disposition, the habits and the morals of the man, or the woman either, who does not turn eagerly to home, whose thoughts are not constantly directed thither, when not engrossed by the ordinary avocations of life, who shuns his home as something unpleasant, who is ever eager to find a pretext for hastening away, or who, when away, manifests no desire to return. Our civilization and our religion render it a duty for us to render home as much as possible, the sunniest spot on earth. We are bound to exert all our powers for the happiness of the beings confided to our care, and the richest reward for such a course may be found in the approving whis-

pers of the "still small voice" within. Our example, whether of language, temper, or manner, is sure in the sphere in which we move to produce evil or good results. If, therefore, in our offspring, we discover the fruits of virtuous precepts—if we see their thoughts and their footsteps inclining to virtue and rectitude, the reward is indeed a glorious one.

THE WIFE, A BEING TO COME HOME TO.

And after all, what is it that man seeks in the companionship of woman?—An influence like the gentle dew, and the cheering light, more felt throughout the whole of his existence, in its softening, healing, harmonizing power, than acknowledged by any single act, or recognized by any certain rule. It is in fact a being *to come home to*, in the happiest sense of that expression.

Poetic lays of ancient times were wont to tell how the bold warrior returning from the fight, would doff his plumed helmet, and reposing from his toils, lay bare his weary limbs that woman's hand might pour into their wounds the healing balm. But never wearied knight, or warrior covered with the dust of battle-field, was more in need of woman's soothing power, than are those care-worn sons of toil, who struggle for the bread of life, in our more peaceful and enlightened days. And still, though the romance of the castle, the helmet, the waving plume, and the

"Clarion wild and high,"

may all have vanished from the scene, the charm of woman's influence lives as brightly in the picture of domestic joy, as when she placed the wreath of victory on the hero's brow. Nay, more so; for there are deeper sensibilities at work, thoughts more profound, and passions more intense, in our great theatre of intellectual and moral strife, than where the contest was for martial fame, and force of arms procured for each competitor his share of glory, or of wealth.

Among all the changes which have taken place in the condition of mankind, it is then not the least of woman's privileges, that her influence remains the same, except only as it is deepened and perfected as her own character approaches perfection. It is not the least of her privileges, that she can still be all to man which his necessities require; that he can retire from the tumult of the world, and seek her society with

a zest which nothing can impair, so long as she receives him with a true and faithful heart—true to the best and kindest impulses of which her nature is capable; and faithful to the sacred trust committed to her care.

And that it is so, how many a home can witness—how many a fireside welcome, how many a happy meeting after absence painfully prolonged! Yes, there are scenes within the sacred precincts of the household hearth, which, not the less, because no stranger's eye beholds them, repay, and richly too, dark days of weary conflict, and long nights of anxious care. But who shall paint them? Are they not graven on the hearts of wives? and those who hold the picture there, in all its beauty, vividness and truth, would scarcely wish to draw aside the veil which screens it from the world.

Mrs. Ellis.

WALKS OF USEFULNESS, OR REMINISCENCES OF MRS. MARGARET PRIOR.—Mrs. Prior, was one of the originators of the American Female Moral Reform Society; was for a number of years one of its managers, and was for five years in its employment as a missionary in the city of New York. The reports of her visits made to reclaim the abandoned, to mitigate the sufferings of the wretched, to supply the wants of the poor, and to point sinners to the Savior, are replete with intense interest, and exhibit her as a woman of remarkable self-denial, benevolence and piety.

We earnestly wish this book might be read by christians, generally. The effect would be to awaken an interest in the cause of Moral Reform, or to increase that interest where it is already awakened. What a sad truth it is, that so few are engaged in this noble work, and that they receive so little encouragement in their self-denying labors of love. It would serve, also, to convince Christians, that, in their individual capacity, each might do much to make the world better. It is supposed that Mrs. Prior was the instrument of the conversion of more than an hundred souls, and that an accurate account of all her deeds of charity would more than fill a folio volume. She died in New York city, in April, 1842, aged 68 years.

Published by the American Female Moral Reform Society., Profits are to be sacredly devoted to the cause of benevolence.—pp. 324.

PICTORIAL BIBLE. The 13th., 14th., 15th., and 16th. numbers of this work have been published, embracing the New Testament and completing the work. It is a superb publication, and those who are fond of pictures—and who is not—will find much to interest the eye, as well as to illustrate the text.

THE

YOUNG LADY'S FRIEND.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

CULTIVATION OF THE FEMALE MIND.

BY MISS S. A. S. DAVENPORT.

It is not my purpose to discuss a subject which you have not previously considered, or to dwell upon any point with which you have not heretofore been acquainted. Neither is it my purpose to exhibit images whose sublime coloring serves to distend the imagination, or to arouse those powers which hurry the soul into various pathetic emotions; but calmly to speak of the universal perfection of which woman is susceptible.

We are assured that it is only where much is given that much will be required. To decide definitely what woman's duties are, her capacities are to be considered; and these may be ascertained by the study of her physical, intellectual and moral constitution. Her physical constitution is peculiar, being far more fragile than man's. In different countries, however, and in different ages, different occupations have been allotted her. Sometimes she has been subjected to toil in the open field, to hunt ferocious beasts, and to engage in all such rigorous labor as belongs exclusively to man. But civilization and refinement have counteracted such a disposition on the part of man, and replaced the mark of distinction between the physical strength of the sexes.

In respect to the intellectual powers, it is almost universally acknowledged, that severe reasoning and acute judgment belong prëeminently to man. But at the fountain of imagination, woman invariably predominates. In solitude, her fancy flies with angel swiftness through unlimited creation, touching here and there upon beauty and romance, until her

thoughts obtain profound sublimity. As long as the consecrated names of Hemans and Sigourney shall endure, let not man be pronounced sovereign throughout the entire province of intellect.

There is another realm in which woman's strength exceeds that of man's. It is in that of the morals. Not only does our own country furnish numerous proofs of this, but the renowned empires of Greece and Rome, (could their slumbering ashes be reanimated) would proclaim loudly the fact, that woman's influence has generated many a noble deed.

Woman in some sense controls the destiny of nations; for is it not the mother who infuses into the character of the son, honorable patriotism and generous principles, and into his heart, moral and religious sentiments? The cause of her superiority in this capacity, proceeds in part from her own nature, and in part from Christianity. In her nature there are an enthusiasm, an acute perception and sensibility, not to be found in the opposite sex.

Religion itself is based upon the affections. Hence no character is so well adapted to its requirements as the female; for there is no love like woman's.

Again, Christianity allows the female mind greater scope for activity. In heathen countries, where the light of truth has never dawned, we behold woman degraded to a level with the brutes. Elevated desires may, for a moment, swell her bosom, but they are as soon smothered by the consciousness that they can never be realized. Contrast her condition with our own. Here Christianity elevates the rank of woman, and gives her at once a moral and intellectual importance in society. Her qualities are better appreciated. Man allows her opportunity to exercise them and is ready to acknowledge their worth.

Having considered the various capacities of woman, we can more readily conclude what her duties are. We find her peculiar in her constitution. All boldness, harshness, impiety and impurity are at once discarded from her appropriate sphere. In her physical constitution, she is to regard such a course of employment as will best promote health and ensure life; something which will be useful, and of such a nature as none else can execute. In the march of the intellect, let that path be pursued which will best unfold the great design of her being, and also best adapt her to it.

But it is not a profitable thing to dive into the mysteries and perplexities of knowledge. Be not ambitious to contend with the other sex for the palm of proficiency. Study that which will make you more ready to detect vice and practice virtue, and thereby kindle a flame of purity which will be commensurate with your existence.

The centre of the circle of your influence is *home*. Here are immediately called into action all those requisitions arising from the various relations of daughter, sister, wife and mother. Here are to be exercised self-denial, fidelity, forbearance, benevolence and numerous other qualities which unite in forming the great chain of affection.

And now, my sisters, I trust you all have homes to which your hearts cling with fondness indescribable. Have you parents? Adapt yourselves to their pleasure. Strive to requite that love which has been lavished upon you. In sorrow you find no bosom which consoles like theirs. Though you may censure, they will soothe. For their sake, strive for perfection of character. Have you brothers or sisters? Guard well the avenues to moral danger. A sister's voice often saves in the hour of temptation. Exercise those noble powers which will cement you all in one chain of affection and from which will radiate a perpetual, moral beauty. There are perhaps a few more prominent virtues which might be mentioned here, for whose culture home is peculiarly fitted. They are of such a nature as will re-appear when you enter upon society.

God has designed that industry and happiness shall be indissolubly bound together. No place is so admirably fitted for the exercise of industry as home. Idleness corrodes the mental faculties and casts depression over every joy. Do not conceal your industry. It will be honored by all good minds. It is a twin sister of order, and they should walk together hand in hand. Closely related are frugality and contentment. She who takes right views of herself and her duties will find them so. Here are opportunities for the exercise of gratitude and benevolence. Here let charity be extended to all the needy within your sphere.

Practice habitual disinterestedness, and last and most important of all, cultivate deep piety, which will purify the heart.

With these qualities in full exercise, you may safely enter society and exert a sacred influence. Your sense of propri-

ety will direct in your external appearance, namely, your dress and manners. Your benevolence will give you sympathy and charity. Your disinterestedness will deliver you from all those selfish motives which lurk in the bosom of thousands. Be intellectual and moral guardians of some portion of the young around you. Let the consciousness that you are an immortal spirit make you respect yourselves, and thereby maintain the dignity of your sex.

Respect your glorious calling, and keep constantly in view that amount of good which it is your privilege to confer upon mankind. And whether you occupy the station of teacher, wife or mother, cultivate universal perfection.

New Hampton, N. H., Nov., 1843.

FEMALE INFLUENCE AND ENERGY.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

I have observed that a married man falling into misfortune is more apt to retrieve his situation in the world than a single one; chiefly because his spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and his self-respect kept alive by finding that, although all abroad be darkness and humiliation, yet there is still a little world of love at home of which he is monarch. Whereas, a single man is apt to run to waste and self-neglect; to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruins, like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant. I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters which break down the spirit of a man and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all meekness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness, while treading the prosperous path of life, suddenly rising in mental force to be the comforter and supporter of her husband under misfortune, abiding with unshrinking firmness the bitterest blasts of adversity. As the vine which has long twined its graceful foliage about the oak, and been lifted by it in sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is rifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so is it beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the ornament and dependent of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity; winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head and binding up the broken heart.

[Written for the Young Lady's Friend.]

WINOOSKI.

BY REV. EDWARD OTHEMAN.

The traveller in summer, on the route from Danville to Montpelier, Vt., sees, as he passes over the valley road, in the town of Plainfield, a beautiful water-fall pouring and foaming down the swiftly-sloping side of a hill, in the midst of the bright verdure of grass and foliage which adorn the hills of Vermont, even to their summit. He is induced to ask whether such an attractive object has a name, or any mark of distinction, and is informed that it is called Winooski Falls, and is one of the sources of Onion River. Inquiring the origin of the name, he learns that Winooski was an Indian, whose tribe once occupied the hill, and who chose to remain there alone till death, after all the rest of his tribe had died, or had removed to another abode, distant from the encroachments of the white man.

Where mid the north hills of Vermont,
The highway winds its charming course,
Is seen a foaming torrent rush
O'er craggy rocks—a river's source.

It dashes till the whitening spray
Becomes a very belt of sheen,
To girdle round the mountain's waist,
Its wide-spread, velvet vest of green.

Upon that hill Winooski lived,
Whose name the water-fall retains—
Sad relic of a fated race,
To tell whose story none remains.

Winooski was an aged tree,
Whose leaves were withered, branches torn;
Whose mates were all removed, or dead—
Left lone and bare, the bleak wind's scorn.

And he, the aged Indian, made
His dwelling where the torrent rushed;
And never would he leave the spot
Where memory's deeper fountains gushed.

No palace graced, with princely halls,
The land which gave Winooski birth;
Nor hoarded wealth, or living ties,
Bound him to that lone spot of earth.

No, all he loved, and all he hoped
Had passed as some deep dream away;
But there had beat the kindred hearts
Whose truth had more than magic sway.

Here they had seen the high stars shine,
Had seen the thick, bright, birch leaves quiver,
Had watched the cascade as it dashed
To form the gently flowing river.

Here rose their wigwams; here they danced;
Here sported, hunted, loved and fought;
For in their ruthless thirst of gain,
E'en them the pale-faced race had sought.

Here were the graves of those who died
By nature's will, or passion's strife;
Here parents, sisters, brothers lay,
And friends who gave its charm to life.

Not all; for round the council fire,
Which last gleamed fitful on their braves,
A sad resolve had passed—that they
Should leave their ancient home and graves;

And toward the setting sun should hie,
In farther, deeper forests roam,
Where hopes, (vain hopes,) of safer life,
Saw rise again a quiet home.

And so they went, and all but he,
Left their loved haunts—for his fond heart,
Too strong were love's soft, gentle ties;
He could not from the dead depart.

Warm flowed the stream of life, and high,
In fond Winooski's vigorous prime,
When from their native hills his tribe
Withdrew to seek a safer clime.

And many a waxing, waning moon,
Saw the lone Indian living there,
And snows of many winters fell
Upon his brow of grief and care.

Yet on he lived, nor white man's hate,
Nor love could drive or woo him thence,
His heart was with the past, the dead;
Hence all his joy, his sorrows hence.

He grieved not that his tribe had fled,
  He feared no evil, though alone;
But there was that which made him sad,
  It was true love's remembered tone.

Each look, each word in kindness said
  Had sealed within its impress bright,
Nor needed he another sign
  Of loved ones lost, than love's own light.

And oft, as sinks the sun to rest,
  On golden clouds that round him lie,
And in the purple light he leaves,
  Loved forms salute his practiced eye.

The paradise that Indians love
  Opes its broad gates, and forth they come
To smile, and beckon him away
  To meet them in their happy home.

And with the gentle west wind's breath,
  Low music greets his listening ear;
And voices of the dear ones gone
  Are heard in joyous accents clear.

They sing of joys, of youth renewed
  In hunting grounds with game replete,
Where all their sports, and all their loves
  Are fresh as they were once, and sweet.

And when the booming thunders roll,
  Or winter's tempest rages high,
He hears the voice of God, and asks
  That he may lay him down and die.

At length when autumn's fitful blast
  Swept o'er the greenless mountain's side,
Winooski, at the set of sun,
  On the cold earth laid down and died.

No monumental mound or stone,
  Marks where the faithful Indian fell,
But ever will the sounding stream
  The tale of his devotion tell.

Chelsea, Mass., Nov., 1843.

FEMALE ORNAMENTS.—"It is not the lustre of gold, the sparkling of diamonds and emeralds, nor the splendor of dress, which adorns or embellishes a woman, but gravity, discretion, humility, and modesty."

[From Allen's 'Practical Tourist.']

FEMALES IN EUROPE.

To many of the cottages near Sheffield a forge forms an appendage. During the intervals of household labor, the females may sometimes be seen participating in the labors of the anvil, shaping dexterously the red-hot metal, and completing many of the manufactured articles of iron, which are sold at such moderate prices in the United States. A gentleman, long resident in Sheffield, assured me that he had seen a grandmother and her two grand-daughters busily engaged around the same forge; and in these districts I have had opportunities of observing young girls wielding the file and hammer amid wreaths of smoke, with their ruddy cheeks rivalling the glow of the red-hot iron, and the snows of their necks tinged by the soot of the smithy. They flourish files and rasps with such effective strokes, that they might even excite the emulation of the journeymen blacksmiths in the United States. Nearly all the screws, and it may be added, the small wrought nails, exported to America, are made by the hands of the fair ones of Sheffield. Some of the amazons, I was informed, even made spikes in considerable quantities. You may imagine, on beholding one of these female artists, that you have before you a descendant of the fabled race, Venus and Vulcan, when a mild blue eye occasionally beams upon you, and ruby lips and teeth like rows of pearls, form a brilliant contrast with the veil of soot, that imperfectly conceals those charms. While you are admiring the artist, rather than her skill, you may feel some surprise on remarking her muscular arms enured to powerful action;—as if the attributes of the divinities of Love, and of blacksmiths—of internal and external fires, were combined in the person of the fair one before you.

* * * * * In passing through the various market-places in England, you frequently view women in the butchers' stalls, with their sleeves rolled up, performing all the operations of cutting up meat. To one unaccustomed to behold females managing this work of blood, it is not an agreeable spectacle. In those who perform the duties of the butcher, we cannot expect to find much of that delicacy, which forms one of the most lovely attributes of the female sex. * * *

Around the mouth of several of the iron mines (in Stafford-

shire) there were two or three stout women, who emptied the buckets of fossils as fast as they were hoisted up by the steam engines from the bottom of each of the shafts to the surface of the ground. Each bucket or tub frequently contains several hundred pounds weight of minerals or rubbish, and the labor is consequently almost too severe for female strength to perform. They seemed, however, diligent and cheerful in accomplishing their hard work, for which they told me they received two shillings per day,—about forty-eight cents.

* * * In France, the women in the manufactories spin upon mules, and perform other hard labor, which females are rarely seen to do in the United States. They sometimes appear as brown as the sunburnt peasant, and nearly as muscular. * * * Women in the country may be seen loading the carts from the manure heaps, and holding the ploughs, which are drawn by cows as well as by horses and oxen. They appear to be the principal cultivators, to perform the hard labors of agriculture. At the rising of the sun, I saw them beating the dusty clods with their hoes, which they wield with dexterity, and without diminution of vigor during the sultry heats of noonday. Their sunburnt, long arms, are tawny and weather beaten, from constant exposure. In one field, I counted sixty-five persons at work in a long range, or line extending nearly from side to side of the tract, all engaged with their hoes. Sixty-two of these were women and only three men. The view of so many females, toiling on the ploughed ground with the dust rising about them, reminded me of the appearance of the extensive fields of Virginia, and of the female slaves employed in tilling them. Where are all the peasants, that the women are here left to perform their duties? Does not this spectacle silently exhibit the effects of war, which are felt with a withering blight to human hopes and human happiness, after the storm has passed? And may it not be the result of Napoleon's wars, that many of these women were in youth bereft of their lovers and friends, some buried beneath the vine-clad hills of France and Italy, and some beneath the distant snow-wreaths of Russia? These women are now left to till the land, and in several instances they were actually holding the ploughs and turning the furrows, and loading the carts.

AFFECTIONATE LETTER.

Rev. Legh Richmond, author of "*The Dairyman's Daughter*," was a tender father, and omitted no opportunity to instruct his children in whatever related to their temporal or spiritual welfare. He not only wrote affectionate letters to his absent children, but also to those at home. The following touching letter occurs in his *home correspondence*. May the unconverted daughters who read this department of our work, here find a note of warning and exhortation which may make a lasting impression upon their heart.—Ed.

My Dear Child.—I am pleased, much pleased with your letter, the more so as it contains some expressions, which inspire a hope that you are beginning to think and feel seriously about your soul's salvation. While I cannot but be most tenderly affected by the loss of my two elder sons, endeared to me by a thousand recollections, I become the more anxious for the welfare of those children whom God spares to me. For the last year I have gone through great trials, and my health has suffered more than any are aware of; but in the midst of all my sorrows, the inexpressible goodness of God has been most manifest, and I trust my afflictions have been blest to many. Many a rose has sprung up around the cold grave of dear Willy, and they still blossom, and I trust they will continue to blossom, till they are transplanted from the spiritual garden of Turvey, to the paradise of God.

But can I be otherwise than anxious that my dear K—— should add a flower to my domestic and parochial shrubbery? Are you to reach your sixteenth year, and not internally as well as externally, prove yourself a partaker of the grace of God? I trust not; but religion is not a matter of mere circumstantials, or of morals. It is the spiritual application of divine truth to the heart, producing that devotedness to God, which distinguishes the true from the nominal christian. But when, how, and where does this begin? Not until you have deep, humbling, sincere and anxious thoughts about yourself and the favor of God; not until, by a kind of holy violence, you feel constrained to flee to Christ, as the only refuge from the wrath to come; not until prayer becomes importunate and the study of God's word a delight; not until every other consideration yields to that infinitely important inquiry, "What must I do to be saved?" Not until the light, trifling and thoughtless child of man is converted,

through grace, to the serious, conscientious and believing state of the real child of God. Is this the case with you? I speak as a christian father and minister. What are your views of these important subjects?

I wish my child to be deeply earnest. Life flies apace—the period of the tomb advances. I have four children in eternity. It is true that eight more still continue with me on earth, but how long will they be here? I think of these things with deep solemnity. You tremble at the thought of a school examination; but what is this to the examination before the judgment seat of God?

Go, then, as a sinner to Christ. He sends none empty away. In Him and Him alone, there is a rich provision for all who come to Him. But let this coming mean a surrender of all you are, and all you have to the Lord of grace and glory. Be contented with nothing short of reality in religion.

Farewell, my dear child, and believe me,

Your truly loving father,

LEGH RICHMOND.

SELF-CONTROL.

Reader attend. Whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, self-control
Is wisdom's root.—*Burns.*

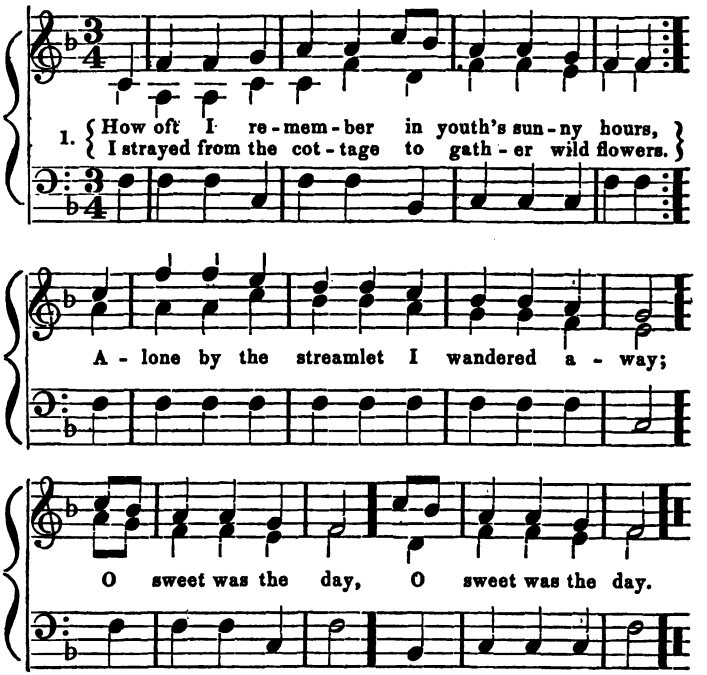
ELLEN; OR THE VISIT OF THE ROD.—In our October number, we made an extract from this little book. It is an affecting narrative. Although a christian herself, Ellen married an unconverted man. After marriage, instead of conforming himself to her preferences, he endeavored to divert her mind from serious things; persuaded her to go into gay company and carefully abstained from religious conversation. They lived in this way for nine years, when the death of their eldest child awakened Ellen to a sense of the condition of her own soul, and to that of her husband and children. She earnestly and seriously conversed with her husband, and for a season he was attentive and seemed on the point of yielding, but he suddenly denominated her religion, enthusiasm, and no efforts of hers were afterward of any avail. He soon after died without God and without hope.

We recommend the perusal of this book to our young readers.

Published and for sale at No. 13, Cornhill, Boston.

"How oft I Remember."

FROM YOUNG LADIES' VOCAL CLASS BOOK. C. L. E. WOLF.


1. How oft I re-mem-ber in youth's sun-ny hours,
I strayed from the cot-tage to gath-er wild flowers.
A-lone by the streamlet I wandered a-way;
O sweet was the day, O sweet was the day.

2

No science had taught me their haunts to discover,
I hunted the fields and the shady woods over;
The grass could not hide them, nor modesty bend,
From such a fond friend.

3

And now, when I meet in my path their fair faces,
So conscious of beauty, so shy of their graces,
They haunt me again as they sprung in their bowers;
Those meek little flowers.

4

They knew not what fragrance they wafted around them,
They knew not the wanderer's joy when she found them;
Content but to bloom in their sweetness a day,
Then fall to decay

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